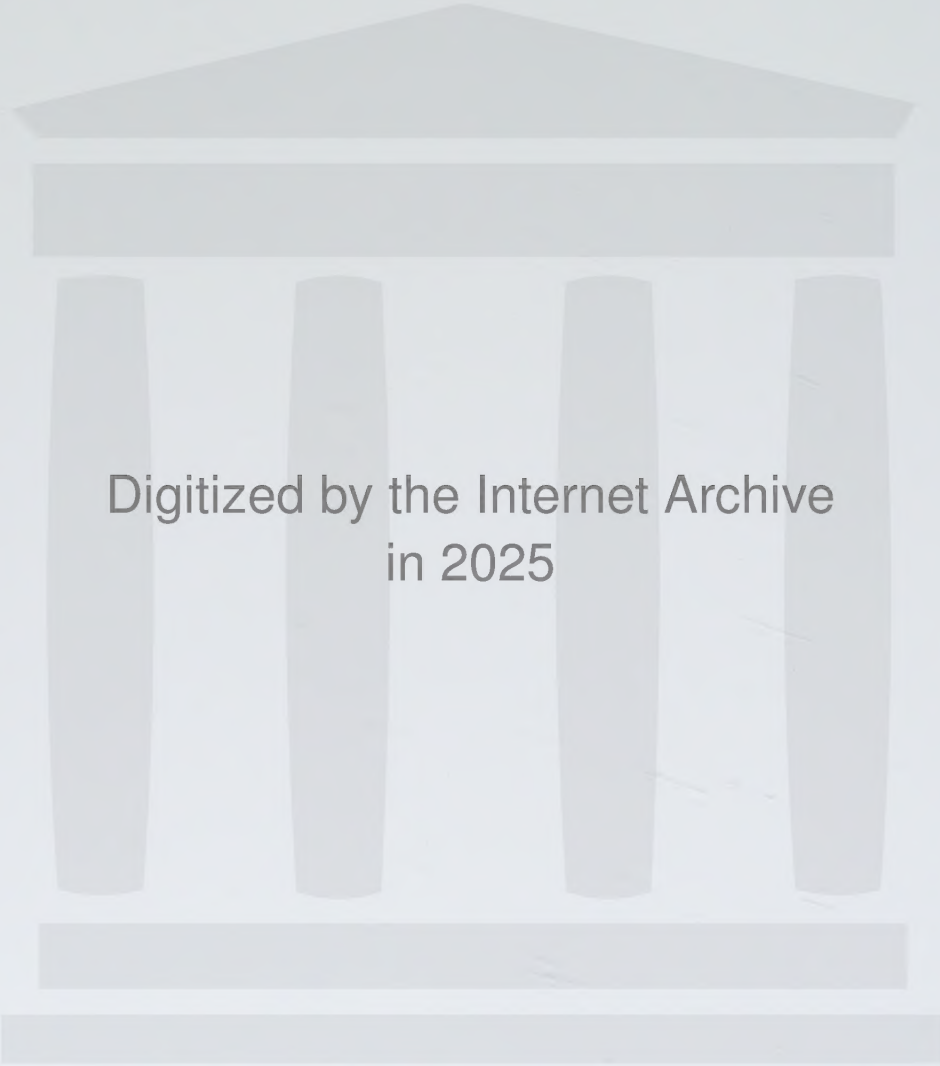


Douglas Hyde

The Religious
songs of Connacht



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The Religious songs of Connacht

Douglas Hyde



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ABHRÁIN DIAÐA CÚIGE CONNACHT

OR

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

*A Collection of Poems, Stories, Prayers, Satires,
Ranns, Charms, etc.*

CUID II.

(BEING CHAPTER VII. OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT)

Now for the first time Collected, Edited, and Translated

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE

(AN CRAOIBÍN DOIBINN)

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

DUBLIN

M. H. GILL AND SON, LTD

MCMVI

CLÁR.



na ránda a bfuil méiltín (*) iompa do cuipead ríor go
oípead ó béal na ndaoine iad, agus ir ndóig naé maid ríad miam
ar páiréar go dtí anoir, aét amáin ceann nó dó aca.

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As ro siota neamh-ghátaoí tá muo-beas corinnil
leir an bPáiríoní Seol, do fuair an t-Ádair Eógan
O Sháinná i n-Inir-mheadóon Árainn; fórt comrád é
íor an t-úgáir asur triúr oiltréad. Ní 'l ann aet
bloo beas.

an triúr brátaí.

"So mbeannuigíó Dia óaoib a triúr brátaí."

"So mbeannuigíó Dia asur muipe óaoib."

"Cá bfuil sib as uil anoir?"

"As uil so sliab na n-oluióeoí
baint oluió de éioinn"

Cuige lib* a' r tugaio lib í,
an olann ír fearr do geobaió sib,
an olann ílán éaoiaí
Comuigíó 'r ná ceiligíó
'S ná iarmuigíó tado [tadain] o'á éioinn.

As ro pann beas o mnaoi ar fhort innre Suairpe i
sconaoí na Salluine.

so bfuilíó dia.

So bfuilíó Dia ar an bpeaoí boet
a bíoeaí i gcóinnuioe as uil ar fearaí
nuair éirigeann ré ar maroin
ní ar a tigeaína cuimnigeann ré.
ní éiríoeann ré éioíoe cuig airmionn
no as éirteaoet bmaíma oé,
aet so bfaíaoí ré an faogal ro
mo leun! cá maíaoí ré.

* Labhairtear an focal ro mar "hugailí," ní cinnite mé cionnur
litirígeaí é.

¹ There seems to be a confusion here between *olann*, wool, genitive
olla, and *olluidh* an olive, and again in the word *caorach* "of a sheep"
which is also ambiguous, so that instead of "sound sheep's wool"
"sound berry-clustering [*caor-ach*] olives" may be intended.

Here is an unusual piece that is rather like the "White Prayer," which Father O'Growney found in Inismaan in Aran; it is a sort of dialogue between the author and three pilgrims; it is only a small fragment.

THE THREE FRIARS.

"God save you, ye three friars."

"God and Mary save you."

"Where are ye going now?"

"Going to the Mount of Olives
Picking olives from trees."

Off with you and bring it with you,
The best wool ye shall get
The sound sheep wool.¹
Stir [yourselves] and do not hide [it].
And ask ye nothing for it.

Here is a small rann from a woman from Gort in the County Galway.

THE FOOLISH SINNER.

God help the foolish sinner,
He always go astray,
He rises up in the morning
But prays not with the day.
Mass he has long forsaken
Forgotten how to pray,
Where shall he go when Death shall come
And he leaves the world, for aye.²

² *Literally:* God relieve the poor sinner who is always going astray, when he rises up in the morning it is not his Lord he remembers. He never goes to Mass or listening to the words of God, but when (?) he shall leave this world, my grief! where shall he go.

Δὲς πο παρσιρὶν δεᾶς εἰλε το εὐαλαῖο ἀν λιᾶτᾶναδ
 ἰ ν'ὀυν na nḡall δγυρ το εὐαλαῖο ἀν τ-αῖᾶρ εὐόγαν
 Ο Ἰραῖνα δὲ ρεαν-ῖεαν ἰ ἰσconῶδέ longḡuirτ. 'Oυῶ-
 αἰρτ ριαῶ ἰο ραῖῶ "λυᾶῶᾶ" no λοῖα ρεᾶῖτ mḡliᾶῶan
 léi.

's mé an créatúr lag.

'S mé an créatúr lag ραοι ualaḡ τῖom
 Δγυρ μέᾶο * mo ῖεαῖᾶῶ ἰρ αἰῖmḡeᾶḡ liom.
 ᾶῖτ αῶmḡuḡm cḡeῖῶeᾶm 'ᾶḡ ἰο ρῖom
 le ḡῖᾶῶ mḡ éḡoῖῶḡ a'ῖ le ῶῶῖῖar ρῖom.

Ο εῶῖρ cḡoῖḡe ḡlaῶῶᾶm ρuaῖ
 ῖῖῖo (sic) ἰoῖa ᾶῖ ῶῖḡeᾶῖna cḡaῶnaḡḡ anuaῖ.

Δὲς πο ὑῖnuḡe eile ῶe na h-ὑῖnaḡḡῖῖḡ ᾶῖᾶ le ῖᾶῶ
 le linn an αἰῖῖῖnn. ῖuaῖῖ an λιᾶτᾶναδ é ὁ ḡleann-
 na-maḡ-ῶuḡ ἰ ἰsconῶδέ na ḡailḡḡḡe.

bḡonnaḡm m'anam

bḡonnaḡm m'anam ῶuῖτ-ῖe ᾶ ῖuḡ na nḡῖᾶῖῖa
 ᾶ'ῖ ἰο bῖᾶῖt nᾶῖ leḡḡῖῶ tu mé ᾶῖ αἰῖ,
 ᾶ ῖῖᾶῶnuῖῖe ῖeo oῖῖῖ-ῖa ᾶ ḡᾶḡḡeᾶn ḡeannuḡḡῖῖe
 ḡuῖῖ éuῖῖ mé ῖeῖm m'anam ᾶῖ lᾶῖm ῶo ḡῖῖῖ;
 ᾶ ḡḡuῖῖ ἰῖ ḡῖle 'nᾶ an ḡḡῖan
 nᾶ ῖulaḡḡ mé ἰ ḡῖᾶῶ ἰ bῖῖan.

ḡῖῶmῖῖ an ῖeacaḡ ᾶḡ ḡlaῶῶᾶḡ ᾶῖ ῖῖᾶῶnuῖῖe na
 ḡᾶḡḡῖῖe ἰ nῖoῖ mḡ 'nᾶ ᾶon ῖῖoῖa.

Δὲς πο an ῖᾶᾶῖῖeᾶm cḡᾶῶna maῖῖ ῖuaῖῖ an ῖᾶῖᾶῖ-
 ῖᾶḡ ἰ ḡConamaῖa é, ḡlaῶῶ ῖeῖῖeᾶn Oῖῖᾶ ḡḡuῖῖe αἰῖῖ,

* "Ὁ ᾶ μέᾶο," maῖῖ ῖuaῖῖ an ḡῖᾶḡnuḡḡeᾶc é, ᾶῖτ nῖ ῖeῖcῖm ᾶ
 éῖall ῖῖn.

¹ *Literally:* I am the weak creature under a heavy load, and the
 amount of my sin is repented of by me. But I acknowledge the

Here is another short little prayer which Mr. Lyons heard in Donegal and which Father O'Growney heard from an old man in the County Longford. They said that there was an indulgence of seven years with it.

WEAKLY I GO.

Weakly I go from the load within,
 Deeply repenting with woe my sin.
 I acknowledge the faith of my God this day
 With love from my heart and with hope away,
 From the foot of Thy cross I call to Thee
 O Jesus Lord, bow down to me.¹

Here is another one of those prayers which are to be said during Mass. Mr. Lyons got it from some one who came from Glenamaddy in the County Galway.

I BESTOW THEE MY SOUL.

I bestow thee my soul O Thou King of graces
 And let it not fall out of Thy control,
 Bear witness O Blessed Virgin Mary
 In the hands of thy Son do I lay my soul,
 Countenance brighter than the sun
 Shield me from pain when the race is run.²

We see the sinner calling the Virgin Mary to witness in more than one piece. Here is the same thought as Mr. Faberty got it in Connemara. He called it "Mary's Ortha,"

faith of God for ever, with the love of my heart and with true hope
 From the foot of the cross upward, through Jesus our Lord I call,
 bow down [to hear me]. *In Donegal they say "from" for "trium"*

² *Laterally*: I bestow my soul on Thee O King of the graces, and mayest Thou not let me back [from Thee] for ever, the witness of this on thee [*i.e.*, I call thee to witness this] O Blessed Virgin, that I myself have placed my soul on the hand of thy Son. O countenance brighter than the sun, do not suffer me [to be] long in pain!

áéτ ní áρ áñ ðρáíρí ρéó áñáín áτά áñ τ-áñññ
ρíñ.

ορχά μύíρε.

Δ μύíρε Δ μάέτáíρ áñ ρίξ
 Déáñ mo ρíοτέέáñ le το μάε,
Δ ξñύíρ íτ ξίλε 'νά áñ ξρíáñ
 νά ρύλαíñξ μέ í ðρíáñ í ðρáο.
ðρónñáíñ m'áñáñ τοúτ íορá çρíορτ
 Δ'τ ξο ðρíάέ ní íáρρρáο é áρίτ,
Δ ρíáòñνίρε ορτ-ρá Δ μάίξòεáñ μύíρε
 Ξρí çύíρ μέ m'áñáñ áρ láíñ το μίε.

Δξ ρο ρáíρíρ éíλε le ράò, le líññ áñ áίρρúññ, το
çúáíáíò áñ líáτáñáç ο òúíñε áρ ξíεáññ-ñá-μάξ-òúò
í ξçòñòáé ná ξáííñé. ðείρτεáρ í νύáίρ çòξáρ
áñ ρáξáρτ áñ çáíίρ.

Δ íοá.

Δ íορá το çύíρ ðρíξ
 áññ ρáñ ρáçρáíμέò,
Ξο ííòñáíò τó mo çρíοíòε
 le ξράρτáíò ðé,
òο çύξ τó μαίτεáññáρ
 òο ná μίíτíò òά'í ράοτρáίξ τó
Ξο ράορáίξ' τó m'áñáñ
 áρ ξáç ρεáçáò òά νòεáρñá μέ.

Δξ ρο ρáíρíρíñ òé'ñ τρórτ çéáòñá áéτ ní çúíñ-
níξím çíá υáíò ρúáίρεáρ é.

Δ ρίξ ná ðáοíñε.

Δ ρίξ ná ð-áοíñε
 òο ρín το ξεúξá áρ áñ ξçρíοé,
Δ çίξεáρñá áίρ áρ (ρ) ρύλαíñξ τó
 ná μίíτε 'ρñá çéáòτá lot.

¹ *Literally*: O Mary mother of the King make my peace with
thy Son, O countenance brighter than the sun do not suffer me [to

(prayer, or charm), but it is not the only prayer that is called by this name.

MARY'S "ORTHA."

O Mary mother of our king
 Make with thy blessed Son, my peace,
 Countenance brighter than the sky
 Let me not sigh without release.
 I give, and for ever, my soul to Jesus,
 And heaven henceforth is my only goal,
 Bear witness O Blessed Virgin Mary
 That I lay on the hands of thy Son my soul.¹

Here is another prayer to be said during the Mass which Mr. Lyons heard from some one from Glenamaddy in the County Galway. It is said when the priest raises the chalice.

THE SACRAMENT'S GRACE.

The sacrament's grace
 Thou hast made and willed,
 May my heart in its place
 With that grace be filled.
 Thou has forgiven
 Thousands of souls earned by thee,
 Let not my soul
 For its sin and its shame be spurned by thee.

Here is another little prayer of the same sort, but I do not remember from whom I got it.

O KING OF THE FRIDAY.

O King of the Friday
 Whose limbs were stretched on the cross,
 O Lord who didst suffer
 The bruises, the wounds, the loss,

be] long in pain. I bestow my soul upon Thee O Jesus Christ, and I shall not ask it again for ever, I call thee to witness, O Virgin Mary, that I have set my soul upon the hand of thy Son.

~Sínimro ríor

 ῤῥῥῥῥ ὀϊσῥῥῥῥ ὀῥ ῤῥῥῥῥῥῥ [ἄῥῥῥῥ],
 ἄῥ ῥῥ ῤῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ὀῤῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ὀῤῥῥῥῥῥ
 ἄῤ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ ἄῤ ὀῥ ὀῥῥ.

 ἢ ῥ ἄῥῥ ἄῥ ῥ ῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ "ἄῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ"
 ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ. ἄῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥ ὀῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ῥ-ἄῥῥῥ
 ῥῥῥῥ ὀ ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥ ὀ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ῥ ῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ.

 ἄῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ.

"ἄῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥ ὀῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ?"

"ῥῥ ῥ-ῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥ, ἄῥῥ ἄῥῥῥῥῥ"

"ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥ' ἄῥῥῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ"?

"ῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥ' ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥ' ῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ
 ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ὀῥ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ.
 ἄῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ὀῥῥ ῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥ,
 ἄῥ ὀῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ὀῥῥ ῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥ,
 ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ὀῥῥ ἄῥῥ ἄ ὀῥῥῥῥῥ,
 ἄ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥ' ῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ"

"ῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥ' ἄῥῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ. ῥῥ ῥ ἄῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥ'
 ἄῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥ-ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ὀῥ ῥ ῥῥῥῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥ-ὀῥῥῥ ὀῥ, ἄῥ
 ῥῥῥῥῥ [ὀῥ] ὀῥῥῥ-ἄῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ."

 ἄῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ ῥ ἄῥ
 ῥῥῥῥ ἄῥ ῥῥῥῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥῥ.

 ἄῥῥῥῥ ῥῥῥῥ.

 (ῥῥῥ ῥῥῥ).

"ἄῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ ῥῥ ὀῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ?"

"ῥῥ ῥ-ῥῥῥ ἄῥῥ ἄῥῥῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥ ῥῥ ῥῥῥῥῥ."

"ῥῥ ἄῥ ἄῥῥῥῥ ἄ ῥῥῥῥῥῥ"?

We stretch ourselves
 Beneath the shield of thy might,
 May some fruit from the tree of thy passion
 Fall on us this night!

There is no part of Ireland in which "Mary's Vision" is not to be found. Here is how Father Eugene O'Growney wrote it down from the mouth of some one in Aran Mór.

MARY'S VISION

"Is that slumber that is on thee, O Blessed Mother?"

"It is not, Son, but a vision."

"What is the cause of thy vision, O Mother?"

"Because the Son of God is being scourged, being punished,
 With narrow ropes of hemp to posts of stone,
 The spear of venom going through His side,
 The crown of thorns going through His head,
 Blunt nails going into His feet,
 His share of blessed blood being poured on the stones of the
 street."

"Good is thy vision, O Mother There is no person who shall say
 thy vision three times on his going into the night's sleep-passion, to
 whom an evil vision or the pains of hell are a peril again for ever."

Here is how my friend John MacNeill heard it from
 some one in Innismaan.

MARY'S VISION. [*Another Version.*]

"Is that sleep that is on thee, O Mother?"

"It is not, but a vision, O Son of the passion."

"What is the vision, O Mother?"

“Ἰὼ παιῖς τῆ ἀγ το γσιῦνράιλ ἀγ το πλύκάιλ
 ἀγ το δεανγáιλ le πiléαρ cloc,
 ἀγ το δευσάδ δ’ῖ ἀγ το πό-δευσάδ,
 το εἰσο πόλα βρεάς beannuigte
 ’na γμοτάναιβ Ἰὼ τάλαν leat.
 ἀν τρεας nime ο’ά caiteam po το οἰρ.”
 “ní ’l don duine tóizfeao t’ airling a mátaim,
 ’s a déarfao í tḡi h-uairc ful coolódad ré
 ár baogal το don fóto de tútaig
 ifhinne peiceál Ἰὼ brát, ná don
 ’Dnoc-tóirg tabairt ár airling.”

βυαίρ μο έαρία, naé μαίρεανν, páopaig O laogáire,
 ἀν παίσιρ έέατονα ι γCopaig.

aírling mhúire

(Cóip eile o Cópcaig).

“ἀν αὐ’ coolao ταςι α μάταιμ”?

“ní h-eaδ a ḡráδ ḡil,
 aet ag airling atáim-re,
 Ἰὼ ḡruil an maicad caol ouδ
 agur an eaδ caol donn
 agur an tpeas dearg
 ann a deap-láim
 le cur tḡe éadob ár otigearna
 agur a εἰσο πόλα uairle
 le tódraδ ainámac.”

“Ír fóir rin a mátaim
 tá rí le tódraδ amámac.”

“Agur an té Ἰὼ mbeiread an airling rin aige, agur í máto tḡi
 huairc ár a luíde ’na leabairt-βυαίρ uó, γεοδαιο ré neam ḡan
 tḡois-ḡluaircaet, agur ní feicfid ré ifhinne βυαίρ Ἰὼ brát.”

Ír φαδα ἀν τ-αιρτεαρí ó áriainn Ἰὼ Cópcaig agur ó
 Cópcaig Ἰὼ otí áro maca ι γCúig ulaδ, aet tá
 aítne ár εἰσο móir de na fóiraib beaga po ann r ḡad

“That Thou wast being scourged, being smothered,
 Being bound to a pillar of stone,
 Being tortured, being very-tortured,
 Thy share of fine blessed blood
 In streams to the ground with Thee.
 The spear of venom being thrown into Thy right side.”

“There is no person who would take [with him by heart] thy vision, O Mother, and who would say it three times before he would sleep, who is in danger of seeing one sod of the estate of Hell for ever, or of bringing out of his [night] visions any evil-consequence.”

My friend, the late Patrick O’Leary, found the same prayer in Cork.

MARY’S VISION [A Cork Version].

“Is it in thy sleep thou art, O Mother?”

“It is not, O bright Love,
 But with a vision I am,
 That the narrow black horseman [comes],
 And the narrow brown steed
 And the red spear
 In his right hand,
 To put through the side of our Lord,
 And His share of noble blood
 To pour forth to-morrow.”

“That is true, O Mother
 It is to be poured forth to-morrow.”

“And he who would have this vision, and to say it three times on lying down in his couch of slumber, will receive heaven without foot-moving, and he shall not see cold Hell for ever.”

It is a long journey from Aran to Cork, and from Cork to Armagh in Ulster, but a great number of these small

áit o'Éirinn a bfuil an Šaebeilš o'á labairt inni,
 ašur i n-áiteadáib i n-Albainn mar an ſceutna. Aš
 ro mar fuair mo čara an ršoláipe ríor-obruigšteac,
 an laoiſdeac, an puo céatna ó fear ar an lior-liac
 anaice le Camloč i ſconſadé áro-maca.

aistling muire

(Cóip eile, o áro-maca).

"An vo čoulač tu, a máčair"?

"Ó! cá nfuil * ačt i n-aistling atá mé a mic,"

"Šo vé an aistling a máčair"?

"fear fada tuč a čioim aš teacč,
 ašur a fleagš bárr-caol leir ann a lámh,
 le h-ašaič vo čuo-re ſola beannuigſte léigean ar lám"

"Ir ríor o' aistling a máčair
 Cáir mipe vo'n traošal a máč,
 ní'l neac, ríri ná mná,
 o'á nočairfaro é ſac tráč
 a očío a n-anam ſo h-iríionn ſo bpiát"

Aš ro paitir na maiſne atá aca i ſConamara ašur
 i n-áiteadáib eile. Fuair an ſočartac ó ōuine éigin
 i n-lar-Šaillim í, ašur čualar féin an puo ceutna i
 ſconſadé Ropcomáin.

toil vé.

Toil Vé ſo nočanamaoio
 ári n-antoil féin ſo rmačtuigſmio,
 Šrian le n-ári oteangaič ſo ſcuirſmio,
 an aičriſe čmatamail ſo nočanamaoio,
 ar páir čríorſ ſo rmuáimſmio,
 ſac čoir peacaič ſo reačnuigſmio,
 na čríóča véigeannača ſo meabhuigſmio,

*Deir ríao "chá" i ſCúig ōlao ſo minic i n-áit "ní" Ir
 ionnann—"cá nfuil" ašur "ní bfuil" no "ní'l"

pieces are recognised in every place in Ireland in which Irish is spoken, and in places in Scotland also. Here is how my friend, that ever-active scholar, Mr. Lloyd, found the same piece from a man from Lislea near Camlough in the County Armagh.

MARY'S VISION. [*An Armagh Version*]

"In thy sleep art thou, O Mother?"

"Oh! it is not, but in a vision I am, O Son."

"What is the vision, Mother?"

"A long black man I see coming,
And his slender-topped spear with him in his hand,
To let to the ground Thy share of blessed blood."

"True is thy dream, Mother,

Know this the world can
Who says it, child or man,
Of any creed or clan
Is free from Hell's black ban."

Here is a morning prayer which they have in Connemara and other places. Mr. Faherty got it from some person in West Galway, and I heard the same myself in the County Roscommon.

The will of God be done by us,
The law of God be kept by us,
Our evil will controlled by us,
Our tongue in check be held by us,
Repentance timely made by us,
Christ's passion understood by us,
Each sinful crime be shunned by us,
Much on the End be mused by us,

bár beannuigíte go bráhmaoir,
Ceól na n-aingioll go gcluinimís,
as molaó Dé go maḃmaoir
le linn na raogal.

Atá go díreach an páirtir céadna aca ann rna
Sleanntaib i nDún-na-nGall, do rghriob an liatánac
ríor í, agus fuair pé léi na linte eile reo.

na flaitir go raotruigmís,
i uobair ghárta na raoirtime
go nígimís rinn féin,
ar bantmaet muipe mátar
na rghaball beannuigíte go maḃmaoir;
ráiróin go brághaó rí óúinn
i n-íomlán ár rmuáinteas,
ár mbmaetia, ár ngníomáirta
agus ár bpaillige.

as ro páirtirín beas na maíone de'n tróirt céadna
do fuair an liatánac ó beul ouine ar conrad tír-
eógan.

a dé.

a dé 'r a máighean muipe
do tug plán mé féin 'r mo páirtiríde
ó bár coollata ariér
cum an laé gíl anoiú,
go tugsaó síb plán muiro [i.e. rinn]
o gac uile gádaó
's go rádaílió síb muiro ó'n námaio
íoir anam agus corp

rághmaoir an focal rin "bár coollata" i bpoimib
éagranla. Ir "páir coollata" i n-árainn é, ariér
an t-áirir O Siamnaig liom, agus ir "máir-coo-
lata" i n-Sleann Columcille é. Bíonn faicéir mór
mór ar na daoinib poimín bár rághail agus iad 'na

And Death be bless'd found by us.
 With Angels' music heard by us,
 And God's high praises sung to us
 For ever and for aye.¹

They have exactly the same prayer in the Glenties, in County Donegal, Mr. Lyons wrote it down, and found along with it these other lines.

The heavens may we gain,
 In the well of the grace of confession
 May we wash ourselves.
 Amongst the Ladies of Mary Mother
 Of the blessed Scapular may we be,
 Pardon may she get for us
 For the entire of our thoughts,
 Our words, our deeds,
 And our omissions

Here is a little morning prayer of the same nature which Mr. Lyons got from the mouth of a man in the County Tyrone.

O God, and O Virgin Mary,
 Who have brought me and my children safe
 From the death-of-sleep last-night,
 To the bright dawn to-day,
 May Ye bring us safe
 From every single danger,
 And may Ye save us from the enemy
 Both body and soul

We find this word "death of sleep" in different forms. It is "passion of sleep" in Aran, Father O'Growney tells me, and it is *máis-codlata*² in Glencolumkill. The people are very much terrified at the idea of dying in their sleep, and

¹ This translation is almost in the original unrhymed metre and is so nearly literal that the piece requires no other.

² Apparently a corruption of "*páis-codlata*," "passion of sleep"

Հօժարած, ճշմարիտ մինչ օրերս “բլան օժարած ինչ
հօժարած ծնունդ” ու “հօ յոյժարած ծնունդ ինչ օր
օժարած ինչ հօժարած” 1 հօժարած “օրերս ինչ ծնունդ” ու
բլան.

AS ro upnuige-na-mairne eile ó Contae an Cláir,
ro rghíob an Liathnach.

CABHAIR A'S CÁIRDE.

[illegible]

Օ՛հ ա՛նձա, ա՛ռձար 'ր ա՛սան,
 Ծիծար չա՛ր բմունա՛նթեա՛ծ մալլա՛յցե՛ս սա՛մ,
 Ե՛ր 'ն ձի՛ր Ծ-Ծմե՛ծօղլ 'ն ձի՛ր Լա՛յծ Ծ՛նոն,
 'ն ձի՛ր Բա՛րան՝ ա՛ր 'ն ձի՛ր Բա՛ն,
 Ե՛ր 'ն ձի՛ր ռ-ռոռոռոռ ա՛ր 'ն ձի՛ր Ծրո՛ծար
 Զի՛ն ա՛սան Ծե՛րեռոռա՛յց.

Δὲ πο παῖσι θεῶν ἴλις καὶ μαῖονες φύει ἀν-
τ' Ἀχαιῶν ὁ Ἥρην καὶ ἱο-Ἀρσάνην.

ainzil de.

aingil Dé d'ár gcoimheáct
 'S d'ár rábáilt arís go fuin,
 ar coimpege Dé a'r Muire,
 mic Duac a'r mic Daire,
 agus Colum-Cille
 arís go fuin.

* .1. τηδότηδα.

¹ *Literally* · Help and friends and grace from God to us, help every day to us, and I am seeking for it. The Sacrament of Penance and God strengthen us, My soul under thy protection, O Mary Lady.

O God, O Father, and O Lamb, banish from me every accursed

it is often that "Health of the night's sleep to us," or "God bring you from the night's sleep-passion," is said instead of "good night to you."

Here is another morning prayer from the County Clare, which the same Mr. Lyons wrote down.

HELP AND FRIENDS.

Help for us, friends for us, help and God's graces,
 Help I am asking in all bad places,
 May the Sacrament "Penance" make bright our faces,
 And Mary our Lady, protect us and grace us.
 Jesus, Father, Lamb, I pray
 Drive each evil thought away,
 Be with me 'till break of day,
 In my sleep and on my way
 When the hour of hours shall sound
 Jesus be within me found.¹

Here is a sweet little morning-prayer that Father O'Gowney found in Aran.

GOD'S ANGELS.

God's angels be our company
 And save us while we live,
 May God and holy Mary,
 Mac Duach and Mac Dara,
 And Columcille protect us,
 And save us until eve.²

thought. Be round about us on our lying down, in our rising, and in our slumber. Be in our mind and in our company at the last hour.

² *Literally* God's angels protect us, and save us again 'till eve, Under the protection of God and Mary, Mac Duach, and Mac Dara, and of Columcille [we go] again till eve.

Dá naomh do bí i Mac Duac agus i Mac Daire, do bain le h-Árainn. Is o fear aca bairtear Cill-mac-duac ar 'diórep i nGailim. Ó'n bfeap eile tís an t-ainm Dapaic atá coitc-ionn mar ainm ann rna h-oileánaib rin fóir. Tá oileán Mic Daire amuis 'ran bparirge ó Conamara, an taob ó deap, agus deir ríad, gac uile báo bíor as dul tairir go n-írligeann ré an reól mór mar comartha uirraime agus onóra do'n naomh. Bí Columcille tamall rada i n-Árainn mar an gcéadna, agus is coitc-ionn an t-ainm Colum 'ran oileán.

As ro paroirín beas eile de'n tróir céadna do cularó an Spáinnigeac i n-Árainn.

GNÚIS DÉ

Gnúr Dé go bfeicimí,
 Glóir Dé go gcluinimí,
 Plaitir Dé go raotruigimí,
 Bár beannuigte
 loct a'r aicrige
 go brágaró ár n-anam boct.

Deirtear go minic "údaet a'r aicrige" ann ran gcúigeaó líne, no mar cularó an Spáinnigeac féin i gCondae na Míde "ola 'sur aicrige," óir tá an náirir reó as rean-daoinib an condae rin beas-nao nar tá rí as muinntir Árainn.

Ní minic fágmaoir ppiór i n-áit dáin, ann rna parpeadaib reó; aet as ro paroir áluinn i bprór oo cularó mo éapad Seágan Mac a' Báirí ann rna Ceallaib Beaga i nDún-na-ngall go minic, agus do

MacDuach and MacDara, or Darra, were two saints who had relations with Aran. From one of them a diocese in Galway is called "Kilmacduagh." From the other comes the name Darragh, which is still common as a Christian name in the islands. MacDarra's island is out in the sea, off Connemara, towards the south, and they say that every boat that goes by it lowers its mainsail as a mark of respect and honour to the saint. Columcille was also a long time in Aran, and, I believe, Colum is still a common name in the island.

Here is another little prayer of the same sort which Father O'Growney heard in the island.

MAY WE BEHOLD.

May we see God's countenance
And perceive His gloriousness.
And attain His paradise.
A death of blessedness,
Penance and clemency
May our poor soul have.

In place of the word "*iocht*," clemency, "*udhacht*," "testament," is often said, or as Father O'Growney himself heard it in the County Meath, "oil and penance," for the old people of that county had that prayer almost as the people of Aran have it.

It is not often that we find prose in place of poetry in these prayers, but here is a beautiful prayer in prose which my friend, Mr. John Ward, of Killybegs, in the County

ῥῥῖοῖḃ ἄν λῑᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν πῖοῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱ Ῥῖοῖ ḱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἔἱḱḱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ.

οῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱ.

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ῖοῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ὅἱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ
ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ῖοῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ἄν ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ὅἱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ἄν ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱ,

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ Ὀῑ, Ἀ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, * ῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ὅἱᾱ ῖοῖᾱᾱᾱᾱ
ἄν ἄν ῖοῖ ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ, ḱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ ἄῖ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱ ῖοῖᾱᾱᾱᾱ ὁ ὅἱ ḱᾱᾱ.

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ
ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, ῖᾱ Ἀ ὅἱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ῖᾱ "ḱᾱᾱ" ḱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ. Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ Ὀῑ, Ἀ
ῖᾱᾱᾱ ῖοῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱᾱ ὅἱᾱᾱ.

ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ ἄῖ ὁ
ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ ὅἱ ἄν ῖοῖ.

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱ, ὁ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ.

ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱ ῖᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ.

ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ
ἄῖ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ Ἀ ḱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, Ἀḱᾱᾱ Ὀῑ
ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ Ὀῑ ῖᾱᾱᾱ. [Ἀ] ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ
ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ. Ὀῑ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱ. Ὀῑ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ῖᾱᾱᾱ.

Ἀ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ, ὁ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ,
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὅἱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ, ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱ ἄῖ ḱᾱ
ḱᾱᾱᾱᾱ ἄν ḱᾱᾱᾱ ῖοῖᾱᾱᾱᾱ ὁ ὅἱ ḱᾱᾱ.

* ῖᾱ ὁῖᾱ ḱᾱᾱ "ḱᾱᾱ" ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱ ὁ ḱᾱᾱ ḱᾱᾱᾱ.

† ῖᾱ, ḱᾱᾱᾱ. ‡ ῖᾱ. ḱᾱᾱ, ḱᾱᾱ

Donegal, often heard, and Mr. Lyons wrote the same piece from the dictation of one Rose O'Gallagher, in that county.

MARY'S PRAYER.

O very sweet Lord, O Jesus Christ, O God of the Angels, O One-son of the glorious Virgin Mary, assist us poor sinners in every hardship that is upon us in Thy presence.

O glorious Virgin, Mother of God, woman noblest of every race, and who art perfect in every praise, make intercession for us in the presence of thy own beloved Son, in hope that we may gain everlasting glory beside thee.

O Nurse [=Mother] of every sweetness, O Queen who hast never transgressed, O Well of Mercy and hope of those who have faith O Star of the Morning, it is "Great" that Paradise calleth thee. Temple of God, Palace of Jesus Christ, thou art the help of health to us.

We pray to Him who created us and who bought us, and who poured the three waves of blood from Him for us.

O Mary Mother, Mother of the Graces, be with me in the time of my death, in the presence of my death, and before my death.

Be before me when I die,
Do not let my soul fly by.¹

Now is the time of mercy, and raise this great load off my soul and off my heart.

O Mary Mother, and O Son, that thou mayest do what-is-good-for-me on this side, and on that [i.e., here and hereafter]. That thou mayest not allow my soul upon the flag of the pains. The angels of God be with me. The messenger of God be before me. O Guard of Angels, come ye above my head. The oil of Christ upon my body. God with me and before me.²

O Queen of the poor, who hast gained [thy] request beyond the women of the world, come and whisper in behalf of me a poor sinner, in the hope that I may get eternal glory beside thee

¹ *Literally*: "Let me have thee before me in the port, and do not let my soul past thee."

² This seems almost a reminiscence of St. Patrick's Hymn, "Christ before me, Christ behind me," etc.

Δ ὀλίγ' na bpatuapic, Δ ὀεαλιμαὸ na n-eapball, Δ ὀότ'εαιρ na
 γλόμε, Δ ἴμαιρ na h-ὀige, αιρ Δι ρμαοιν uαέταρμáιν na n-αιngeall
 Δγυρ na n-αιc-αιngeall. Ιρ tu an pάλár, Ιρ tu an τ-ύball Δρ Δ
 οτιγεανν γαέ uile pυδáιlce το τέιτο ι οταιηθε το 'n éine θαonna.

Δ ὀεαλιμαὸ na γλόμε, Δγυρ Δ ὀότ'εαιρ luετ' an εμειοιm, Δ'ρ
 γυρ b'έ το coιnpιoρόιo* leιρ na h-αιnglib Δ cuιpeap pólár opia.
 Δ bean mίlιp, γυιόim tu γo h-ύmáll γau Δι οτρείγθεάι ι n-αιmpιp
 ἔmuαίγmeileac Δι mbáιp, an uαιp θέiνθεap Δι n-anam Δγ pγapaὸ
 le n-Δι γcolainn.

γaβaim το εοιmpe Δ ίopa Cμίoρτα, ι pιocaiρ † το páιpe, Δ' luιθε
 ὀam 'pan oιoθε 'p Δγ έιpιγε ὀam Δι mαιoιn.

Δγ po pann mίlιp eile na mαιone το εuaλaιὸ mé Δγ
 mηaoι θαp b aιim Bpιγiο nι épomaίγ ι bpaρpáιpτε
 Tige θαoιcιn, ι γconταe Kopcemáιν Ιρ pann é aτá le
 páὸ nuαιp oύpιγίθεap tu le ceól na n-éan Δι mαιoιn.

παυοιρίν κύβαρετα

παυοιρίν κύβαρετα mίuin
 mo leaηὸ θαm pέin ‡
 γan mo pύl το θεiτ tύnta
 ι n-αιmpιp pγpeλoτα na n-éan,
 Δγ oul § Δι mo γlύnaιδ, Δγ γυιόe
 'S Δγ Δγαιp mίc 'Θέ,
 Cuιmniyγaὸ Δι an uan aτá bpiύγτε
 μαpὸ paοι 'n γepé.

* i.e. Cómhíad. † i.e. De Bpiz.

‡ "Θam pέin" ouθαipτε pιpe, μαpι oupιpτεapι γo mίnic ι γ Con-
 naeταiδ.

§ "γul" ouθαipτε pιpe. Ιρ coιtciονn "Δ' γol" ι n-áιc "Δγ oul."

O Blossom of the Patriarchs, Splendour of the Apostles, Hope of Glory, Beauty of Virginity, on whom ran the thoughts of the princes of the angels and of the arch-angels ; thou art the palace, thou art the apple out of which comes forth every virtue which goes to profit the human race.

O Splendour of Glory, hope of the people of faith, surely it is thy conversation with the angels which maketh them to be joyous. O sweet woman, I pray thee humbly not to forsake us in the pitiable time of our death, at the hour when our soul shall be parting with our body.

I put myself under Thy protection, O Jesus Christ, on account of Thy Passion, on my lying down in the night and on my rising up in the morning.

Here is another sweet morning-prayer which I heard from a woman named Biddy Crummy, in the parish of Tibohine, County Roscommon. It is a verse to be said when one is awakened by the chirping of the birds in the morning.

A FRAGRANT PRAYER.

A fragrant prayer upon the air
 My child taught me,
 Awaken there, the morn is fair,
 The birds sing free.
 Now dawns the day, awake and pray
 And bend the knee,
 The Lamb who lay beneath the clay
 Was slain for thee¹

¹ *Literally* : A fragrant little prayer my child taught me myself, my eyes not to be shut in the time of the singing of the birds ; going on my knees praying and beseeching the Son of God, remembering the Lamb who is bruised and dead beneath the clay.

Δὲ πο παῖδιρ βεᾶς εἰτε na maíone το εὐαλαῖο μέ
 ὁm' ἐαπαῖο Tomár Bāpelaiz atá ap Condaé Muiḡ Eó.
 Dubairt ré ḡo paib̄ p̄i le beic̄ páiōte le linn̄ éiriz̄te
 aḡur tupa aḡ cup̄ oir̄.

Δ RIZ NA ḡCARAO.

Δ RIZ na ḡCARAO
 Δ αταῖρ an̄ tSlánuiz̄teór',
 p̄áz ann mo p̄earaib̄ mé
 Δi maíoin̄ oiráōacóir̄ * [P]
 Déan mo teagaz̄
 ḡan meap̄bal † Δ slánuiz̄teór',
 Sábáil m' anam
 Áp ceangail̄ ó'n̄ aiōberp̄eóir̄.

Δὲ πο ceann̄ eite το εὐαλαῖο μέ ó'n̄ b̄p̄ear̄ céatona.

Δ RIZ NA ḡCRÉACT.

Δ RIZ na ḡCRÉACT
 Céar̄ta i mbárr̄ an̄ c̄rainn̄,
 aḡur c̄poir̄e το cléib̄
 ḡur̄ p̄eub̄ rin̄ lām̄ an̄ vaill̄,
 p̄uil̄ το cléib̄
 ḡur̄ téact̄ Δi lár̄ na linn̄',
 p̄aoi p̄zát̄ το p̄zeite
 beir̄ p̄éin̄ ḡo p̄árr̄itar̄ rin̄

* Dubairt ré ḡur̄ ó' ionann̄ "Oiráōacóir̄" aḡur b̄reac-p̄olur̄ na maíone.

† Labair̄ ré an̄ focaí po maḡ "meap̄úil̄."

¹ *Literally* : O King of the friends, O Father of the Saviour, leave Thou me standing this morning at dawn (?). Do my teaching

Here is another little morning prayer which I heard from my friend Thomas Barclay, from the County Mayo. He said it was to be repeated whilst rising and dressing.

KING OF THE FRIENDS.

King of the friends,
 Our Saviour's Father art thou,
 Keep me erect
 'Till evening moisten my brow,
 Teach and control
 Lest I unto sin should bow,
 And save my soul
 From the foe who follows her now.¹

Here is another I heard from the same.

KING OF THE WOUNDS.

King of the Wounds,
 Sore wounded upon the tree,
 The heart in Thy breast
 The blind man rent it for Thee.
 The blood of Thy breast
 Congealed on the pool I see,
 Beneath Thy shield
 To Paradise bring Thou me.²

without mistake, O Saviour, save my soul and bind it from the Adversary.

² *Literally*: O King of the Wounds, wounded upon the top of the tree, and the heart of Thy breast sure the hand of the blind one rent it; the blood of Thy breast sure it congealed upon the top of the pool. Beneath the shadow of Thy shield do Thou Thyself bring us to Paradise.

ΠΑΙΡΟΡΕΑΔΑ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΤΗΝΟΝΑ.

Ἰρ ρομπλα μαῖτ ἀρ παῖρορεαδαῖβ na μαῖρνε ἀν μέσῳ τοῦ τυγ μέ πυαρ. Καρραμαοῖο ἀνοῖρ ἀρ παῖρορεαδαῖβ ἀν τρατηνόνα. Τά ριατ ἀν-ιομαδαμῆαῖλ ἀγυρ τὰ ριατ le πάγαῖλ ἀνν ρ γὰρ αἶτ ἰ n-ἔῖρυνν, ἀέτ ἀμῆαῖν ἀνν ρνα h-αἶτεαδαῖβ ρῖν ἀνν ἀρ γοῖο na ργοῖλτε “náiríúnta” a n-οἰσρεαέτ ρέῖν ó na ὁδοῖνῖβ. Τά ριατ nῖορ παῖρρῖνγε ’nḁ παῖρορεαδα na μαῖρνε, μαρ ἰρ φαῖτῖγε, ὅο γῆαέ, γὰρ ἀον ὀυῖνε ραν οἰῶέε ’nḁ ραν ló, ἀγυρ ἰρ mó mótaiḡear ρé ’ραν uair ρῖν γο ὅρῖλ uṗnaiḡte ἀγ ταρτᾶλ uair. ἀγ ρο παῖορ τοῦ ἐualair μέ óm’ ἐπαῖο Tomár O Coinceannain ó lnnir-Mleadon.

Λαιῶῖμ le Ὀῖα

Λαιῶῖμ * le Ὀῖα, ἀ’ρ γο Λαιῶῖο Ὀῖα liom,
nár Λαιῶῖο μέ leῖρ ἀν Ὀῖε,
ἀ’ρ nár Λαιῶῖο ἀν τ-Ὀῖε liom.

Ἐμῖορ ὅρῖγθε ραοῖ mo cúl,
ἀ’ρ ὅρατ mṗiḡe ραοῖ mo lár,
ταρ, a mṗéil óḡs
ἀγυρ γῖlac mo lám.

Ὀέαναιμ mo ρῖοῦῇán le mac uíleap Ὀέ.

Συῖοῖμ ρεαταρ, συῖοῖμ ρól,
Συῖοῖμ mṗiḡe óḡs ’ρ a mac,
Συῖοῖμ ἀν ὁά earbol † ὀέας
ατά ἰ ὅρῖαῖτεαμῆαρ Ὀέ
San mṗe ὀ’eus, le n-a gceao.

Ὁ ἰορᾶ ἐμῖρ ὅρῖγ ἀνν ραν τSacṗaméio
a ὀ’ρuarḡail ‡ na mṗlṗe bí cṗáíṗte ἰ ὅρῖν,
ῖγ ὅραον ἀρ mo ἐμῖοῖε ὀε τοῦ mór-ḡmárta ρéῖν
[ἀνν] γὰρ ἀον ρεατα ὀ’ά nṗearṗna mé.

* i.e. λαιῶῖμ.

† ἰ-ἀρταλ

‡ ἰ-ὀο ῥuarḡail.

¹ Literally: The cross of Brigid beneath (i.e., round) my back, |

EVENING PRAYERS.

All that I have given above make a good example of morning prayers. We shall turn now to the evening prayers. They are very plentiful, and they are to be found in every place in Ireland, except only in those places where the "National" schools have robbed the people of their religious inheritance. They are more plentiful than the morning prayers, because a man's fear of night is greater than his fear of day, and he feels more at that hour that he requires prayers. Here is a prayer which I heard from my friend Thomas Concannon from Innismaan.

I LIE DOWN WITH GOD

I lie down with God and may God lie down with me.
That I may not lie with the Evil
And that the Evil may not lie with me.

May the girdle of Brigit behind my back
And the mantle of Mary before me be,
And come to me O Michael Óg
And by the hand lead me.¹

I make my peace with the dear Son of God.

I pray to Peter, I pray to Paul,
To the Virgin Mary's Son pray I,
And also I pray to the Twelve Apostles
Who dwell in the heaven of God most high,
That, by their leave, I may not die.²

Thou settedst apart, in Thy Sacrament, power,
To heal our smart in our misery's hour,
One drop on my heart, of Thy mercy, down shower,
For every sin I have sinned to Thee

and the mantle of Mary beneath my middle, | come O Michael Óg, |
and take my hand

² *Literally* I pray Peter, I pray Paul, | I pray Mary Virgin and
her Son, | I pray the Twelve Apostles, | who are in the heaven of
God, | that I may not die, by their leave.

Τά μνιμε ας τιγεατ ό θέαρ
 Λά ατεαντα * να γελεαρ,
 α'ρ να η-αινγε ποιμπι αμας, α'ρ ι ceυραο,
 Ο τισ ρί αμας
 βαινπιο ριπε αμας
 α'ρ τιυβιαιό ρί ζο πλατιρ θε ριnn.
 η'ρ'λ neac, ριρ ná mná,
 Α θεαρηαο έ ριν 'c don τιμάτ,
 Α ο'peicpeaο cloc ιρpinn ζο bμας.

Ρυαιρ mo έαpa Eóin Mac Néill, παιδιρín eile ατά
 an-έορμúil leip peó, i n-Inip Meaðon.

ζο λαϊθεαο le οια

ζο λαϊθεαο le οια α'ρ ζο λαϊθιό οια liom,
 náρ λαϊθεαο leip an oic α'ρ náρ λαϊθιό an τ-oic liom,
 Cμιορ θρησθε ραοι mo lám,
 Αςυρ bμας μνιμε ραοι mo ceann,
 Ταρri α μιcιl όis αςυρ ζlac mo lám,
 Αςυρ οέαν mo ρίoécán le mac na ηςμάρ.
 μά τά oμoέ-puo αμ biε αμ mo τί
 Cμipum Mac θε ιοιρ mé ρéin αςυρ έ ρéin,
 Ο 'noct ζο οτι blioúain ó 'noct,
 Αςυρ anoét ρéin,
 Αςυρ ζο οeó,
 Αςυρ ζο bμάτ!

Ιρ ραοα an beatac ó Άραινν ζο locábar i n-Albainn,
 acé τά an παιδιρ peó le páγail ameapς na ηςaeóeal
 ann pan τίρ ριν, beas-naé μαρi τά ρί αca i n-Eipinn
 ρéin. Ας ρο μαρi οο ρςpíob ρεαρ οe μuinntip

* "Λά αόαιnte " ουβαιρt ρειρεan, acé ni έuigim ριν

¹ *Literally* · O Jesus, who puttedst power into the Sacrament, |
 which has relieved the thousands who were tortured in pain, | comes
 a drop on my heart of Thy own great grace, | for every sin that I
 have committed.

From the south shall Mary come
 When we hear the judgment drum,
 Angels go before her face, she of the sorrows seven,
 Since she comes to-day for us
 She shall make a way for us,
 And lead us unto God, into heaven.

No woman nor man, so I tell,
 Who shall say this, and say it well,
 Shall see one stone of the house of Hell.¹

My friend John MacNeill found another little prayer in
 Innismaan which is very like this one.

MAY I LIE WITH GOD.

That I may lie with God, and that God may lie with me,
 That I may not lie with the Evil, and that the Evil may not
 lie with me,
 The girdle of Brigit round my middle,
 And the mantle of Mary round my head,
 Come O young Michael and take my hand
 And make my peace with the Son of the Graces
 If there be any evil-thing at all in wait for me
 I put the Son of God between myself and itself.
 From to-night until a year from to-night,
 And to-night itself,
 And for ever,
 And for aye!

It is a long road from Aran to Lochaber in Scotland, but
 this prayer is to be found amongst the Gaels in that
 country almost as the people have it in Ireland itself. Here

Mary is coming from the south, | the day of the recognition of the
 tricks, | and the angel out before her, and she in torture (?), | since
 she cometh out, | she shall strike out, | and she shall bring us to the
 heaven of God.

There is no one, man or woman, | who would say that every single
 time, | who would see one stone of hell for ever.

Stiúbaire i ó béal Arto-Albannaigh o locháir. Tug ré
 “Altaíad [beannaíocht] leabta” uirthi.

altaíad leabta.

Lairiò mipe 'nocht
 le moipe 'r le mac,
 le mátaim mo míf
 'ní mo díon ó ógoc-beair.
 Cá * Lairiò mé leir an Olc
 S cá Lairiò an t-Olc leam.†
 Ac Lairiò mé le Dia,
 'S Lairiò Dia mac miom.‡
 Láim beir 'Dó fo m' éann,
 Cmuir na naoi n-aingeal leam,
 O mullac mo éinn
 So cmaiceann mo éinn.

Suirim peair, suirim pól
 Suirim moipe óig 'r a mac,
 Suirim an dá orat § véas
 San mipe vol éus le 'n ceat. ||
 A Dia 'r a moipe na glóir
 'S a mic na h Oige cúmpair ¶
 Cumair ** mipe o na piantan †† doir
 'S mical geal an córáil' ‡‡ m' anama.

Do fáil na pean-daoine, mar ip dóig, Sur comair
 veas-aingil, é do teat ó'n taob ó beir, ar an
 ábair rin doir an páirir peó,

Tá mipe as teat ó beir
 Lá aiteanta na geair,

asur connamar i “n'Dán an Tuir” mar duair
 an peacá,

Connair me gairge an báir as cuinnuigá,
 Taob ó éus na míra duá teineat,

* ní lairió mé. † liom. ‡ marile liom.
 § abrat. || le n-a geat. ¶ cúmpair.

is how Mr. Stuart wrote it down from the mouth of a Highlander from Lochaber. He called it the Bed Blessing.

THE BED BLESSING. [*Highland version*]

I lie down to-night
 With Mary and with her Son,
 With the Mother of my King
 Who does me protect from evil-deeds.
 I shall not lie with the Evil
 And the Evil shall not lie with me.
 But I shall lie with God,
 And God shall lie along with me.
 The right hand of God under my head,
 The girdle of the Nine Angels with me
 From the top of my head
 To the skin of my foot-soles.

I pray Peter, I pray Paul,
 I pray Mary Virgin and her Son,
 I pray the Twelve Apostles
 They, of their leave, I may not go die
 O God and O Mary of glory,
 And O Son of the fragrant Virgin
 Keep ye me from the dark pains ;
 And Bright Michael to meet my soul.

The old people seem to have thought that it was a sign of a good Angel to come from the south, and therefore this prayer says—

Mary is coming *from the south*
 On the day of the recognition of tricks [deeds]

and we saw in the poem of the Tor how the sinner said—

I beheld the prowess of Death assembling ;
 On the north black walls of fire,

** *Conghuigib.* †† *piantaib.*

†† † *scómuaíl m'anama, = teacht i scoinne m'anama (?)*.

ταὸς ὁ θεὸς μυνντιρ ἑρίορτα,
 ἄς εἰμννιυὸ μεορς na n-ainzealḡa,
 an m̃aiḡoean ḡlór̃m̃ar 'ḡá noeir̃muḡaḡo.

Ir coit̃c̃ionnta an r̃áḡo "C̃por na n-ainzeal" ἄςυρ
 το m̃iniḡ an t-á̃air̃ O ḡraḡina ḡam mar po é, .i. na
 h-ainḡil το beit̃ i ḡpoim̃ c̃poire, ceann áca 'ran l̃ár,
 ἄςυρ ḡá ceann ann r̃ ḡáḡ áro ḡe na ceit̃re ároair̃,
 amac ḡé, mar po.



ἄς po p̃air̃ir̃-na-h-oiḡce το p̃uair̃ an liat̃ánaḡ ὁ
 beul ouine ar̃ T̃ir̃-Eḡḡain.

s̃inim-se ar̃ an leabair̃ seo.

S̃inim-re ar̃ an leabair̃ reo
 mar̃ r̃infeair̃ mé 'ran uaiḡ,
 ἄς iair̃air̃o topair̃o ἄςυρ b̃riḡ'
 na rac̃amuinte beannaḡte.
 ar̃ uet̃ m̃uire ἄςυρ ḡráḡa ḡé
 ḡabaim le Dia mar̃ á̃air̃i éḡam,
 's ḡabaim le m̃uire mar̃ m̃á̃air̃i éḡam.
 ḡabaim leir̃ na p̃l̃ait̃ir̃ mar̃ ḡúit̃ce
 á'r̃ mar̃ lón r̃ioḡmuḡe ἄς m'anam.
 á t̃iḡear̃na, ḡo p̃l̃ánaḡiḡo tu ar̃ m' anam.
 á ἑρίορτ ḡéan t̃ró̃c̃aire oḡḡainn.

ἄς po p̃air̃ir̃in eile το r̃ḡr̃ioḡ mé ὁ beul mñá i
 n-aĩce le Coill̃te-mac̃ i ḡconḡaé m̃uiḡ Eḡ. Top̃aiḡeann
 r̃é mar̃ ḡop̃aiḡeann an ceann ḡeir̃eannaḡ.

s̃inim s̃ios.

S̃inim r̃ioḡ ar̃ an leabair̃ reo
 i n-ainm iopa ἑρίορτα [to] ceup̃aḡ beo,
 beit̃ το mo r̃á̃b̃air̃, το mo t̃á̃r̃p̃t̃á̃ir̃,
 ἄςυρ το mo éú̃m̃oaḡ;

On the south the people of Christ
Gathering amongst the Angels,
The glorious Virgin hastening them

The Angel's Cross is a common expression, and Father O'Growney explained it to me thus ; namely, the angels are supposed to be in the form of a Cross, one of them in the middle and two others out from him in each of the four "arts" or quarters of the compass : thus



Here is a night prayer that Mr. Lyons got from the mouth of a Tyrone man

I STRETCH MYSELF.

I stretch myself upon this couch
As in the tomb I shall be stretched,
To seek the fruits and power, ent,
In the Blessed Sacrament.
For the sake of Mary and love of God,
God, as my father I take to me,
Mary as mother I take to me,
The Heavens as home I take to me,
Provision eternal for my soul.
Save, O Lord, and take our soul,
Christ I pray, have mercy upon us !

Here is another little prayer which I wrote down from the mouth of a woman near Kiltimagh in the Co. Mayo. It begins as the last one began.

I STRETCH ME DOWN.

I stretch me down upon this bed
In the name of Christ Jesus who was crucified alive,
To be saving me, to be rescuing me,
And to be keeping me.

Agus nuair b'éidear mo d'áta
 Cai'te ar an raogal ro
 So n'ógaib' an t-atair ríorruise
 So ríogaib' na b'laitear
 Agus do'n f'laitear ir' úirne * mé.

Agus ro paiuir eile na h-oirde do fuair an Spírit-
 nuigeaib' ó beul t'airde Uí Sgannail oide-rsoile i
 mbaile-múirne i gconradé Corcaig, paiuir ann a bfuil
 móran de na linte do g'eibmí i b'paiureaib' eile i n-
 Éirinn agus i n-Albainn. Ní t'is liom a míniúad
 cionnur fághaoid na linte céadna ro ann r' gac cúinne
 agus ceapn i n-Éirinn agus i n-Albainn ann a bfuil an
 Gaedéal, munab é gur ceap an Eaglais ós i n-Éirinn
 d'áhta diaib' agus imunnab, cum na n'adoine do
 teagars, agus cum na Críostaigeaib' do múnad
 doib', b'éidir níor mó 'nā míle bliadain ó roin,
 agus gur cuir rí amad agus gur r'gar rí na ríoraib'
 roib' ann r' gac áit ann ar gab' a cuir teac'taire;
 agus na linte do g'eibmí anoir ann r' gac don
 áit amearg na n'Gaedéal, na linte atá beag-naib' ar
 don focal le céile, ir' fuigleab' na rean-dán ro iad.

i n-ainm an átar.

i n-ainm an átar 'reab' tagaim cum ruaimnir
 as lare ar mo leabaib' i d'ainm a r'is uarail.

a Críost do ceannaig rinn
 beannaig a'r-líon ruar rinn,
 do g'rára ceangail
 So d'aingeann dom' éiríde a'r buanaig.

* .i. ir' úirne.

¹ *Laterally* · In the name of the Father it is I come to rest, lying on my bed in Thy name, O noble King, O Christ who didst buy

And when my date shall be
 Spent in this world,
 That the Eternal Father may bring me
 To the kingdom of the heavens,
 And to the highest heaven.

Here is another night-prayer that Father O'Growney got from the mouth of Teig O Sgannail, a schoolmaster in Ballyvourney, in the County Cork, in which occur many lines which we find in other prayers also in Ireland and in Scotland. I cannot explain how it is we get these same lines in every corner and nook of Ireland and Scotland in which the Gael is, unless it be that the Early Church in Ireland composed religious songs and hymns to instruct the people and to teach them Christianity, perhaps over a thousand years ago, and that she sent out and spread these pieces in every place to which her messengers went; and the lines which we find to-day in every place amongst the Gael, and which agree with one another almost to a word, are the remains of these old poems.

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER.

In the name of the Father to rest I betake me,¹
 To lie on my bed until daylight awake me.

O Christ who on earth
 Cold and dearth didst endure for us
 Our hearts in all places
 By thy graces make pure for us.

us, bless and fill us up Thy grace bind Thou fast to my heart, and make-durable The protection of my soul on Thee, O Father, king powerful, Angel Michael since thou art the messenger.

Coimriúge* m'anam' oir
 Δ Δταιρ μιζ-εὐμασταίξ,
 Δ micil ainzil
 An teactaire ó'r tú é.
 An dá 'héas abrtal
 Tá i gcátair na glóire,
 Δ Críort beir-re m' anam leat
 Go cátair na Tríonóide.
 Coimriúge m' anam' oir Δ Óia
 'S ní maísa† 'na óiaio oir go bráí,
 Cuirim Δ feinéir‡ cúsat Δ míuire
 Go ucusaí m' anam do Ríξ na ngráir.
 [Cuirim Δ feinéir oir Δ míuire
 Do μιζ na ngráir go ucusaí é,]
 Ainzeal coinnleact§ na láime veire
 Am' feadaint ar rriomaio na láime clé.
 Anna mátair míuire, míuire mátair Críort,
 Eilir mátair Eóin bairve,
 Cuirim triúr ve mnaíó b'uairle carice
 Δξ cópúsaó mo leabéa,
 Cuirim an crann gur céasaó Críort [air]
 Ioir mé á'r an triom-luioe
 Ioir mé á'r gac Óroo-níó.

Δξ ro paiuir-na-h-oiróce eile do rgríóó an liaáanao
 o beul mná ar conoaé Ciarruiróe.

Δ máigíoean beannuígce.

Δ máigíoean beannuígce,
 Δ banaleira an Ríξ glórimair,
 bí mo conalbuísaó† o'oiróce,
 Δgur fairi 'ran ló mé

*=coimrice †=ní maísa ‡=fíadónuire §=coinnleact (?)

The Twelve Apostles who are in the city of glory O Christ bear my soul with Thee to the City of the Trinity The protection of my soul on Thee, O God! And I shall not go after it [to get it back from Thee] for ever. I call Thee to witness (?) O Mary that I have

O my Father console
 My soul with Thy blessedness,
 And thou, Michael, too,
 Who dost do his messages,

O may the Apostles
 The Twelve with Divinity,
 And Christ bear my soul
 To the Throne of the Trinity.

I place my soul under God's protection,
 To Him in His mercy my soul I bring ;
 I call Thee to witness, O Virgin Mary,
 I have given my soul to the gracious King,

I call Thee to witness, O Virgin Mary,
 My soul is no longer in my control,
 May the Right-hand Angel, the guardian-angel
 From the Left-hand Spirit protect my soul.

Anna, mother of Mary, Mary, mother of Christ,
 Elleesh, mother of John the Baptist,
 I place the three of the most noble chalk-white women
 Arranging my couch.
 I place the tree upon which Christ was crucified
 Between me and the heavy-lying [night-mare]
 Between me and each evil-thing

Here is another night-prayer which Mr. Lyons wrote
 down from the mouth of a woman from the Co Mayo.

O BLESSED VIRGIN.

O Blessed Virgin¹
 Nurse of the King of all power,
 Watch me by day,
 And guard me in night's dark hour.

given my soul to the King of the Graces I call Thee to witness,
 O Mary, that to the King of the Graces I have given it. May the
 guardian (?) angel of the right hand make-me-avoid the spirit of the
 left hand

¹ *Literally* O Blessed Virgin | O Nurse of the glorious King | be

pé mo fúirde d'ám no mo lúirde
 mo éorlaó no mo fuan,
 bí mo éonabhuḡaó,* bí mo éimcioll,
 bí am' fáire ḡac uair. †

Ṭairi a mhaighean ‡ aḡur tós mo lám,
 Déan mo fíotcáin le mac Dé,
 má tá ainpriosat ar mo éad
 Cuirim miḡ na nḡráir ioiri mé 'ḡur é.

Δὲ πο παιδίη-να-η-οιόδε ὁ Ἐοναμαρα το ἐυḡ ἀν
 τ-Ἀταίρ Ὁ ḡραῖηνα d'ám. Cpeidim ḡo ḡcualaíð
 reipean í ὁ Ὀómnall Ὁ ποταίτα.

luigim leat a íosa.

luigim leat a íora
 á'p ḡo luiríð tu liom,
 Ola éríopt ar m' anam,
 Cpe na n-abrtal op mo éionn.

Δ ἀταίρ το ἐμυταιḡ mé,
 Δ míc do éannnaiḡ mé,
 Δ spioraið naoim do beannuiḡ mé |

Δ baingíogain na ḡile
 'S a baingíogain na h-óige,
 Tós mé ar na peacaóaið
 áḡur cuiri mé ar an eólar,
 Cuiiri an aitémige ann mo époirde
 ḡo rilpead na veóira.

* = congbaíl. † "ḡac tuia" dubairt rí, áct ní cuigim rin.

‡ Do ḡḡríod an liatánac "ṭairi a míc" áct ip tóis nac ceairt rin

keeping me by night | and watch me in the day | whether I be
 sitting or whether I be lying | whether sleeping or slumbering | be
 keeping me, be round me, | be watching me every hour.

Come, O Son, and take my hand | Make my peace with the Son

Whether I sit or whether I lie
 Or whether I slumber deep,
 Be my guardian, be my keeper,
 Watch me through my sleep.

Come, O Virgin, and take my hand,
 And make my peace with Thy Son, and see
 That no evil spirit beside me stand,
 — The King of Grace between it and me !

Here is a night-prayer from Connemara which Father O Growney gave me. I think that he heard it from Dómhnaill O'Faherty.

I LIE DOWN WITH THEE, O JESUS.

I lie down with Thee, O Jesus¹
 And lie Thou down with me,
 That the holy Creed above my head
 And the oil of Christ on my soul may be.

O Father who sought me,
 O Son who bought me
 O Holy Spirit who taught me !

O Queen of whiteness,
 Of brightness, of youth,
 Lift me from sinning
 And show me the truth
 In my heart put repentance
 And sorrow and ruth.

of God. | If there be an evil-spirit beside me | I put the King of
 Graces between me and it.

¹ *Literally* : I lie down with Thee, O Jesus | and mayest Thou lie
 with me. | The oil of Christ on my soul | The Creed of the Apostles
 above my head | O Father who created me | O Son who bought
 me | O Holy Spirit who blessed me | O Queen of Brightness and
 O Queen of Virginitv | lift me out of sins.

And show me the right way, | Put repentance in my heart | that

'S má tá fé i n'óán 'dam
 báir páigil roim maidin
 i teilb na glóire
 go raib m'anam. Amén.

As ro ceann eile do fuair an Spáinnuigeac i
 n-Árainn.

Luiġim le Dia

Luiġim le Dia, go luiġiō Dia liom,
 Crioite Dé liom, dá láim Dé liom,*
 iora a'r muir liom, a'r cúirt na n-aingeal,
 iora ceannais mé, iora beannais mé!
 iora ceannais mé, raoi a'r leapaig mé!
 Saoi ó gac peacac mé 'noir a'r go briac.
 iora milir ġlórmair, rábáil m'anam
 ar na piantaib doirca tá déanta dúinn.

As ro pann beag áluinn ó Dómnall O Focarta ar
 Conamara.

Luiġim ar mo taob' óeas.

Luiġim ar mo taob' óear †
 Agus corlaigim ar mo taob' clé,
 tugaim mo cúl do'n fear is meara
 Agus [tugaim] m'agair ar mac Dé.

As ro paitoir eile de'n tróirt céadna do fuair an
 Spáinnuigeac i n-Árainn.

Luiġim síos.

Luiġim ríor ar an leaba ro anocht,
 mar luiġeannr ‡ mac Dé ar an gcloir,

* Do éistairé fé ó dúine eile na focla ro leanar tar éir na
 darna líne. "Dia a'r muir liom, | a'r Crioir na n-aingeal |
 Fiġeann raoi mo lap | Snairōm á bonn," aet níoir tuis reiréan
 agus ní tuisim-pe iad.

† recte "ar mo taob' óeir."

‡ i.e. "Luiġear," no "Luiġeánn" mar deirte i gcúige múin.

And if this be my story
 Ere morning to die,
 May my soul be in glory
 With God upon high.

Here is another which Father O'Growney found in Aran.

I LIE DOWN WITH GOD.

I lie down with God, and may God lie down with me,
 The Heart of God with me, the two hands of God with me,
 Jesus and Mary with me, and the Court of the Angels,
 Jesus who bought me, O Jesus bless me,
 Jesus who bought me, save and amend me.¹

Free me from every sin now and for ever.
 O sweet, glorious Jesus save my soul
 From the dark pains that are made for us.

Here is another melodious little rann from Dóimhnall
 O'Faherty, of Connemara.

I LAY ME DOWN ON MY RIGHT SIDE.

I lay me down on my right side,
 On my left side me to place,
 I turn my back on the Evil Man
 And I face to God my face.²

Here is another prayer of the same kind which Father
 O'Growney found in Aran, and sent me.

I LIE DOWN.

I lie down on this bed to-night
 As the Son of God lies [*sic*] upon the Cross.

I may shed the tears | and if it be fated for me | to die before
 morning | in the possession of glory | may my soul be. Amen

¹ These lines make a beautiful rhyme in the original

² *Literally*. I lie down on my right side | and I sleep on my left
 side | I give my back to the Man most evil [the Devil], and I give
 my face to the Son ~ God.

bhat bhríge faoi mo bhollae,
 muipe díleap, mo úien-ghráó tu.
 Is tu dochtúirí m'anama,
 Is tu mo éaraid ar uair mo báir,
 O' [n] ngleann na nveóir go tós mé feara,
 Tuill mo éiríde le ghráó do'n fear,
 Ar uair mo báir
 Go b'fáim na flaitir. Amén.

Az go paitir-na-h-oirde do fuair mé óm' éaraid
 Éamon O h-Ógáin, feara S.1 Cualaio reirean i o
 beannairí i gconradé éaraid. Tus ríre "údaet
 eadhair" uirí.

údaet eadhair.

A anam éiríre beannais mé.
 A éiríre éiríre flánais mé.
 [A] fuil éiríre fárais mé.
 [A] uirge éadid' éiríre nís mé.
 A páir éiríre fearais mé.
 A íora na noul éiríre liom O [A] éiríre.
 Déan óion dam i o' éiríre.
 ná fuilís [=fulais] mé beir feara leat.
 Cúiríre mé ar éiríre [éiríre] an éiríre [éiríre]
 Goiríre éiríre me ar éiríre mo báir.
 mar fuil a'r go molíre tu.
 mar don leir na h-éiríre
 le feara na feara. Amen.*

Az go paitir-na-h-oirde do fuair an éiríre o
 fear ar éiríre an éiríre.

mar éiríre.

mar éiríre ann fan feara reo
 feara éiríre ann fan uirí

* Tá an éiríre reo le fáil i "b'fáim ar an anam," bea-
 nae mar tus mé fuair i az l 329. Cui-amae, 1645

† "éiríre," eadair ré.

The mantle of Bugit beneath [*i.e.* round] my bosom
 Dear Mary, my very-love thou art,
 Thou art the doctor of my soul,
 Thou art my friend at the hour of my death,
 From this valley of tears lift me henceforth,
 Flood my heart with love for The Man.
 At the hour of my death,
 That I may find the heavens. Amen.

Here is a night prayer that I got from my friend the Rev Dr. Ed. Hogan, S.J. He heard it from a lady in the County Kerry. She called it "Edward's Testament."

EDWARD'S TESTAMENT.

O Soul of Christ bless me
 O Body of Christ save me.
 O Blood of Christ satisfy me
 O Water of Christ's side wash me.
 O Passion of Christ strengthen me
 O Jesus of the Elements, hear me O Lord.
 Make a protection for me of thy wounds.
 Permit me not to be separated from thee.
 Keep me from the attack of the Adversary.
 I call me to thee at the time of my death.
 In hope that I may praise thee
 Along with the angels
 For ever and ever. Amen.¹

Here is a night prayer which Mr. Lyons got from a man in the County Clare.

AS I LIE.

As I lie in this couch
 It is [so] I shall lie in the grave.

¹ This prayer is to be found in almost identical shape in Friar Gernon's book "Párrthas an Anma," or the "Paradise of the Soul," at page 327 of the edition of 1645, published at Louvain.

Déanam m' faoiiríon
 Go cruaid leat a Dá,
 Le croir na n-aingeal
 Ann ran leabairí reo luíim.
 Buaon ar na flaitir
 Go dtigirí ann ár gcroíde,
 A díbheóchar na peacairí
 A' r na rzanailtí reó óinn.

Ós ro rann na h-oiríde eile o Inir Meadóin.

a maigídean beannuigíte.

a maigídean beannuigíte, mátarí dé
 [a] foillre glégeal tá gan rmál,
 a coinneal foillreac i látarí dé
 Go raib tu agáinn lá ár mbáir.

Ir leórí iad ro mar fomplaib ár páirídeacáib na
 h-oiríde, agus ionrócamasoir ár páirídeacáib gearra
 eile de'n tróirt céatna, páirídeacá aoirí na daoine ár
 ocáiríib rreirialta.

PAIRIDEACÁ OCÁIRIDEACÁ.

Tug mé cuir de na páirídeacáib ocáirideacá ro,
 ruar; m ár atá, páiríle le beir páiríde ar n-óiríuigá
 nuair cluintear ábrián na n-éan as curí fáilte poim
 an lá ós, páiríle atá páiríde nuair éógáinn an rásar
 an cailirí ann ran aipionn, páiríle atá páiríde nuair
 éirídear uair réiréal no teampoll, agus ceann no dó
 eile. Ir beas nac fíor le ráó é, nac raib gníom
 rionniasac no rreirialta ár bit ó'a dtigead le beir
 deunta as an Éireannac ár reo an laé nac raib

¹ *Literally* · I make my confession | hardly to Thee O God | with
 the Cross of the Angels | on this bed I lie | A drop out of the
 heavens | may there come into our heart | that shall banish these
 sins | and these scandals from us.

I make my confession
 Unto God overhead,
 With the Cross of the Angels
 I lie on this bed.
 One drop out of heaven
 Shed down on this heart,
 That shall banish for ever
 The sin and the smart.¹

Here is another night rann from Innismaan.

BLESSED VIRGIN.

Blessed Virgin, God's own Mother,
 Shining light set up on high,
 Candle blazing in the heavens,
 Be with me the day I die.²

These are sufficient as examples of night-prayers, and we shall now turn to other short prayers of the same kind which are spoken by the people upon special occasions.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

I gave some of these occasional prayers above, as, for example, a prayer to be said on waking, when the songs of the birds are heard welcoming a new day; a prayer to be said when the priest raises the chalice in the mass; a prayer that is said when a church or chapel is seen in the distance, and one or two others. It is almost quite true to say that there was no particular or special act that might come to be done by an Irishman throughout the day, but he

² *Literally*: O Blessed Virgin Mother of God, bright light that art without a stain, shining candle in the presence of God, that we may have thee with us on the day of our death

rocat no tó de páirí aise mionne, anuas go dtí real
gearr ó foin.

Bí gníomh ronnraðac de'n tróirt ro le deunam
aise h-uile oirde nuair éiríod ré cuir de'n teine
to bí ar an tceaslaic i dtairse, as foluad rplainne
no tó go doimhin faoi an ngníora asur faoi an
luaithe, "o'á scoisilt," mar duáirt ré, i mór go
inbeiríod póir na teinead beo aise arís ar maidin.
Duó é rin gníomh déiseannaic an lae aise; to táinig
an oirde asur tóiríod na h-oirde leir an ngníomh
rin. Ir tóig naic san páirí bis to gníod ré é,
asur tá an páirí reo le fáil ann r gac uile áit i
n-éiríonn ann a bfuil an gaeirí beo póir, asur i
n-áibainn mar an gcéona. As ro mar rgníob mo
cápa eóin mac néill i ó beul máirtain bhí fualáin i
n-inir meadon.

coinglizim an teine seo.

Coinglizim* an teine reo
mar coinglizíear críort cáro,
muirí i mullaic an tige
asur bhrígo ann a lár.
An t-octar ainglióe ir tréine
i gcaití na ngníar
a' cúiríod an tige reo
'S a óaoine éadairt plán.

* i.e., coinglizim, cf. "as coingilt na cípe" = "as coingilt"
'gan oileán céona.

¹ In English this is always called "raking" the fire, but in Irish
"sparing" or "saving" it.

had, until quite recently, a word or two of a special prayer for it.

Such a special act he had to perform every night when he put safely away a portion of the fire that was on the hearth, covering up a coal or two deeply under embers and ashes, "sparing it,"¹ as he said, so that he might have the seed of the fire alive again in the morning. That was for him the last act of the day, and with it came the night and the darkness of the night. And naturally it was not without a short prayer he used to do it, and this prayer is to be found in every place in Ireland in which Irish is yet alive, and in Scotland also. Here is how my friend John MacNeill wrote it from the mouth of Martin Folan in Innismaan.

I SAVE THIS FIRE TO-NIGHT.

As I save this fire to-night
 Even so may Christ save me,
 On the top of the house let Mary
 Let Bride in its middle be.
 Let eight of the mightiest angels
 Round the throne of the Trinity
 Protect this house and its people
 Till the dawn of the day shall be.²

² *Literally*: I save this fire as saveth chaste Christ, Mary on the top of the house and Brigit in its middle. The angelic eight most strong in the city of the graces [be] protecting this house and bringing safe its people.

Δὲ πο μαρ βί πέ δὲ Ὀρίγιο νι Ὑοννάδα

coisligim an teine seo.

Coisligim an teine reo
le ciann clanna * páraiaí,
aingle Dé dá'ri nóúiread
'S nári fuarglaio an námaio,
Oét n-eac faoi a teac
Teac nac luigeann ceó ari,
nac n-imteócaio don maib ar
'S nac ngointeari tuine beó ann.

Δὲ πο μαρ fuairi Ὀδihnall O Potarica ar Conamara é.

coisligim-se an teine seo. coip eite.

Coisligim-re an teine reo
mar coisil Crioit cáe,
briúio faoi n-a bun
asur mac mhúire ann a léir †
na tri aingeala ir mó cúmaet
i gcúirt na ngráir
a' cúmoad 'r as coiméao an tige reo
'S a mhuintiri ariar go lá.

* No mar tuidairt nóia ni Constaile an páraiaí reo "le clann de élanoad páraiaí," aet ni léiri dam rin. Δὲ πο μαρ fuairi an t-aetair eógan an páraiaí uaiti-re.

Coisligim an teine reo le clann de clannoad páraiaí,
mac Dé dá'ri pióirteac a'ri nári mhúirglaió an námaio,
Oét n-eac faoi 'n teac asainn a'ri teac a luigeann ceó ari,
nári imteúio tuine maib ar, 'r nári gointeari tuine beó ann.
† *Aliter*, "ann a lácairi."

¹ *Literally*: I spare this fire with the tree [staff] of the clan Patrick; the angels of God to wake us, and let them not let loose the enemy [*aliter*, let not the enemy awaken] Eight steeds around the house, a house that no fog lies upon; that no dead shall go out of, and in which no living one is wounded [*aliter*, that no dead one may go out of it, nor living one be wounded in it!]

Here is how Brigit Donnahue had it.

WITH THE STAFF OF THE SONS OF PATRICK

With the staff of the sons of Patrick¹
 This fire I now am raking,
 Awaken let God's good angels,
 But enemies none be waking.
 Eight steeds are about the house² :
 A house not clouded a minute,
 And may no dead ever leave it
 Nor living be wounded in it.

Here is how Donal O'Faherty from Connemara found it.

I SAVE THIS FIRE.

I save this fire
 As Christ once saved all,
 May Bride³ care and keep it,
 On Mary's high Son I call :
 The three angels most mighty
 In Heaven's hall,
 Protect us this house
 Until day shall dawn.⁴

² Compare the English lines, the only prayer I ever heard in English resembling these Irish ones.

Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round my head,
 One to watch and one to pray
 And two to bear my soul away.

³ Notice how Brigit whose name is interpreted as *bred-shaigit* "fiery arrow" is here associated with fire. It was in her honour the Virgin's fire at Kildare "burnt through long ages of darkness and storm" until the Normans quenched it. For a notice of St. Brigit's connection with fire, see my *Literary History of Ireland*, p. 161.

⁴ *Literally* : I save this fire as Christ saved each one, Brigit under its foundation [i.e., taking care of it] and the Son of Mary in its midst [*aliter*, beside her]. The three angels of most power in the court of the graces, be protecting and keeping this house and its people again till day.

Δὲ πο ἀπὶρ μαρ φυαῖρ μο ἐὰρ παύραις Ὁ λαογαίρε
 ἡδὲ μαίρεαν, ἀν παύρι ἐέαθνα ἰ ἡσωνοῶ ἐορκαῖς

coiglim an teine seo. cóip córcaiḡeac.

Coiglim an teine reo
 μαρ coigleann Críort lác,
 muire ar óá éeann an tige
 Δῡρ bríḡro ann a lár.
 ἡδὲ a brúil t'ainḡlīb
 'S de naoimáib ἰ ἡcáair na nḡiár
 Δὲ coraint 'r Δὲ coimeáto
 luēt an tige reó ḡo lá.

Δὲ πο μαρ τᾶ ἀν παύρι ἐέαθνα ἀα ἰ ἡḡaotóaltacēt
 na h-Albann.

smálaró mise an teine.

smálaró mire an teine
 μαρ a rmálar mac muire,
 ḡu mba plán an tige 'r an teine
 ḡu mba plán to'n éuireacēt uile.
 Co po a'ri an lár*?
 peotair Δῡρ póil.
 Co air a bítear an aige 'noēt?
 Air muire ḡeal a'r air a mac.
 beul Dé a t'innreap,
 aingeal Dé a lanniar, †
 aingeal an toirar ḡac tairḡe ‡
 ḡo polur ḡeal a máireac.

Δὲ πο παύρι le beit pláirte Δὲ toul éum airtir
 μαρ éualaró an t-acáir Ὁ ḡraimnaiḡ ἰ ἡ-Árainn ἰ.

seacēt bpaíreacá.

Seacēt bpaíreacá po seacēt
 éuir muire paol n-a mac,
 éuir bríḡro paol n-a brat,
 éuir Dia paol n-a neart,

* ie, cia rúto ar an uhlár. † = lonnraḡeap. ‡ = tige.

Here, again, is how my friend the late Patrick O'Leary found the same prayer in the County Cork.

I SAVE THIS FIRE. [*A Cork version*]

I save this fire
 As kind Christ saves,
 Mary at the two ends of the house
 And Brigit in the middle.
 All that there are of angels
 And of saints in the city of the graces
 Protecting and keeping
 The people of this house till day.

Here is how they have the same prayer in the Highlands of Scotland.

I RAKE THE FIRE [*Highland version*]

I rake the fire
 As the Son of Mary rakes,
 That safe may be the house and the fire,
 That safe may be the whole company.
 Who is that on the floor?
 Peter and Paul.
 Whose part is it to take care to-night?
 The part of bright Mary and her Son.
 The mouth of God that tells,
 The angel of God that brightens,
 An angel in the door of each house
 Till the bright light to-morrow.

Here is a prayer to be said when going on a journey, as Father O'Growney heard it in Aran.

SEVEN PRAYERS.

Seven prayers, seven times over told,
 Mary left to her Son of old,
 Bride left to her mantle's length,
 God left to His own great strength

Eirinn rinn 'r an sluag síde
 Eirinn rinn 'r an sluag shaoite,
 Eirinn rinn 'r an uirge báire,
 Eirinn rinn 'r na caéuigé(íð) cniáirte,
 Eirinn rinn 'r an náirne fáogalta,
 Eirinn rinn ar báir bhráighe.*

Is follurad gur áirra an píopa ro, ó tá tráct ann
 ar rpioparadaið naé faogalta, ar an sluag síde agus
 ar sluag na shaoite.

Fuair mé an paitir reo faoi cúma eile ó mo éaraid
 Tomár O Coinceannainn. As ro mar do bí sí aige-
 rean.

seacht bpaireada. (Cóip eile.)

Seacht bpaireada faoi seacht
 Cuir muipe d'á mac, †
 Cuir bhríge faoi n-a bhrat,
 Cuir míceál faoi n-a ríad,
 Cuir Dia faoi n-a neart,
 Eirinn mé agus uirge mo mhúcta
 Eirinn mé agus uirge mo báire
 Eirinn mé agus báir bíogha [obann]
 Eirinn mé agus shaoit na genoc,
 Eirinn mé agus dhoc-émoiréib
 Agus dhoc-íúilí na n-daoine
 le mo cúmrad, le mo fáidil
 [le mo éaraid] agus le mo gáirí.

* "Báir bhríge" tuairte an fear ó a bfuair an sháinnuigead an
 páir, act b'éirinn gur "bhoire" "bhráighe" no "bhráigheanar" é

† Fuair mé an páirí éadaí óm' éaraid Tomár O h-ualladain,
 Cill-áir, i gConrad an éilíir agus is mar ro bí an dá líne torais
 aige-rean "Seacht bpaireada faoi seacht do bhonn muipe d'á
 mac."

Between us and the Fairy Kind,
 Us and the People of the Wind,
 Us and the Water's drowning power,
 Us and Temptation's evil hour,
 Us and the World's all-blighting breath,
 Us and the bondsman's cruel death.¹

It is evident that this piece is an ancient one, since it talks about spirits that are not of this earth, the Fairy Host and Host of the Wind.

I got this prayer in another form from my friend Thomas Concannon. Here is how he had it.

SEVEN PRAYERS. (*Another version.*)

Seven times seven prayers
 Mary put² to her Son,
 Bridget put beneath her mantle,
 Michael put beneath his shield,
 God put beneath his strength,
 Between me and water to smother me,³
 Between me and water to drown me,
 Between me and sudden death,
 Between me and the Wind of the Hills,
 Between me and evil hearts,
 And the evil eyes of people,
 To keep me, to save me,
 To protect me, and to guard me.

¹ *Literally*: Seven prayers seven times [multiplied] | Mary put beneath [i.e., left unto?] her Son, | Brigit put beneath her mantle | God put beneath his strength, | between us and the fairy host | between us and the host of the wind | and between us and the drowning water | between us and hurting temptations | between us and the worldly shame | between us and the death of captivity.

² *Aliter*, "gave her son." This is how I heard it from Thomas Houlihan of Killard.

³ *Literally*. "the water of my smothering."

Ag ro paidir le pád ag tuit cum airtir, do rghíob
an liatánac é o beul tuine éigin ar Tír-Eóghain.

paidir roim aisteair.

1 n-ainm an átar le buair
Agur an mhic a o'fulaing an pian
muirpe 'r a mac go paid liom ar mo éirill.

O a muirpe car* dam ag an pórt
na leig m' anam éairt
ir móir m' eagla roim do mhac

1 gcumaoin na naomh go paid mair [rinn]
Ag éirteacht le gac na n-aingeal
A'p ag molaó mic Dé le raoḡal na raoḡal. Amén.

Tá an cpeirdeamh an-choitcionn i n-Éirinn 'r i n-
Albainn go mbíonn daoine ann, éairtear troc-íuil ar
puo ar bit ir mian leó. Má éairto troc-íuil ar do
éuinneóig ni béirí don im ran máigreiriuḡaó, má
éairto ar do bó í, b'éirto go tuitreirí rí agur go
loirteirí í, má éairto oir féin í b'éirto gur trom-
ḡalar no tinnear éirtear oir. Ag ro oirta anaḡair
na troc-íuile do rghíob an liatánac ó beul tuine ar
Dún-na-ngall, agur fuair an Spairniugeac an oirta
éadna i n-Arainn.

' oirta anaḡair troc-íuile.

Oirta éirir mac Dé ar gac neac
paidir na breair ar a óá ḡlúin,
Sileao pola ar a éneairí,
A mic gan loct ir mair do pún.

* *Aliter* "cara".

¹ See above the ORTA mhúire, Mary's Prayer, for this couplet

² *Literally* "during the life of lives," or "world of world's,"
evidently taken from the Latin "in sæcula sæculorum."

Here is a prayer to be said when going on a journey
Mr Lyons wrote it down from the mouth of somebody from
Tyrone.

PRAYER BEFORE A JOURNEY.

In the name of the Father, with victory
And of the Son who suffered the pain,
That Mary and her Son may be with me on my travel.

O Mary meet me at the port
Do not let my soul [go] by thee,¹
Great is my fear at thy Son.

In the communion of the saints may we be,
Listening to the voices of the angels,
And praising the Son of God for ever and ever.²

The belief is very common in Ireland and in Scotland that there are people in it who can cast an evil eye on anything that they please. If they cast an evil eye on your churn there will be no butter in the churning, if they cast it on your cow perhaps she will fall and be hurt, if they cast it on yourself perhaps it is a heavy disease or sickness that will come upon you. Here is a charm against the evil eye that Mr. Lyons wrote from the mouth of a man from Donegal, and Father O'Growney found the same charm in Aran.

CHARM AGAINST EVIL EYE.

God's Son hath given a charm of charms,³
(First on thy knees thy *pater* say),
Shed was His blood by cruel arms,
Faultless and fair his righteous sway.

¹ *Literally*. A charm which the Son of God hath placed upon each person | the *pater* of the miracles on his two knees | the shedding of blood out of his wounds | O Son without a fault good is thy intention.

nuaibí éannaibí muipe a mac féin
ar an éirí le n-a dá fúil *
Síl sí éirí fíarar† fola
asur í fá éiríibí‡ rí na n-óil.

a fúil úda [uo] do minne mo loir
do bain díom mo úrdaé 'r mo fíuad,
Suidim-pe muipe ar a mac
ar rí na bpláitear a tógáil uaim.

Do carad páirte beas ar an ádair eógan
O Spáinnais i n-Árainn, lá, asur bí ríad as caint le
céile, sur éiríad ríad fíarí deiríad ar na rídeógaib,
asur duibíar an páirte leir an nSpáinnuigead go
díread mar ro, “Tá pé páirte, a ádair,” ar pé, “sur
fíu ar bí a fíeítear ar éiríibí do láimne clí, sur
díre-fíu rín, áit fíu ar bí éirídear ar éiríibí do
láimne deirí naé baogal díit rín. Áit pé ar bí
éiríibí a n-éirígeann ríad, ro díre 'na n-áirí le páir
as díit an bealaig díit.”

Suidim aingeal deas dé.
Suidim aingeal deas dé
go fíu fíu pé ar mo leir mé.‡
Suidim ar díit dé
ar na ríreirí' clí
díit go díit leiríam.

As ro díre beas díit éiríad ó'n ádair O Spáinn
anaíre ríreirí rídeóga.

díre anaíre na rídeóga
Suidim le n-a fíu fíu
asur díre fíu díre n-íre,

* Sic., i n-áit “le na dá fúil.” † Aliter ríreirí.

‡ “fá h-úit ánn rí” mar fíu an 'líreirí é.

§ Duibíar an páirte “mé éirí ar mo leir,” áit ír díit sur
mar ro do bí an líne ar díit.

When Mary saw him, as she stood,
 High on the Cross all torn and rent,
 Rained from her eyes three showers of blood
 And at its foot she made lament.

An Evil Eye hath me undone
 Paling my face in dule and dree,
 I cry to Mary and her Son
 Take the ill eye away from me

Father Eugene O'Growney, of a day, met a little child in Aran, and they were talking to one another, until at last they talked about the fairies, and the child spoke to him exactly thus, "It is said Father," says he, "anything that is seen on your left-hand side,—that it is a bad thing, but anything that will rise up on your right-hand side—it is no danger to you. But, whatever side they rise on, here is a charm to be said against them going the way, of you."

I PRAY GOD'S RIGHT-HAND ANGEL.

I pray the Right-hand Angel of God
 That he may put me on the best-way for me,
 I pray for God's sake
 The Left-hand Spirits
 All of them, to let me be.

Here is another little charm I heard from Father O'Growney against the faerie of the fairies.

CHARM AGAINST FAIRIES.

We accept their protection
 And we refuse their removal,

When Mary beheld her own Son | on the cross with her two eyes
 | She shed three showers of blood | and She at the feet of the King
 of the elements.

O yonder eye that has caused my wound | that has taken from me
 my form and my good appearance | I pray Mary and her Son | and
 the King of the Heavens to take it from me.

A gcúl linn
 A n-aḡairḡ uainn,
 Ar uēt báir a'r páire
 Ar slánaiḡteor iora Críorta

Aḡ ro orṡa anaḡairḡ doig-ḡiacal do éualar o
 Comár bairclaiḡ ar Conṡaé Muig Eó; tá an orṡa ro,
 no orṡa corínúil léi, le fāḡail ar fuṡ na h-Éireann.

ORṡA AN DOIG-ḡIACAL.

Bí pṡarar ar an bṡarac
 táinig Críort ann rin i láṡair.

"Cavé tá ort a pṡarar?"

"Tá m' ḡiacail atá tinn."

"Éirig a pṡarar ḡ bí rlán
 ni turā amáin acṡ a mairṡann beó,
 'Dá n-iomcórairḡ mo mairinn
 Gan* beit trioblóirṡac níor mó."

ORṡA EILE. (ó'n bṡar cṡanna.)

Sin aras [orṡa] do éuir pṡarar
 ar ḡiacail nlic uí floinn,
 ar cṡairḡ ar ḡiall
 na ar tinnear cinn.
 á Muirṡ an n-óibrig [n-óibṡairḡ] tu
 an érot éṡairḡ cṡarac [énarac]
 atá i ḡṡairḡ-leac an éinn.

Aḡ ro mar fuair mé an orṡa anaḡairḡ doig-ḡiacal
 rḡríobṡa le Seāḡan Mac Maḡḡainna ar oileán ran
 tSiennainn timcúill ceitṡe fíṡir bliadán ó roin.

ORṡA EILE (anaḡairḡ an fuir cṡanna.)

Lá 'dá mairḡ páirṡaiḡ 'na fuirṡe ar éloic mairḡail do táinig Dia
 ḡo uirí é.

* "A beit" uibairṡ fṡirṡan, acṡ ni fṡicim aon ciall ann rin.

¹ See above the mysterious piece called "St Patrick's *mairinn* or *mairinn*." By carrying it, is meant having it by heart, or else carrying it written which was done not uncommonly.

Their bick to us,
 Their face from us,
 Through the death and passion
 Of our Saviour Jesus Christ

Here is a prayer or charm against tooth-ache which I heard from Thomas Barclay from the County Mayo. This charm, or one like it, is to be found throughout Ireland!

TOOTH-ACHE CHARM.

Peter was in the wilderness,
 Jesus Christ came there into his presence.

“What’s on thee Peter?”

“It is my tooth that is sick.”

“Rise up Peter and be whole,
 And not thou alone but all who remain alive,
 If they carry my *mairinn*¹
 Without being further troublesome”

ANOTHER CHARM. (*From the same reciter.*)

Here is a charm that Peter put
 On the tooth of the son of O’Flóinn
 On a hardness on the jaw,
 On sickness of the head.
 O Mary wilt thou banish
 The hard knobby lumps
 That is in the *cruaidh-leac* (?) of the head.

Here is how I found the charm against toothache written by John MacMahon on an island in the Shannon about four score years ago.

ANOTHER CHARM. (*Against the same*)

Of a day that Patrick was sitting on a stone of straying² (?) God came to him.

² The “*fód mearbhail*” or “*fód seachráin*” is an enchanted kind of sod upon which if you stand you are transported as it were into all kinds of scenes and travels and experiences, without leaving the place where you stand, though you may think you have gone for miles and lived for days. This is the only place, however, where I have met the *cloch mearbhail*.

"Cao é rin ort a páiríais" ar ran tigeanna Dia.

"Atá cinnear fíadaí."

"Éiríis ann do fuid a páiríais," ar an tigeanna, "asur bí raor ó'n bpein, asur ní tu amáin aet gac don neac eile do béalpar na focail reo leo 'na taiméiol, ar n-a más cúis paitoir, cúis ané asur crie, dóib."

Tá na h-ortanna ro coitcionn go leor, asur loir na págántaet ar cuir aca, asur tá focail i gcuid aca naé bfuil don éiall ionnta anoir. Rinne cuir de na daoineó féin masar púta, aet na díais rin tángar-dar anuar éugainn go tti an lá anuú. As ro mar pinne tuine éigin masar paor ortá an tuis-íacal, mar do éualair Dóinnall O fótarta i gConamara é.

ORTA MASAR.

Orta a cuir Seumar do díarmair

Orta gan aetúinge gan iarmair,

an tair [tuig] atá ann do élar-íacal

a beir ran íacal ir fuid riar ann do éarbat'

Do beir an fótartaé cúis ortá deas túinn do éualair ré amearg muinntipe Conamara,* mar atá Orta Coirgte fola, Orta an Ruair, Orta an Tactta, 2 Orta an Úraoinín, Orta le a gcoirgtear masar le tuteur [masar cuac], Orta an íabhair Úis, Orta an Díar íacal, Orta míne do mnaib ann a luid reoil, ortá deirtear as tul tar leir an gCoir Úrígde, ortá anasair earbair, etc, Orta Colaim-Cille no Orta na Seirge, Orta an Trom-luide, Orta Seirce, asur ortá anasair deamán aéir. Cúis gur "ortanna" tugtar orra ro ní ionnta aet paitreacá gearra, no

* "Siampa an Seimrio," l 133-137

"What's that that's on you Patrick?" said the Lord God.

"It is the sickness of the teeth"

Rise up Patrick, said the Lord, and be free from the pain, and not you alone, but every other person who shall bring these words with them, about them, after their saying five *paters*, five *aves*, and a creed.

These charms are common enough, and there is on some of them the trace of paganism, and there are in some of them words in which there is now no sense. Some of the people themselves scoffed at them, but in spite of that they have come down to us to the present day. Here is how somebody made a mock of the tooth-ache charm as Dóimhnall O'Fotharta heard it in Connemara.

A MOCK CHARM.

A charm which Seumas sent to Diarmuid
A charm with requesting, without asking,
The pain that is in your front-tooth,
To be in the furthest-back tooth in your gum!

O'Faherty gives us fifteen charms which he heard amongst the people of Connemara,¹ namely, a charm for the staunching of blood, a charm for "rose" or erysipelas, a charm against choking, two charms against a festering, a charm by which a mad dog is quelled, a charm against "little fever" or neuralgia, a toothache charm, Mary's charm for women in child-bed, a charm said on going round with Brigit's Cross, a charm against want, Columcille's or the hunting charm, the nightinare charm, the love charm, and a charm against demons of the air. Although these are called *orthanna*, or charms, they are in fact only

¹ See "Siamsa an gleimhridh," p. 133-137.

ceatpam̃na beaḡa. Aḡ ro beaḡān eile de'n tṛóir
céatna, do rḡm̃iob Seáḡan Mac M̃etḡam̃na:—

ORTA AN TRIUCÁ.

Arta [orta] do éuir muipe o'á mac,
Arta do éuir Críort 'na ḡlaic,
Aubairt peadaí, aubairt bóil,
Aubairt eóin ḡo maib ḡo maib.

Éuir Colam Cille [í] le n-a éroiðe,
le n-a cliaḡán * a'ṛ le n-a uéto,
Aḡ uíbir na triuca tṛéin,
i n-aínm an aṭair, an íllic, 'ṛ an Spioṛiaio naoiṛí.

ORTA AN CREATA.

An t-am do éonnairc íora an cṛoir a maib Sé le ceurað uirri do
éir a cliaib aḡur a éoir. O'ṛiarruiḡ na ḡauiḡte Oé an riabṛar
no cṛit do bí air, "no an me eaḡla mómáinn-ne do émuṛeann tu?"
O'ṛreḡairi íora aḡur aubairt, "ní bṛuil riabṛar na cṛit Oim,
aḡur ní émaítm le eaḡla mómáib-re, aḡur ḡac aon do bṛairar na
línte reo leó, na uṛim̃eioill, do meabair no i rḡm̃iobnóiraeat i
n-onóir uam̃-ra, ní bṛíó riabṛar ná cṛit ḡo bṛát oirra.

ORTA DÉIO.

Arta do éuir muipe o'á mac
i nooir cátmac Críort,
Ar énuim̃, ar uoiḡ, ar riartaid an éinn.

Cnum do éuaid ran bṛeóil,
a'ṛ do iunn uic de'n uéat,
ḡoirim̃ íora Críort
a uíbir 'ṛ a cur i n-éaḡ.

Do éuir mé i ḡeló ruar píora o beul uirne ar Con-
uadé Uún-na-nḡall, air a uṛuḡtar Oirca Muipe, aḡt aḡ

* "cleatan" ms.

short prayers or little quatrains. Here are some more of the same which John Mac Mahon wrote down.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH CHARM.

A charm that Mary sent her Son
A charm from Christ's own hand that fell
Peter, it, said, and Paul, it, said,
And John, it, said, that it was well.

Columcille put it to his heart
And to his side and to his bosom
To banish the powerful whooping-cough
In the name of the Father and of the Son and Holy Spirit

A CHARM AGAINST TREMBLING.

When Jesus beheld the cross upon which he was to be crucified His bosom and his body shook. The thieves asked him was it fever or trembling that was on Him, "or is it with terror at us that you shake"? Jesus answered and said, "There is no fever nor trembling on me, and I do not shake out of fear of you; and every one who shall bring these lines with them, around them, by heart or in writing, in honour of me, there shall never be fever or shaking upon them."

A TOOTH CHARM.

A charm which Mary sent to her Son
In the door of the city of Christ,
Against maggot, against ache, against worms of the head.

A maggot has wrought in the flesh
And is eating the tooth away,
I cry unto Jesus Christ
To banish it and to slay.¹

I printed before a piece from the mouth of a man in the county Donegal, which is called Mary's "Ortha," i.e.,

¹ *Literally*, "A maggot which has got into the flesh | and has made destruction of the tooth | I call on Jesus Christ | to banish it or put it to death"

ro píopa eile de'n ainm céanna do rghíob tuine éigin
i leabair an mlatgairnais, mar leanar.—

ORTA mhúire. [An t-arda cóip de].

Ar tuamba do fhuil an orta ro, agus atá de buairt
innici cia bé do léighear í, no béarrar fá dearia a
léigheo, no iomrópar* í, go raorpar ó bár obann é,
mar atá teine, uirge, agus cómpiac. Fóirpíó rí bean
i teinear leinb, aet a cup [uirpí] no a léigheo tó;
no an tís ann a mbéir rí ní béir baogal a tóighe
air.

A tigearna mói-mílir íora Críost, a don-mhic an átar, a dia
na n-aingeal, a mic na maigheine mó-ghlóimair, cúmraiz, a íora,
an peacaé boet, agus raor mé ar zac cruao-cár ann a bfuilim
do-látair, agus atá éugam.

O a maighean glóimair a málair Dé, a bean or zac céim, atá
oiongmálta do zac mola, uéan eadair-guioe ar mo fion-ra, an
peacaé boet, cum do mhic grádaiz féin. O a baintigeairna mó
óirteair na millreáta, a málair na n-aingeal agus na n-áir-
aingeal, fóirpíaz agus raor mé ó zac oic o'á noeáa
tarim, o'á bfuil láirreáa, agus atá éugam. O a bláir na
bpatuair, a uéalhíat na n-eapóil, a tótcuir na n-aingeal, a
máir na n-óig, a pmuáineaó uáctair na n-aingeal agus na
n-áir-aingeal, guioim tu go lutgáirreáa fá gan mé do tóirgean i
n-áirpí éir-eaglaé an báir, nuair rghairpí m' anam agus mo
éoir le céile, ionnur go tóirbéairpí mé féin i bfuilnuir do
mhic grádaiz féin, agus go bfuáirpí an glóir píoimuir mairle
uir. A peultion na fairrige, a uoirpí teampóil Dé, a páláir
íora Críost, ir tu f' cuan na pláinte. O' a bláir na bpeacaé, a
tótcuir luét an eiríom, a tobair na tóirpí, a uéalhíat na
n-óig a' r' zac aingil, ir é do conbairpí uir na h-aingil agus uir
na h-áir-aingil, do beir páraó uóir cum an teampóil ann a
bfuil do ríúbal, do uil i tóirpí uáona. O a bairpíoigí mó

* "Oimrópar" do rghíob an fear, labhairteair "iompar" mar
"iompar" "

charm or prayer, but here is another piece of the same name which somebody wrote in Mac Mahon's book as follows.

MARY'S ORTHA [another version].

On a tomb was this *ortha* found, and there is this much virtue in it that whoever shall read it, or shall cause it to be read, or shall carry it about him, shall be free from sudden death, such as fire, water, and death-in-fight. It shall help a woman in child-sickness only to put it on her or read it to her; also the house in which it shall be, there shall be no fear of its being burnt.

O VERY-SWEET LORD JESUS CHRIST, O One-Son of the Father, O God of the angels, O Son of the Virgin, very glorious, protect O Jesus the poor sinner, and save me from every distress in which I am at present and which may approach me.

O glorious Virgin, mother of God, O woman above every degree who art perfect for every praise, make intercession on behalf of me the poor sinner to thy own beloved son. O very precious Queen of sweetness, O mother of the angels and of the archangels, relieve and save me from every evil that has passed me by, that is now present, or that is approaching me. O blossom of the patriarchs, O illumination of the apostles, O hope of the angels, O beauty of the virgins, O uppermost thought of the angels and the archangels, I pray thee joyously (sic.) not to forsake me in the fearsome time of death, when my soul and my body shall part one from the other, so that I may show myself in the presence of thy own beloved Son, and gain the eternal glory along with Him. O star of the sea, O door of the temple of God, O palace of Jesus Christ, thou art the harbour of health. O blossom of the sinners, O hope of the believers, O well of mercy, O illumination of the virgins and of every angel, it is thy conversation with the angels and the archangels that gives them satisfaction that the temple in which

† 1 n-áit "ir tu," so ʔʒʔiob an ʔʒʔiobneóyi "buʔ," áet ní tuiʒim ʔiín.

óirídear na millreacra, agus áir neire, buir tuir léir fulaing-
teac gac raotar, agus buir triot-ra ir lutzáiríeac gac aingeal
agus gac áir-aingeal. O a iomair(?) * na triócáiríe tiomnuigim
agus óiríuimméféin mo rriomac agus mo cogúr agus mo i'muáinte,
ionnair go dtaitneócaimn rriot féin, agus le o' mac móir-giádae.
bíod mair rin.

As ro paitir le ríad i nriarí an tabaie. 'Do ríuob
mo éara Eóin Mac Néill i o beul nídeail níic
Ruairíus, ó Conrae níuig Eó, agus éus pé dain i.

paitir i nriarí an tabaie.

Oét lán déas de rrioliz páiríais, de bria briaíde, de tuamba
ríoríe, de palár na ríoma, o' eaglaír 'Dé, le o'anam agus le
h-anam an té a rriab an tobac ro or a éionn"—má bíonn pé or
éionn duine—"agus le h-anam máirí rriugadóira go h-iomlán

náir buó liaéaríe
Gíána gairme air an triáig,
ná rribeada péirí as ríar,
ná briaonta rriúéa air an mbáirí.
ná an méar rin beannaéa le o'anam,
agus le h-anam na máirí go h-iomlán,
'S le m-anam péin air uairí mo báir,

ir le Dia ríuionn rrioliz agus gíoliz na briaídear éadairíe
o' anam máirí rriugadóira.

Mair ir cóirí do duine beir buiríeac de Dia air ron
a béile, ir amlaí buó éaríe do beir buiríeac air ron
an tobac, agus 'r ro ríeul beas do ríuob an níallac
ó beal an nídeail níic Ruairíus éaríe, as cur i
gceíl ríuinn gur cóirí paitir an tobac do ríad ó am
go h-am.

* Lám eile, ní lám an éaríe-ríuobneóira, do éirí an ponc air an m.
b'éirí gur "umair buó cóirí do b'í ann.

¹ This is said only when the tobacco is taken and given at a wake.

they walk may go to human profit (sic.), O very precious Queen of sweetness and of our strength, it shall be thou through whom every labour is endurable (?) and it shall be through thee that every angel and archangel is joyous. O trough (?) of mercy I bequeath and I direct myself, my spirit, my conscience, and my thoughts, so that I may be pleasing to thyself and to thy greatly-loving Son. Be it so.

Here is a prayer to be said after tobacco. My friend, John Mac Neill wrote it down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, from the county Mayo, and gave it to me.

PRAYER AFTER TOBACCO.

Eighteen fulls of the churchyard of Patrick, of the mantle of Brigit, of the tomb of Christ, of the palace of Rome, of the church of God, be with thy soul (and with the soul of him above whose head was this tobacco),¹ and with the souls of the dead in Purgatory all together.

May not more numerous be
The grains of sand by the sea,
Or the blades of grass on the lea,
Or the drops of dew on the tree,
Than the blessings upon thy soul
And the souls of the dead with thee,
And my soul when the life shall flee.²

It is for God to give shelter, light, and the glory of the heavens to the soul of the dead of Purgatory.

Just as a person should be thankful to God for his meals so in like manner should he be thankful for his tobacco; and here is a short story that John Mac Neill wrote down from the mouth of the same Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, which gives us to understand that it is right to say the tobacco prayer from time to time.

² *Literally.* May not more numerous be | the grains of sand on the shore | or the blades of grass growing | or the drops of dew on the crop | than all those blessings with thy soul | and with the souls of the dead all together | and with my own soul at the hour of my death

SGEUL AN AN TOBAC.

Bí bean ann fadó ó, agus bí aon mac amáin aici. Nuair táinig sé i n-aoir éirí sí i scoláirte é agus sinne sí ragaite dé. Tar éir a téad ó'n scoláirte bí sé tamall beag gearr 'ran mbaile; agus bí sé lá amáin as rrairreómaet amuis ran ngláirín, agus 'táinig naom or a ceann agus labair sé anuas leir agus tubairt sé leir an ragaite, go maib sé féin agus an méad do bain dó, damnaigte mar geall ar a mátair.

O'farrmuig an ragaite dé, cia an éoir do sinne a mátair, agus tubairt an naom leir go maib sí [as] caiteam tobac le dá bliadain déas agus náir tubairt sí pairir an tobac ar an bpad rin.

"Donn go léir," ar ran ragaite, "bfuil muo ar bit ó plaitear anuas le rin do héirtead?" ar ran ragaite.

"níl aet aon muo amáin," ar peirean, "agus 'ré reó, nuair gabar tura arteaé éir do mátair innir ví mar tá innirte asam-ra uirt-re, agus muir [muna] mbi' sí fársa leir an bár o'fuiring innir ócar mire uirt-re, maóaric ar uirtce plaitear ní feicir do mátair ná doinne o'á bunad go bpiat."

"Cia an bár é?" ar ran ragaite leir.

"Caiteiró sí leirgan uirt-re," ar peirean "a rgláirio [min-gearraio] h-uile gneim o'á colainn com min le rnaoirín."

Éuair an ragaite irteaé ann a téad, agus ualac tnom ar a émoire. Suir re ar éataoir, agus bí bpión móir le peiceál ann a éadan. O'farrmuig an mátair dé cé [cao é] bí air, agus creau o éirig dó ó éuairó sé amad.

"Al níl oim aet cuirre beag," ar peirean, "dearig dam píopa a mátair," ar peirean, "buo maib liom gal tobac rágaíl."

"Dearigócao, agus fáirte," ar pife, "faoil mé, a múirínín," ar pife, "nac maib tu caiteam tobac"

"Al b'éirir go mbainfead gal an cuirre reó óiom," ar peirean

b'fíor an rgeul. Éirí sí i rplanc 'ran bpiopa agus tar éir a fáit do caiteam de'n píopa, feacair sí do'n ragaite é, agus níoir tubairt sí an pairir. Agus rin é an t-áubair dubairt an ragaite léi an píopa deargad, téince (?) go noéarfaó sí an pairir, aet níoir tubairt.

"Donn go léir!" ar ran ragaite ann a innirín féin.

O'innir an ragaite ví mar o'innir an naom dó. agus éair sí i

STORY OF THE TOBACCO.

There was a woman in it long ago, and she had an only son. When he came to age she sent him to college, and made a priest of him. After his coming from the college he was a short little while at home, and he was one day walking out in the garden when there came a saint [in the air] over his head and spoke down to him, and told the priest that he himself and all who belonged to him were damned on account of his mother.

The priest asked him what was the crime his mother had committed, and the saint told him that she was smoking tobacco for twelve years and she never said the tobacco prayer all that time.

"Bad enough" ¹ says the priest, "is there anything at all down from heaven to set that right" ² says the priest.

"There's nothing but one thing alone," says he, "and this is it. When you go in to your mother tell her as I have it told to you. And unless she shall be prepared to suffer the death that I'll tell you, not a sight of the country of heaven will your mother or anyone of her family see for ever."

"What death is it!" said the priest to him.

"She must let you," says he, "carve every bit off her body as fine as sneeshin."

The priest went into the house and a heavy load on his heart. He sat upon a chair and there was great grief to be seen in his face. His mother asked him what was on him, and what had happened to him since he went out.

"Ah, there's nothing on me but a little weariness," says he, "kindle the pipe for me mother," says he, "I'd like to get a blast of tobacco."

"I'll kindle it and welcome," says she, "I thought avourneen," says she, "that you were not using tobacco."

"Ah, maybe a whiff would take this weariness off me," said he

True was the story. She put a coal in the pipe, and after smoking enough of the pipe herself she handed it to the priest, but she never said the prayer. And that was the reason the priest had told her to kindle the pipe, hoping that she would say the prayer, but she did not.

"Poor enough!" said the priest in his own mind.

The priest told her then as the saint had told him, and she threw

féin ar a dá glúin as suíthe Dé asur as seilte na n-éor, asur, ar ríre, “céad fáilte roimh ghlárta Dé, asur má fé an bár é do geall Dia nam tá mé fáilte ar a fulaigh. Gab amac a mhí anoir,” ar ríre, “asur nuair déirdear míre méirí tuit-re le tuit i gcionn o’oibhe, glaothair mé ardeac tu.”

Éuair an ragarit amac, as léigead asur as suíthe Dé go tuit-
maetac.

[Do] nís asur glan an mátair í féin. Fuair sí braitlínite asur rgeannata zeura méirí, le h-asair na h-oibhe, asur nuair bí h-uile fíor méiríte aici glaoth í ardeac ar an ragarit. Asur ar cionnntós éarite ve’n ragarit ar a éoir táinig an taitneamh or a ceann aríir, asur tuitairte fé leir go maib maiteamhar fágáilte as a duaid uiligh [uile] i n-eiríe a bpeacair, ve bárr an airtíge tuitmaetac bí a mátair léir [tair éir] a tóanamh, asur an t-an-bár do bí sí lán-fáilte le n-a fulaigh.

Táinig an ragarit ardeac éum an tige asur lútgáirte móir ar a éiríthe, asur bí a mátair rínte ar fáil a tóma ar an mborir asur braitlínite fúirí asur éairte, asur a dá láir rínte amac uairí, asur í as suíthe Dé, asur dá ríin géar le n-a tairí, asur ar an ragarit léi, “Éiríge fuar, a mátair,” ar rírean, “tá maiteamhar fágáilte agam ó mís na nglárta ann ár bpeacairí. Asur cuirim imríthe or anoir ó’n lá ro amac ná tóan tairímao gan rairí an tobair aluigad fuar go tuitmaetac ‘c don uair éairtear tu é.”

Asur b’fíor an rgeul. Ní maib don uair ó’n lá rin go tuit an lá éuair mátair an rgarite ann ran rgeul. Náir aluig rí an rairí go tuitmaetac do Dia i do’n mairíon glóiríar. Asur tá na rían-daoine ar fuo na tige as aluigad an rairí éóirína fuar [go] laíteamair, asur bír, fáil ‘r déirdear focal o’áir nglaothair beó ar oileán glar na naom.

As ro orca eile do fuair mé i leabair an mairíam-
nais. Ir coríníil gur anagair tinnir na n-é é.

ORCA EILE.

Arta do éurí Dia fáilíe éiríor, éurí ríear, éurí póil, éurí éóirí do éairt éiríor, éurí mairíe asur Seanan * a leigeanr treanar (²) anoir. Abrait ríonn do o’ leigear, abrait donn do

* “Seanan” ran ríuríinn

herself on her two knees praying God and shedding tears, and, said she, "a hundred welcomes to the graces of God, and if it is the death that God has promised me I am satisfied to suffer it, go out now my son," says she, "and when I'll be ready for you to get to your work I'll call you in"

The priest went out, fervently reading and praying to God

The mother washed and cleaned herself She got sheets and sharp knives ready for the work, and when she had everything prepared she called the priest to come in And as the priest turned round on his foot, the brightness came over his head again, and it said to him that all his family had found forgiveness for their sins, on account of the earnest repentance that his mother was after making, and the awful death that she was fully satisfied to suffer.

The priest came into the house, and a great joy in his heart, and his mother was stretched on the length of her back on the table, and sheets under her and over her, and her two hands stretched out from her, and she praying God, and two sharp knives by her side, and, says the priest to her, "rise up mother," says he, "I have got forgiveness from the king of the graces, for our sins, and I beseech you now from this day out, do not forget to diligently offer up the tobacco prayer every time you use it."

And true was the story. There was never a time from that day till the day that the priest's mother went into the clay that she did not earnestly offer up the prayer to God and to the glorious Virgin.

And the old people throughout the country [*added the reciter, talking of West Mayo*] are offering up that same prayer daily, and they shall do so as long as a word of our Irish language shall remain alive on the green island of the saints.

Here is another charm which I found in Mahon's book. It appears to be against sickness of the liver.

ANOTHER CHARM.

A charm which God put beneath the breast of Christ; Peter put, Paul put, John who baptized Christ put, and Senannus * * * * * (?)
A white apostle to cure thee, a brown apostle to cure thee, the

o' leigear, abrtal doin mhic Dé do o' leigear, cuig (?) an leac
pleaman atá fá cúmoad do cléib agus an meall oðar* oá
otugtar ar na h-eas. Guitim cuig mhíre agus Seanain t'ocht
do beir plán agus treanail do beir réis.

As ro orda do innadai i otinnear leimb, ó'n áit
céadna. Fuair an foctarad puo éisín cor'múil leir
i gConamara.

ORDA DO INNADAI.

bhat na mbuan-bhat,
bhat na sceitpe cior,
bhat ro n-ar geinead chiorc
s a otáinig† chiorc ar.
“A mhíre fóir an bean
atá i n-easla an báir.”
“Fóir féin i a mhic
O ir asao atá,
bairte leir an ngein
agus tabair an bean plán.”

As ro beannugad-an-biò mar bí ré as míceál
ilac Ruairíus agus mar eualaid míre é i gconradé
Rorcomáin, agus i n-áiteadaid eile, crieoim.

beannugad an biò.

bail na gcúis arán agus an oá iars mar ioinn Dia ar na cúis
míle fear.

Rat ó'n miz do minne an ioinn
ar ár gcuid 'r ar ár scoth-íoinn.‡

beannugad tar éis biò.

Dia spár [i. Deó spátiar] íora, míle molaó móir agus
buidéadair tuic a dia. A mhíre an té euz an beata rin dúinn go
otugaid ré an beata fíorhuirde agus glóir na bplaitear oá'r
n-anam. Amén a tígearna

* “oum” ran ms.

† Sgríobta mar “rna táine ch. ar.” aet ní léir oam rin.

‡ As rin mar eualaid míre é o bhuirio ní cromair i gconradé
Rorcomáin. Ir fíor-“Deirbhe” an oá líne reó.

apostle of the one Son of God to cure thee, from(?) the smooth flag that is under the cover of thy breast, and the grey lump which is brought upon thy liver. I pray to Mary and Senanus that thy breast may be sound and thy channel (?) may be free

Here is a charm from the same place for a woman in child-birth. Mr. Faherty found a charm something like it in Connemara.

A CHARM FOR A WOMAN.

The mantle of the lasting-mantles
The mantle of the four crosses
The mantle beneath which Christ was born
And out of which Christ came.

"O Mary succour this woman
Who is in fear of death."

"Succour her thyself O Son
Since it falls to thee
Baptism for the birth
And bring the woman safe."

Here is a food-blessing or grace, as Michael MacRury had it, and as I have also heard it in the county Roscommon, and I think elsewhere.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The good of the five loaves and of the two fishes as God divided them on the five thousand men.

Luck from the king who made the division
On our share and on our co-division.¹

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Deo gratias, O Jesus. A thousand great praises and thanks to thee O God. O Mary, He who gave us that food, may He give eternal life and the glory of the Heavens to our soul Amen, O Lord !

¹ This must be very old. These two lines are in perfect Deibhidhe metre, for the requirements of which see my "Literary History of Ireland," p 483.

Δὲ πο βεῶσαν το παιρπεῶσαιβ γεῶρα εἰτε το
 ρυαῖρ μέ ὀμ' ἀραιτο Τομάρ Ο Κοινέανναιν ὁ ἱννῖρ-
 μεῶδον. Νι οῖτ' ἀννα ἰαὺ πο ἀετ παιρπεῶσα βεῶρα
 βέαρρῖγεῶστα ἰαὺ, μαρ na παιρπεῶσα γεῶρα εἰτε το
 τυς μέ ροῖνε ρεῶ.

Ἀ βαιρρῖοῖσιν na βῆλαῖτεας.
 Ἀ βαιρρῖοῖσιν na βῆλαῖτεαρ
 Ἀγυρ Ἀ ρυς γῖλ na τῖόσαιρε
 naε λεατ-ρα γῖνδῖν mo ἀραοῖν
 Ἀρ μαῖνῖν Ἀγυρ τῖατῖόνα.
 na λεῖς μέ Ἀρ ρεῶρῖάν
 ἀετ κυῖρ μέ Ἀρ an εῶλαρ
 Σο ροβαλλ an ἀῖρῖνῖν
 Σο ρῖλῖνῖν na βεῶρα.

Γλῶρῖ Ἀ ὅια, Γλῶρῖ Ἀ ὅια,
 Γλῶρῖ Ἀ ὅια naοῖτα,
 Γλῶρῖ το' n ἀταῖρ ρῖορῖνῖν
 Ἀγυρ Γλῶρῖ το' n σῖορῖατ naοῖτα.
 Γλῶρῖ το' n ρεῦλτ εῶλαρ
 'S ὁ' ἄδον naε-pan ἰορα
 Ἀγυρ mίλε Γλῶρῖ ρῖορῖνῖν
 Το' n ρυς [το ρῖνne Ἀρ ρῖοῖνῖν]
 Το' n ρυς ὁ' ἰοῖεῖαῖ an ἐρῖοῖρ
 'S é οῦλ 'ceannaε an cine ὁαonna.

Δὲ πο κύπλα παῖνῖν βεῶς εἰτε το μῖνῖρ Mάταῖρ
 το ἑαλαῖὸ me ὀ' n βῆαρῖ cεῶνα.

Ἀ μῖνῖρ ὀίλεας
 Ἀ μῖνῖρ ὀίλεαρ
 ἱρ tu ὀῖνῖνῖν γαε ρεῶσαιβ

¹ *Literally* · O Queen of Heavens | and O bright King of mercy | Is
 it not to thee I make my complaint | In the morning and evening |
 Do not let me go astray | But show me the right way (*literally*: put
 me on the knowledge) to the people of the mass | until we shed the
 tears | Glory O God, glory O God, glory O God, holy | Glory to

Here are a few other short prayers which I got from my friend, Thomas Concannon, from Innismaan. They are not charms but simply little metrical prayers like the other short prayers I have given before.

O THOU QUEEN.

O thou Queen of the Heavens¹
 And O thou bright King of kindness,
 Each morning and evening
 Unto you I bewail my blindness;
 Do not let me go wander
 But lead me with kindness
 To the house of devotion,
 Repentant and crimeless.
 God of glory, God of glory,
 God of glory, only,
 Glory to the Father still
 And to the Spirit glory,
 Glory to our guiding-star,
 All glory unto Jesus,
 And a thousand glories fall
 Round the king who frees us,
 Round the king who bore the cross
 And buys, by death, and frees us.

Here are a couple of little prayers to Mary Mother which I heard from the same.

THOU MARY.

Thou Mary knowest²
 The lowest sinner's contrition,

the Father eternal | And glory to the Holy Spirit | Glory to the
 guiding star. | And His one-son, Jesus | And a thousand glories
 eternal | To the King who has defended us | To the King who has
 carried the cross | And He going to buy the human race.

² *Literally*: O dear Mary | Thou art the protector of every sin

Suir oim, gac puínte, *

Azur na leis mé coiríde dāmaine.

A muipe beannuigte mātairōa

maighean gēal glégeal atá gan ímál,

an glóir atá i bhlaitéamnar mhic Dé

Go maib rí agaimn ar uair ár mbáir.

se do beata 'mhuire

Sé do beata 'mhuire

atá lán de ghárta,

Azur pé do beata linn-ne

Do rugaó ann ran rtabla,

naé beannuigte an naoiúean

é rin ioir do lámhaib!

a mháthair beannuigte,

A mháthair beannuigte atá ann ran bhlaitéar ag afairt (?)
[agairt?] ar mī na ngrár, iarmaim azur atcuingim ort m' anam
do beir taitneamhac ann do láthair, anoir azur ar uair mo báir.

A ÍOSA.

A íora, a mhuire, a naoim íoré

Orráilim m' anam azur mo éiríde go deó dāoib

Anoir azur ar uair mo báir.

Ag ro paitiúin beas do cualaib mé d'n bpeap
céadna. Críochnuigtear gac line le "briathar-oib-
uigte" a bfuil trí riollaib ann, azur tagann bhuig
an gorta ar an céad-riolla de'n focal. Do tug mé
paitiúin gearr, ruar .i. "Toil Dé go noeunamdaoio" atá
cumta go díreac ann ran móo céadna.

Ulighe dé.

Ulighe Dé go noeunamdaoio

Aiteannta Dé go scongbuigimio

Ar bualaó Críoirt go scuimniúimio,

* ".i. ann r gac ponc," no móimio.

ner | Pray for me at every point (moment) | And do not let me
for ever be damned | O blessed mother Mary | Maiden white, bright-

Pray for me, hear me,
 And steer me safe from perdition.
 O blessed Mary, O motherly Mary,
 Thou white bright maiden without one stain,
 May the glories of Heaven around God's throne
 Receive my soul from the death of pain.

ALL HAIL TO THEE MARY.

All hail to thee Mary¹
 Who savest from danger,
 And hail unto Him
 Who was born in a manger,
 How blessed the infant
 Who came as a stranger.

O BLESSED MOTHER.

O blessed Mother who art in Heaven pleading (?) with the king of the graces, I ask and beseech of thee that my soul may be pleasing in thy presence, now and at the hour of my death.

O JESUS.

O Jesus, O Mary, and O Joseph,
 I offer my soul and my heart to you for ever
 Now and at the hour of my death.

Here is a little short prayer that I heard from the same
 Every line is ended by an active-verb of three syllables,
 and the accent falls on the first syllable. I have already
 given a short prayer composed in precisely a similar manner,
i.e., "The will of God be done by us."

THE LAW OF GOD.

The law of God may we perform
 The Commandments of God may we keep,
 On the beating of Christ may we muse,

white, who art without a stain | The glory that is in the Heavens of
 the Son of God | May it be with us at the hour of our death.

¹ *Literally*; Hail O Mary | Who art full of grace | And hail to us |
 [He] who was born in the stable | Is it not a blessed infant | That
 one that is in thy arms?

glóir na bpláitear go bfeicimí
 agus ceól binn na n-aingeal go gcluimimí.

Do fuair mé aithne dia-da eile, cuimne ar an nór
 iongantach ród, ó Seumas O Maolínuaí (no O Maolínua
 mar rghróbann peircean an t-ainm) atá 'na cónnuide i
 gCluain-bú láim le Druim Driepin, i gconóae na
 Gaillime. Bí an t-ainm go as rean-fer, dar b' ainm
 mheal Ó Congalaig go rghrób é i ltreacáib béarla
 do réir fuaim na bfoal, aet ní 'l fíor aige cia
 ceap é.

GRÁSTA AN SPIORAIO NAOMH.

GRÁSTA AN SPIORAIO NAOMH GO NGABAMAOIO,
 agus ann ran gceirdean fíor go gcomnuigimí,
 Sompla na bfeireun go leanamamio,
 agus i nteampoll éiríora go bfanamamio.

An t-ionóio síórruide go n-iarhamamio,
 ár n-óctur i n-íora go bfrágamamio,
 ár leat-éiom na mboet go bfróimimí,
 agus do réir tola * dé go riúdalamamio.

Cataighe an diaail íalag go noiúlaigimí,
 agus do ceagarg an éleir go n-úmlaigimí,
 anagair gac loir go n-íorimimí,
 agus ó aithir na mbéas go rghamamio.

le cúlúoraí bfuigeanae náir meargamamio,
 aet uirnaighe eiríbteada go n-áitigimí,
 tíólaicte ár n-íreanna go n-áitigimí,
 agus ó n-ár n-íre-béaraib go n-áitigimí.

* "toilead" duairt peircean, t i e., "cómhuadaí."

¹ I have attempted to preserve something of the spirit of the original metre in this translation, but have been unable to carry out the "tour de force" which in the Irish makes every line, except in the last verse, end in a trisyllabic verb, with the accent on the antepenult syllable

² Literally The graces of the Holy Ghost may we gain | And in the true faith may we dwell | The example of the righteous may we follow | And in the temple of Christ may we abide.

The glory of the Heavens may we see,
And the sweet music of the angels may we hear.

I got another religious song composed in this very strange fashion from James Mulloy (Mweel-yeea he pronounces his name in Irish) who lives at Clonboo near-Drumgriffin, county Galway. An old man named Michael Conolly heard this poem and he wrote it down phonetically in English characters ; but he does not know who composed it.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY GHOST.¹

May the grace of the Holy Ghost be gained by us,²
And the true Faith be kept unstained by us,
While we follow the path of the saints, endeavouring
To walk in the temple of Christ unwavering

And may we seek the eternal Trinity
Trusting in Christ and in Christ's divinity,
Helping the poor and relieving them
Walking with God and receiving them.

Devils that tempt us, still repelling them,
All our faults—to the Church confessing them.
Fighting with all that wounds, with energy,
Ceasing from lies and evil calumny.

Let us not mix with strife and devilry,
Fall we to prayer instead of revelry,
Thanking the Lord for all his graciousness
Throwing aside our evil ways from us.

The eternal Trinity may we seek | Our trust in Jesus may we place |
The hardships of the poor may we relieve | And according to the will of God may we walk.

The temptations of the foul devil may we repel | And to the teaching of the clergy may we submit |
Against every hurt may we fight | And from the speaking of lies may we separate.

With quarrelling company let us not mix | But pious prayers let us practice |
The gifts of our Lord let us offer-thanks-for | And from our evil habits may we change.

Ár mbeata mí-riagáilte go leauiúimio,
 Ár n-an-toil réin go rmaéuiúimio,
 Sác uile méao peacait go peacuiúimio,
 Ásur i gcaréanar diaáa go neauiúimio.

Srian le n-ár uteangtaáib go gcuimio,
 Ó émaor na meirge go rghamamio,
 Ár na h-uile arír náir éillimio,
 Áct aicéirge trátaínil go noeunamio.

Éar gníomairtaib tiorza náir bhirimio,
 Sác rean-luibhe* peacait go rghioramio,
 Ó'ár n-eap-cairao rdoagáilte go maicimio,
 Ásur ár gcóiriar [go] mó-maíe go nglanamio.

Cuir tuine eile náir fannuiúimio,
 Cumann sác tuine go gcúimuiúimio,
 Náirao ár n-anma go ráruimio, '
 Ann ran ngeamnuigeadé buain go mairimio †

Clú na cúmaíran go gcongbuimio,
 Aicéanta Dé go gcoimilíonamio,
 Aon nouine le feirg náir famluimio (?)
 Á' le rghannail aon nouine náir fáluiúimio.

Ann ran b'írinne molta go labhamio
 Na crioáa déigeannaáa go meabruimio,
 Ár óiol (?) na truaige go gcarbuiúimio,
 Ásur ár páir íora Crioirt go rmaoinimio.

*no b'éirir "luibeanna." ní maib ré cinnte cia aca buó ceapc
 no beic ann.

† go "uairmáimio" buairt reiréan, áct ní léir dam rin.

Our irregular life may we amend | And our own immoderate-will
 may we chasten | Every condition (*literally* "size") of sin may we
 avoid | And in godly friendship may we grow strong

A bridle on our tongues may we place | From the gluttony of
 drunkenness may we part | To evils again let us not return | But
 timely repentance may we make.

The acts of fasting let us not break | Every old leprosy (*aliter*, plant)

Our life disorderly—now amending it ;
 Our evil will—no more defending it ;
 All sorts of sin avoiding carefully,
 In friendship with God rejoicing prayerfully.

Bridling the tongue so prone to mutiny,
 Shunning drunkenness, shunning gluttony,
 Never to evil again inclining us,
 Seeking repentance made in time by us.

Never forsaking the rule of abstinence,
 Plucking away the evil plants in us,
 Always forgiving earthly enmities,
 Purging clean our guilty consciences.

The goods of other men never envying,
 Never wantonly making enemies,
 Fighting the foe of the soul for victory,
 Living for ever a life of chastity

As our own, our friend's fame, cherishing,
 God's commandments obey in everything,
 Oaths of anger for aye abandoning,
 Blackening no one, no one scandalising.

Speak we the praise of the truth, not slumbering,
 The end of the whole, each day remembering,
 Helping the poor and those in wretchedness,
 Musing on Christ and on His blessedness. ~

of sin let us destroy | Our earthly opponent let us forgive | And our
 conscience very-well let us cleanse,

The portion of another let us not envy | The affection of each person
 let us keep | The enemy of our soul may we tire out | And in perpetual
 chastity may we live.

The reputation of [our] neighbour may we keep [for him] | The Com-
 mandments of God may we fulfil | A single person, with anger, let us
 not * * * (?) | And let us not stain one person by a scandal.

In the truth may we speak praises | The final ends may we remem-
 ber | The deserving (?) of pity let us assist | And on the passion of
 Jesus Christ let us consider.

Glóir na bpláitear go raóimíocht,
 na ríada tá oirpáinn go n-íocamais,
 le claonad ári n-inntinn go n-úimhíocht,
 agus ári go "confiteor" le dúitear go n-abúíocht.

le páirtín an áiríocht go bpanamais,
 leir an tsacraméint naomhais go nglacamais,
 le beannaíocht Dé agus Onne go ngluairimís,
 agus* congnam na naomh a'ri na n-abúitail go n-úimhíocht

beannaíocht mhuiríe 'ri naomh iúire go bpláimais,
 le bair beannuichte go n-imhíocht,
 Glóir na n-ainseal go ngluairimís,
 agus ári † bantiaíocht mhuiríe go ngluairimís.

as feiteam na glóiríe síle go ngluairimís
 Gnáir mic Dé go ngluairimís
 as molaíocht 'ri as ngluairimís Dé go ngluairimís
 le linn na raóitail. Amén

Do éualaid mé d'an fada eile i gconrad mhuiríe Eo,
 ári a ngluairimís "Dán Beannuair Seóige." Do ngluairimís
 mé cuir dé ríor o beul rean-firi de na ngluairimís, i
 'n-áice le Clár-Cloinne-mhuiríe. Do éualaid mé an
 d'an céadna áiríe ó fear eile, taob fíar de beallac-a-
 doirín fan gconrad céadna, áit níor ngluairimís uairíe
 é. Mí naib an d'an iomlán as ceadóirí aca, áit
 timhíoll a leat dé no a d'á ngluairimís eatorra. Saoil
 mé go naib an cuir eile de'n d'an caillte, áit táirle
 go ngluairimís, go n-ádhmáil, mo ára an t-áiríe mla

* "le congnam" ngluairimís reiríen áit ní léiríe d'am rín.

† "ári" = "amearí" ári uairíe.

The glory of the Heavens may we gain | The debts that are on us
 may we pay | With inclination our mind may we humble | And the
 confiteor let us say with diligence.

For the pardon of the High-King let us wait | The Holy Sacrament
 let us receive | With the blessing of God and man may we walk | And

Striving to reach the heaven's holiness,
 Paying all debts in peace and lowliness,
 Toning the mind to true tranquility,
 Saying 'confiteor,' with humility.

Watching for pardon through God's own graciousness,
 Taking the Sacrament He has made for us
 Blessings of God and of men still nerving us,
 Help of apostles and saints preserving us.

Blessings of Mary and Joseph guiding us,
 Making death blessed when life is parting us,
 The angels calling with voices of graciousness,
 The ladies of Mary making place for us.

Waiting the coming of peace and righteousness,
 God's own countenance shining bright on us,
 Praising and loving God for aye
 Through worlds of worlds in endless day. Amen.

I heard another long poem in the county Mayo which they called Peter Joyce's Repentance. I wrote part of it down from the mouth of an old man of the Gibbouses near Claremorris. I heard the same poem again from another man, to the west of Ballaghaderreen in the same county, but I did not write it down from him. Neither of them had the entire poem, but about half or two-thirds of it between them. I thought that the rest of it was lost, but my friend, Father MacErlean, S.J., luckily happened on a copy of it when he was working in the Royal Irish

the help of the saints and apostles may we deserve.

The blessing of Mary and of St. Joseph may we get | With a blessed death may we depart | The voices of the angels may we hear | And amongst the female-company of Mary may we sit.

Waiting for the bright glory may we be | The countenance of the Son of God may we see | Praising and loving God may we be | Throughout the worlds. Amen.

fíor-leigín S. 1., cóip dé, nuair bí ré ag obair ann san
 Acadaim Ríogamhail Éireannac ar dántaibh Seachtúin
 Céitins. 'D' innir ré dam, go cineálta, cá bfuigfinn
 é, 7 rghríobar amac go h-iomlán é do réir na cóipe
 do bí san Acadaim.* Sgríobinn Muimneac do bí ann,
 mar mearaim, agus bí iongantar orm an tóán Conn-
 aecta do t'fágail inni. Ag po an tiodal do bí air.
 "Aitriúge an Seoiú o Condaé Maise Eó Láim le Baile
 an Róba," agus do críochnuig an rghríobhóir mar po é,
 .i. "iar na rghríobad le Peadar Ua Conuil, an 7 máth
 lá rícead do lúil san mbliadhain t'aoir Críort, 1782.
 Foirdeann mar fuairar ríomaim." Do bí ríor-beagán
 tairpe ior an gcóip reó agus an cóip do rghríob mé
 ríor ó beul an Ghobúnaig, aet go bfuil ré go móir
 níor fairde. Níor feud an Ghobúnaic ná don tuine
 eile inniint dam cia r b'é an Seoiúgeac do cum an
 tóán ríor-binn áluinn reó, ná cia an uair ar mar ré.
 Níor éualaid mé an tóán aríam taob amuig de Condaé
 Muig Eó, agus deir an Láim-rghríobinn mar conncamar,
 gur "Láim le Baile-an-Róba" ann san gcondaé rin,
 do mar an file do cum é. Ir corínúil gur cumad
 é i Rannuigeaet Móir ar tóir, aet tá ré puo-beag
 truailligete anoir, agus tá níor mó na reaet riollaid
 ann san line go minic, agus críochnuigeteaer dá rainn
 de, le focal dá riolla, puo nac cóir. Ii féirir a
 ráth anoir an amlaid do ceap an Seoiúgeac, go neamh-
 ruimeamhail é, no an truailluigaet é, do táinig air ag

Academy on Jeoffrey Keating's poems. He kindly told me where I would find it, and I transcribed the whole of it according to the copy in the Academy.¹ It is I think a Munster manuscript, and I was surprised to find in it this Connacht poem. Here is the title of it: "The Repentance of the Joyce from the county Mayo, close to Ballinrobe," and the scribe finished thus—"after being written by Peter O'Connell, the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of the age of Christ, 1782. Conclusion, as I found it before me" There is extremely little difference between this copy and that which I wrote down from the mouth of Gibbons, except that it is much longer. Neither Gibbons nor any one else was able to tell me who the Joyce was who composed this melodious and beautiful poem, or when it was he lived. I never heard the poem outside the county Mayo, and the manuscript says, as we have seen, that it was "near Ballinrobe" in that county that the poet lived who composed it. It was probably originally written in the great Rannugheacht metre, but it is now somewhat corrupted, and there are frequently more than the correct seven syllables in the line, and two stanzas in it are improperly concluded with dissyllabic words. It is impossible to say now whether that was the way Joyce carelessly composed it, or whether it is a

tuil ar fear, b'éirí, ód céad bliadain, ó beul go
beul. As ro an dán.

dán fearadain seoiḡe.

(*Alster* aicḡiḡe an tseoiḡ.)

Ir doḡan* m'orḡa, a'ḡ nī ḡan fáḡ,
'S ir cuipreac an lá as fear mo ḡḡéil,
ḡan fíor as den neac, fíḡ nō mná,
Cia an nór atáim nō cia mé.

Ir peacac cionntac mife atá
anoir i fáin(?) as an éas,
ní 'l oḡlac bacairḡ ionnam plán
le 'n fear atáim i n-asḡao tó.

mo liaiḡ, mo fḡḡarḡ, mac na ḡḡiáir,
Ir maiḡ atá ar láḡ ḡan é,
Ir é mo míoḡt anoir, 'ḡ or áḡo,
Saiḡeas ann mo láḡ 'na neapcáo cléid.

* = doḡan

¹ It is extremely interesting to find that even so far back as 120 years ago an attempt was made to translate this poem into English, for the scribe after finishing the Irish text adds, "a translation of the two first (sic) stanzas of the foregoing poem," which run thus with a very modern air, and with an evident attempt at interlinear rhyme in the closing half of the last stanza

My sighs are deep and groans are loud
Each night is tedious and the morn,
I pass a stranger through the crowd
Unheard, unheeded, and forlorn.

Fell guilt confounds [me ?] in amaze,
Dread Death appears with all his train,
Through all my soul corruption sways
For years and days mispent in vain.

It is a pity that the poet, whoever he was, did not complete a translation which begins so well.

corruption which came upon it in passing during perhaps a couple of hundred years from mouth to mouth.¹

THE JOYCE'S REPENTANCE.

Deeply I sigh, and well I *may*,
And dark is the *day* for one like me,
For no one knows, nor yet know I,
Or whence, or *why*, or who I be.

I am a sinful man of men,
Sin's iron pen my feet have trod,
No single inch in me is whole
So long my soul hath fought with God.

The Son of grace, our priest and leech, -
(Alas for each who finds not Him !)
Now who shall wash my crimson stain,
Or lull the pain in every limb !

This version is almost in the metre of the original, which is a corruption of the regular heptasyllabic Rannuigheacht Mhór. Literally: Deep is my sigh and not without cause | and weary is the day to a man of my story | without any one knowing, man or woman | what way I am or who am I.

It is a guilty sinner I am | who is now in the pound (?) of death |
There is not a *bacard*² inch in me whole | I have been so long against God.

My leech, my priest, son of the graces | alas for who is overthrown without him | my condition is now, [I say] aloud | an arrow in my middle, an ulcer in my breast.

² An "ordlach bacaird," I have been told by old people, is the old Irish tradesman's inch, something longer than the ordlach, which is the same as the English inch. The word "bacard," a carpenter's rule occurs in O'Rourke's Feast also.

17 iomóla buille ar cneadó go cnáit
 a' r zortugadó gáibtead ag oul i bhréim
 ar m' anam boete, gan fíor vo éad,
 O rgar mo páirt le ghráib d'á.

An tréat raoilim mé beir flán *
 ní cómhnuigim† lá go nbeunaim bhréas
 mar an laea a éis ó'n rnam
 'S a luigear i lár na linne léit‡.

17 truaḡ rin oear i n'noear báir
 ag oul a' r párim le faead tréan:
 mar fean-loing bhuirte ar muii gan rnam,
 'S an tonn báirte ag rit 'mo déis.

Oé! mo loir, mo éreac, mo éráó,
 mo bhón báir a' r m' áóðar léin,
 mo éigearna o'fulaing vo mo ghráó
 a' r [a] fao atáim 'na aḡairó§ i otrear.

Daoirao áóam, a élan n' r a bean,
 rá'n úball vo bain|| vo neam-toil d'á,
 17 mire an té nár feud ar m'air
 Sur méab fá reac na cúis aithe véas

má éait mé real ar an rtaio vo b'feairi '
 mo éreac! 17 gearri sur duail mé, héim,
 vo méir mar o'aruiḡ m'aoir a' r m'fár
 tug mé ghráó vo malairt bear.

* Sic an Siobúnae. i n-áit "raoilim mé beir" ca "geal-
laim mo beunaim" an ran MS

† Sic. an Siobúnae. "caitim" ran MS.

‡ Sic. an Siobúnae. "na linne ar éir" ran MS.

§ "a naḡair" MS.

|| .i. "vo bainr." "vo bean" ran MS.

Many is the stroke and wound to the bone | and dangerous hurt
 going to the root | on my poor soul without anyone knowing it |
 since my affection parted from the graces of God.

When I think that I am whole | I do not stop one day until I
 make a lie | like the duck that comes from the open-water | and
 lies in middle of the gray puddle.

For sick and sore in branch and root,
 My foot a direful course did trace,
 Since first my heart, observed of none,
 Began to shun the ways of grace.

Just when I think my soul to win,
 I sin some sin, or lie some lie,
 As ducks will leave the clearest springs
 To daub their wings in pools half dry

The fight with Death is hard and long ;
 (Though Death is strong his pace is slow),
 Like helpless ships we turn and toss
 And drift across the waves of woe.

Upon this hinge hangs all my dole,
 My pain of soul, my bitter smart,
 That I have warred with Him who brought
 Me out of nought—rebellious heart !

Condemned was Adam, branch and root,
 Who plucked the fruit that wrought the fall,
 But I thrice five commandments break,
 Nor take my sin to heart at all.

Once was I good, I once was pure,
 Whilst yet the lure of sin lay hid ;
 But as I, ripening, slowly grew,
 I lusted too for things forbid.

Alas for the sick-patient in the difficulties of death | going to contend with a powerful giant | like an old ship broken on the sea without swimming powers | and the drowning wave rushing after it.

Alas my wound, my despoiling, my destruction | my pain of death and my cause of misfortune | my Lord who suffered for love of me | and the length of time I am against Him in treason,

Adam and his children and his wife were condemned | for plucking the apple against the will of God | I am he who never looked behind | until he rent separately the fifteen commandments.

If I spent a while in the best state | my woe 't is short until a blow struck me | according as my age and my growth ripened | I gave love to a change of customs.

Cmaid, leirge, uimeas, faint,
 Tnúc, fearg, orúir, a'r pléio*
 'S é beir m'anam anbpann fann,
 Mar is ionnta rúo do éuir mé rpéir.

Tuig rúo a duine fláin
 Cuir i gcár go bfuil tu tréan,
 Go dtiocfaid' duic go mbéidir mar táim
 'S ní béidir mar táir arís go h-éas.

Fuair mife fealaio, fear mar cáic,
 Sur éit mé an dáta bí ar mo léar,
 Siú† táim anoir ar bhuac an báir
 Im' éuailín enám san rúc san léim.

Ar ion go naidé miam, atá
 A' teact mo dáil, 'r ní anóid ná anóé,
 Atmucaó ciota goa a'r gnár,
 Salair gnána, a'r malairt béir.

Ná féada fearca do bailig uaim,
 Ni tug mé luac miam do mo ceapo,
 Eirteact, amairc, meamair, rhuaim,
 Sluine, lúc, a'r oibmucaó lám.

Táinig orm, gac le n-uair,
 Fuirieann truaillighe ann a n-áit,
 Doúaire, bacaoil, ceataoil,‡ truar,
 Uirgeall uairc, a'r fuat ar dáim.

* "pléio" ms.

† "do tiocfao" ms.

‡ "gac" ms.

§ "do rghíob lám eile i n-áit an dá focail ro "baeghal, ciotghail,"
 i litreachaib Rómanaíca ar éaoib na uuilleóige.

Gluttony, sloth, disrespect, covetousness | envy, anger, lust and
 disputation | 't is they make feeble my enfeebled soul | for it was in
 them I placed my delight.

Understand this O healthy man | (even) suppose thou art strong |
 that it shall come to thee that thou shalt be as I am | and thou shalt
 not be as thou art (ever) again till death.

Gluttony, sloth, distemper, greed,
 Led me with speed the deathly way,
 Envy and anger, lust and strife
 Made of my life their hideous prey.

O man, my warning take to thee,
 That health shall flee, that youth shall part,
 That as I am, thou yet shalt be,
 But ne'er again as now thou art.

I too was strong, I lived in peace
 Until my lease of strength went by ;
 A faggot, now, of wearied bones,
 Upon the stones of death I lie.

There came to meet me on my way,
 And not to-day, nor yesterday,
 A change of form, of voice, of face,
 And life's dear grace has passed away.

The prize of love from God I got,
 I thanked him not,—now none is left ;
 And flown are hearing, memory, sight,
 The foot so light, the hand so deft.

But in their place have made a breach,
 Each after each, a loathly band,
 Deafness and lameness, causeless dread,
 Languor of head and palsied hand.

I (also) found a time, a man like others | until I used up the term
 that was in my lease | I am now on the brink of the death | a faggot
 of bones without run or leap.

Because that [I] ever was, (?) there are | coming to meet me,
 and not to-day nor yesterday | a change of form, of voice, of cus-
 toms | foul disease and exchange of habits.

The jewels of love they have departed (?) from me | I did not give
 over their price to mine artificer | hearing, sight, memory, clever-
 ness | clearness, activity, and the working of hands [are gone too].

There came upon me time about | a defiled band in their place |
 deafness, lameness, awkwardness, miserableness | sullen speech and
 hate of poets (*or men of science, or perhaps "kin"*).

D'imtíḡ an t-ámarc ar mo fúil
 D'imtíḡ an rtuaim ar mo láim,
 D'imtíḡ an rppheacað, an reapañ lút,
 An rmiopi 'r an rúḡ do bí ann mo énáim.

D'imtíḡ an lapað ar mo ḡruaid,
 Cuic mo ḡruaḡ, á'r épíon mó blát,
 Tá mo leaca ar óat an ḡuail,
 'S an t-at-cuic ruar ní bfuigḡreao ḡo bpiát.

Sé m'ò veiri mo bean, ré m'ò veiri mo clann,*
 Cuiat bím aḡ caint, "óúñ do béal,
 Má tá tu boðar ní 'l tu balb,
 'S dá mbeirteá maib buð beaḡ an rḡéal."

Sé veiri mo cáirve ḡaoil á'r ráim
 Ní h-é† amáin ré veirim féin
 Dá mbeir' m'anam ar rtaio na nḡár
 ḡo mbuð é m'áit do beir ran ḡré.

Mo toil-re a tḡearna le do toil,
 Ir mó mo éðir 'há mo éain,
 Leiḡ mo píanta ar mo éopp
 Á'r ó ḡac oic raor m'anam plán.

Sḡreaoaim oir ve ḡuit [móir] áirio
 ḡio ḡuic rána an ḡníom nam é,
 'S a liaét bliaðan inait ruair mó plán
 'S ḡan oibruḡað ráim ar bit im' óéiḡ.

* Sic. an ḡiobúnac, "ar vpear da clainn" ran ms ruo nac
 otauḡim. Sé m'ò=ré an ruo.

† Sic. an ḡiobúnac. "ní h-eað" ran ms.

The sight has gone out of the eye | the deftness has gone out of
 the hand | the spirit and the standing energy (?) are gone | the
 marrow and the sap that were in my bone.

The light (blush) has gone out of my countenance | my hair has
 fallen and my blossom is withered | my cheek is of the colour of
 coal | and a re-setting up I shall not find for ever.

'Tis what my wife says, 'tis what my children say | when I am

The sight has flown the feeble eyes,
 Their quickness flies the fingers deft,
 And all the weary body groans,
 And in the bones no sap is left.

Gaunt are the hollow cheeks and bare,
 And fallen the hair, a rueful sight,
 What once was bright is dark in me,
 And ne'er shall be again made bright.

Now says my wife, my children say, -
 "Old man away ! we heed not thee,
 Deaf thou art, would that thou wert dumb,
 May death now come and set thee free."

My friends they think, nor lose one sigh,
 (And even I myself must say),
 That were my soul but sure of grace
 The body's place were in the clay.

I pray O Lord, Thy will be mine,
 Since for my crime how shall I pay ?
 The flesh afflict with ache and dole,
 But spare the soul I meekly pray.

Aloud, aloud I call on Thee,
 Though bold I be on Thee to call,
 For in those years Thou gavest me -
 I wrought for Thee, ah ! not at all.

talking, "close thy mouth | if thou art deaf thou art not dumb |
 and if thou wert dead it were no great story (pity).

It is what my related friends and kindred (?) say | not only so but
 what I say myself | that if my soul were in the estate of grace | my
 place were to be in the clay.

My will O Lord with thy will | my crime is greater than my im-
 post | lay my pains upon my body | and from each evil free the soul
 safe.

I cry unto thee with a loud voice | though it is a bold deed for
 me | and all the good years that I got in health | and without [my
 leaving] any kind (good) workings behind me.

ir tmuas mo doir anoir tar éad,
 éad mé an lá 'r nioir tós mé an féar,*
 fáit mo zola--'r nioir b'é a érat—
 mo ímaic ar lár, uil, faoi de 'n ghléin.

a miz tá ar neam ná h-azair m'uail,
 aet cuingib uaim uair mo báir,
 zo n-aclaižio an aicmize an rean-émoiöe cnuairö
 failližitead fuar atá ann mo lár.

éirt mo žuiöe 'r ná rtop vo éluar,
 aet flinö mo žmuar ar rruic na nžár,
 féad ar an bpeacac boet i nžuar,
 's žan fear a éruaize aet tura amáin.

uócar m'anma ar vo žeallaö,
 tá mo fearam ar vo láim;
 's mó vo érócaire, a buiöeacar leat-ra,
 ioná cöir† peacairö ril áuaim.

taoðaim leat a miz na bfeart
 žac uile beataö 'r žac uile bär,
 ná féad a žižearna i noiaiz mo loeo
 á'r ní béiröeo boet ó 'noet zo bžat.

a iora u'ait-beóúaiž, fao ó, cuirp,
 's vo naoíaiž an žauuöe ar uair a báir,
 a ué bí an uair rin á'r tá anoir ann,
 niž cnuar oit mire uéanam plán.

* cf. line an Reactaire, "u'éalaiž an lá 'r nioir tós mé an fáil."

† "cuir" MS.

‡ "'r ni," MS.

It is a pity now my condition, beyond all men | I spent the day
 but did not lift the hay, | the cause of my crying, and this was not
 the time for it, | my swathes upon the ground at the going down of
 the sun.

O King who art in heaven do not accuse me of my pride | but
 keep from me the hour of death | until repentance make-limber the
 old-heart | negligent and cold that is in my middle.

Listen to my prayer and do not stop thy ear | and wet my cheeks
 out of the flood of grace, | look at the poor sinner in peril | without
 a man to pity him but only Thou.

A woe of woes is mine this day,
 For through my hay the wet winds blow,
 The swathes ungathered and undone, —
 And now the sun is sinking low.

O King of Heaven, my pride forgive,
 And let me live, till this old heart
 By perfect penitence be wrung,
 And stung by conscience wholesome smart.

Hearken my prayer, incline thine ear,
 Now let the tear of grace flow free,
 The sinner finds (his brief hour run),
 Pity from none, but only Thee.

The hope of my soul is in Thy promise,¹
 Though late, my homage receive of me ;
 Thy mercy is greater than my defiance
 And my reliance is placed on Thee.

Thine is my life and Thine my death,
 God of all breath, my pride is o'er !
 One glance from Thee were all my wealth,
 My hope, my health, for evermore !

O Thou who makest dead to live,
 Who didst forgive the Thief his scorn,
 Hear now, as then, a sinner's sigh,
 The bitter cry of me forlorn.

¹ *The metre changes in this verse, in which the 1st and 3rd lines have a dissyllabic ending. This verse may perhaps be an interpolation*

The hope of my soul is in thy promise | my standing is upon thy
 hand | greater is thy mercy, thanks unto thee | than the crime of
 the sin of the seed of Adam.

I attribute (?) to thee O King of tho miracles | every life and
 every death ; | do not look after my faults O Lord | and I shall not
 be poor from to-night for ever.

O Jesus who long ago didst revive bodies | and who didst sanctify
 the thief at the hour of his death | O God who wast in it then, and
 who art in it now | it is nothing hard for thee to make me whole.

A íora céadao ar an gcroir
 O'fulaing cairngiú, cor a'r lám,
 Iompuiú liom, a'r iompóca leat,
 'S náir iompuiúeao uait arís go brátl

A m' na m' a m' na cruinne,
 A m' do bí, do béidear, 'r atá,
 Go maithi dúinn-ne a'ur o'á bfuil uile,
 Gab do guróe, a m' na n'áir.

Atá an cómaire peo, "memorare novissima tua et
 'in aeternum non peccabis," an-choitcionn amearg na
 n'aoine, a'ur ir iomúa caoi atá aca le n-a cúir i
 gcéill dúinn, a'et ní capad oim ariam don puo cor-
 m'úil leir an bpíora neamh-ghátae ro leanar, do fuaire
 mé ó p'póinriar O Concubair, nae maireann, do
 eualaid é, adubairt ré, ó mnaoi dar b'ainm Máire
 Ní Cataraig, ar Condae na Gaillime, a'et níor innir
 ré dam cia an áit rpeirialta ar buo ar í. Ir a'gallam
 no cómpáid roir beirt mnaoi é, a'ur ir o'isg gur rean-
 ouine cráibteae éigin, no, b'éirir, brádaire boet de na
 bráitpeadaib do b'idead ann céad bliadan ó foim, do
 ceap a'ur do cum é. Mar o'innreao é buo córmúil le
 píora beag drama é, a'et gur iompuiú an t-a'gallam go
 rgeulúgeaet ann ran deiread. Ir mé féin do cúir
 ainm an cainteóra or cionn páirte gac mná aca. A'et
 cúir an bean o'innir an rgeul ar o'túr, i gcéill le n-a
 gac 7 le n-a teangaib cia aca do'n o'ir bí ag labairt
 A'et, cor-uair, cúir rí artead "arfa Máire," no "arfa
 Sígile," a'et nuair éainis rin artead o'fágar amac é.

O Jesus who wast crucified upon the cross | who sufferedst nails in
 foot and hand | turn to me and I shall turn to thee | and may I not
 turn away from thee again for ever.

O pierced in foot and hand and side,
 O crucified for hearts that burn,
 I turn to thee, oh turn to me,
 I ne'er again from thee shall turn.

O King of kings, O King of worlds,
 O King who was, and is to be,
 Forgive O King, our world, and spare,
 Receive our prayer, and comfort me.

The advice, "*memorare novissima tua et in aeternum non peccabis*," is very common among the people, and many is the way they have for bringing it home to us, but I never met anything like the following unusual piece, which I got from the late Francis O'Connor, who heard it, he said, from a woman of the name of Mary Casey from the county of Galway, but he did not tell me from what exact place. It is a dialogue or conversation between two women, and no doubt it was some religious old person, perhaps a poor friar of the friars who used to be in it a hundred years ago, who shaped and composed it. As it was told, it was like a little bit of drama, except that the dialogue turned at the end into narration. It is I who have given the name of the speaker at the head of each woman's speech, but the woman who first recited it showed by voice and manner which of them was speaking, though occasionally she interjected, "says Maurya" or "said Sheela," but where this occurred I have omitted it.

O King of the kings, O King of the universe | O King who wast,
 who shalt be, and who art, | mayest thou forgive us, and all who
 are, | receive thy prayer O King of grace.

COMHRÁDÓ IODR BEIRT SEAN MHAOI.

[Máire].

Céad fáilte roimh, a Sígile, is leigear do fáilib
nirneada o'feiceál [o'feicrint], fuir ríor 7 leis do
rúit, agus innir do rseul.

[Sígile].

Mairead! ní'l don rseul agus, ní rseulta ata as
cur inniðe oim.

[Máire].

Ara! cad tá as cur inniðe óir? Stóca [r' oíis]
ní'l tú breiðte!

[Sígile].

Ní'l mé breiðte, buideadar le Dia agus le n-a
máir beannuigte, áit bím as cuimniúad ar na
ceirre críochaið deigeannaí, ar an mbár agus ar an
mbeiteamhar, ar ipionn agus ar flaitear, mar tá 'r
agus nac mbéid mé móran níor fuirde [fuirde] ar an
traoial brónac ro, áit ní mirt leiom dá mbeidinn
o'á fáibáil amárac.

[Máire].

Ní tagann mí-éill ar bit de'n tróir rin ann mo
ceann-ra, agus tá mirt níor pine 'nā turá; ní'l mé
tuirpeac de'n traoial ro fíor. Tá eolur agus ar an
domán ro, agus ní'l eolur ar bit agus ar an domán
eile. Ní táinig don duine ar air amam le h-innreac
dam o'á éadib. Béid mé i n-am so leor [as] cuim-
niúad ar an mbár nuair tiucpar ré. Agus fuir eile
—ní éiríom sur éiríais Dia don duine le n-a loir-
ad i n-ipionn so ríorfuirde.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO OLD WOMEN.

MAURYA.

A hundred welcomes Sheela, it's a cure for sore eyes to see you ; sit down and rest and tell us your news.

SHEELA.

Musha ! I have no news. It is not news that's troubling me.

MAURYA.

Arrah ! and what's troubling you ? sure you're not ill !

SHEELA.

I'm not ill, thanks be to God and to His blessed mother, but I do be thinking of the four last ends—the Death and the Judgment, and Hell and Heaven, for I know I shan't be much longer in this sorrowful world, and I wouldn't mind if I were leaving it to-morrow.

MAURYA.

No nonsense at all of that sort ever comes into *my* head, and I'm older than you. I'm not tired of this world yet, I have knowledge of this world, and I have no knowledge at all of the other world. Nobody ever came back to tell me about it. I'll be time enough thinking of Death when he comes. And, another thing,—I don't believe that God created anyone to burn him in hell eternally.

[Sígile].

‘Tá tú ‘dul amúg’, a Máire. An raib tú ag díspionn an ‘Dómnac ro éuaib éar?’

[Máire].

‘Go veimín ní raib!’ Bí mé ag ‘deunam’ ruid buib éairibige; ag tabairt aipe do mo éuib ceare do bí mé, le n-a gcongbáil ó bpeic amuis, no ní beiréad luaic ghráinne tae no rhaoirín agam ar fead na reáct-maine. Ní éiúbraib an bolgán-beiceac, an t-‘Átair’ ‘Urian’, pígin ‘dam’, dá gcongbócaib ré mé ó érocaib. Ní’l ann acit rantaicán ruaraic. Bí rtoric beag muice agam an ‘Noctag’ ro éuaib éar, agus ‘ó’iair ré orim í ‘fiol’, le ríillig do tabairt do lá ‘Noctag’; agus mar nac n‘dearua me rin, ‘gáir’ ré m’ainm amac an ‘Dómnac’ na ‘biaig’ rin ann ran teac-pobail. Ní’l ré ráirta le biaib maic, le coirce ‘ó’á éapall, le ór agus le aipead ann a póca; mar duibairt mé go minic, ní feicim don éirio com maic le éirio rágairt; feuc an t-éadac bpeag oibre éairéann ríad, agus ‘daoine’ bocta ‘ó’á ‘raotrugad’ go éruaib ‘ó’óib.

[Sígile].

‘Tá iongantag mór orim raob do éóiríad. Ir mór do mí-éiríeam!’ Tá iongantag orim go laibeóirtá com mi-módamail rin raob an ‘Átair’ ‘Urian’, agus dá mbeiréad ag rágail báir amárac cia b‘earraib abrolóirio ruit acit an t-‘Átair’ céadna?’

[Máire].

‘Óra! bí do éort, a Sígile, ní éarraib an t-‘Átair’ ‘Urian’ a ráil, ruit-re ná ‘dam’-ra, gan tuararóal, dá mbeiréad ríor aige go gcongbócaib ré ar írionn rínn.

SHEELA.

You're going astray Maurya; were you at mass last Sunday?

MAURYA.

Indeed and I was not! I was doing a thing more profitable. It was taking care of my hens I was, to keep them from laying abroad, or I wouldn't have the price of a grain of tea or sneesheen throughout the week. That *bolgán-béiceach* Father Brian wouldn't give me a penny if it was to keep me from being hanged. He's only a miserable greedy *santachún*. I had a little sturk of a pig last Christmas and he asked me to sell it to give him a shilling on Christmas Day, and as I didn't do that, he called out my name the Sunday after, in the chapel. He's not satisfied with good food, and oats for his horse, and gold and silver in his pocket. As I said often, I don't see any trade as good as a priest's trade; see the fine working clothes they wear, and poor people earning it hard for them.

SHEELA.

I wonder greatly at your talk. Your unbelief is great. I wonder that you speak so unmannerly about Father Brian, when if you were dying to-morrow, who would give you absolution but the same father?

MAURYA.

Arrah! Sheela, hold your tongue. Father Brian wouldn't turn on his heel, either for you or for me, without pay, even if he knew that it would keep us out of hell.

[Sígile].

Croir Crioirt orrainn! níor fáoilear go mbuó bean de'n trórt rin tú. An nbeadaíó tú cum fáoirtime ariamh?

[máire].

Cuadair, an lá pórad mé, aet níor érom mé mo glúin faoi, ó poin ná poime.

[Sígile].

Níl móran le déanamh agho anoir, agus buó éoir duit cuimniugad ar d'anam boet.

[máire].

Ni congbóad pé rin na ceapca ó breit amuis, agus dá dtéirínn le fáoiríoin do déanamh leir an ádair Urian, i n-áit abrolóide ip marluagad do geobd-ainn uaid, muna mbeirdeat leat-éiríin agham ar bárr mo méar le tabairt do.

[Sígile].

Níl an t-Adair Urian comh h-olc agus deir tu. Tá mé le dul ann [cum] a tige an traetnóna ro le uibeadaíó úra agus le prionda ime. Laibeórad me leir do táoiré-re, má tugann tu an ceat dam.

[máire].

Ná cuir an trioblóid ort féin mo táoiré-re, mar níl mire dul ahaice leir an Adair Urian. Nuair beirdear mire ar leabaid mo báir tiucraíó reirean eugam-ra.

[Sígile].

Agus cá fíor duit* nac bár obann do geobtá, agus cread tiucraíó ort dá bfuigfeá bár san ragar?

* Labairtear go minic "cá fíor duit" mar "ca)-ruit"

SHEELA.

The cross of Christ on us ! I never thought that it was that sort of a woman you were. Did you ever go to confession ?

MAURYA.

I went the day I was married, but I never bowed my knee under him before or since.*

SHEELA.

You have not much to do now, and you ought to think about your poor soul.

MAURYA.

That wouldn't keep the hens from laying abroad on me, and if I were to go to confess to Father Brian, instead of absolution its a barging I'd get from him, unless I had a half-crown on the top of my fingers to give him.

SHEELA.

Father Brian isn't half as bad as you say ; I'm to go to his house this evening with fresh eggs and a print of butter. I'll speak to him about you if you give me leave.

MAURYA.

Don't trouble yourself about me, for I'm not going near Father Brian : when I'll be on my death-bed *he'll* come to *me*.

SHEELA.

And how do you know that it's not a sudden death you'd get, and what would happen to you if you were to get a "death without priest?"

* In Irish "since or before."

[Máire].

Aður nað mbeirðinn com maic leir na miltið do fuair bár san pasart ar bit? Níl morán doéuir ašam ar na pasartaib. Peacais aš ionnta-ran uile, ir mar támaraio féin, iad, so oíreac. Sé mo tuairm-re nað bfuil i gceirdeam aét caint. An scuatair tu ariam tráct ar páirín Críona.

[Síle].

Cuatair mé so minic.

[Máire].

Maic so leor, aét an scuatair tu ariam a tuairm ar ceirdeam?

[Síle].

So deimín níor cuatar, aét innir dam é, má ré do toil é.

[Máire].

Maireaó innreócar. Bí triúr oifigeac 'na gcóm-nuirde i n-aon tigh, aður bí páirín Críona 'na fearb. Póšanta aca. Ní raib aon beirt aca de'n ceirdeam céadna, aður bídeaó ácrann eatorra so minic, aður h-uile fear aca aš ráó so mbuó é a ceirdeam féin an ceirdeam do b'fearr. Don lá amáin dubairt fear aca, "Pástramadoir aš páirín Críona é cia ašainn a bfuil an ceirdeam ir fearr aise." "Támaraio pártá," arir an beirt eile. Šlaod riao arteaó ar páirín aður dubairt fear aca, "A páirín, ir Catoil-ceac mire. creao tárlócar dam i n-iaigh mo báir?"

"Innreócaró mé duit," arir páirín. "Cuirfeadar pior ann ran uaiš tú, aður eireócaró tú ariir, aður raócaró tú ruar so geata flaitear. Tiucraio peadar

MAURYA.

And wouldn't I be as well off as the thousands who got death without e'er a priest. I haven't much trust in the priests. It's sinners that's in them all; they're like ourselves, exactly. My own notion is that there's nothing in religion but talk. Did you ever hear mention of Paudyeen Críona [wise Patsy].

SHEELA.

I did, often.

MAURYA. .

Very well; did you ever hear his opinion about religion.

SHEELA.

Indeed, I never did, but tell it to me if you please.

MAURYA.

Musha, then, I will. There were three officers living in one house and Paudyeen Críona [Cree-ön-a] was servant to them. There were no two of them of the same religion, and there used often to be a dispute amongst them—and every man of them saying that it was his own religion was the best religion. One day a man of them said “We'll leave it to Wise Paudyeen as to which of us has the best religion.” “We're satisfied,” said the other two. They called in Paudyeen and a man of them said to him, “Paudyeen, I'm a Catholic, and what will happen to me after my death?”

“I'll tell you that,” says Paudyeen. “You'll be put down

amaid ašur fiafoidaid ré d'íot, 'Cia an cneideamh ar*
de tura?' Inneoidaid tú d'ó, ašur déarfaid ré,
"Ceirid ašur ruid an rann scoirnéall úo amearš na
šCatoilcead."

"Ir pnotertún mire," ar rann d'ara fear, "ašur
cnead tárlócar d'ám-ra anóidš mo báir?"

"Šo dínead mar an fear eile, cuirfidear do ruid
i scoirnéall na b'pnotertún tu."

"Ir Eadrad mire," ar rann triomad fear ašur
cnead tárlócar† d'ám-ra anóidš mo báir.

"Šo dínead mar an beirt eile, cuirfidear tu do
ruid amearš na n-Eadrad."

Anoir, ni raib duine ar bit aca, níor fearr 'ná
an duine eile, mar d'fás páirín iad; ašur ann rin
d'fiarfuid an Catoilcead de páirín, "a páirín cad
é do cneideamh-ra?"

"Níl cneideamh ar bit ašam-ra," ar reiréan.

"Ašur cnead tárlócar duit-re anóidš do báir-
re?"

"Inneoidaid mé rin duit. Cuirfidear ríor ann
rann b'poll mé; éiréoidaid mé arís ašur račaid mé
ruar šo šeata flaitéar. Tineiraid beadar ašur fiaf-
oidaid ré 'cia 'n cneideamh tura'? Déarfad nac
b'fuid cneideamh ar bit ašam-ra, ašur déarfaid bea-
dar ann rin, 'tar arcead, ašur ruid no riúbail, i
n-áit ar bit ir toil leat'."

Anoir a Šigile nac b'feiceann tu šo raib an té

*Ir ionnann an "ar" ro ašur "ir." Tá an t-alt ro le míniúšad
mar ro, "De cia [an] cneideamh ir tura." c.f., alt mar "an
fear ar leir an tead," 7c.

†ni focal ceart é seo. ní'l don focal "tárlaidš." Tárla=do
raia.

into the grave, and you'll rise again and go up to the gate of heaven. Peter will come out and will ask you, 'what religion are you of.' You'll tell him, and he'll say, 'go and sit in that corner amongst the Catholics.'

"I'm a Protestant," said the second man, "and what'll happen to me after my death?"

"Exactly as the other man. You will be put sitting in the corner of the Protestants!"

"I'm a Hebrew," says the third man, "and what will happen to me after my death?"

"Exactly as the other two; you will be put sitting amongst the Hebrews."

Now there was no one of them better off than the other, as Paudyeen left them, and so the Catholic asked Paudyeen, "Paudyeen, what's your own religion?"

"I have no religion at all," says he.

"And what'll happen to you after your death?"

"I'll tell you that. I shall be put down into the hole, I shall rise again and go up to the gate of heaven. Peter will come and ask me, 'of what religion are you?' I will say that I have no religion at all, and Peter will say then, 'come in, and sit down or walk about in any place that you have a wish for.'"

Now, Sheela, don't you see that he who had no religion

naí fuaib don éiredeamh ar bít aise níor fearr 'na na daoine a fuaib éiredeamh aca. Bí gac don oíobta [oíob] rin ceangailte do choirnéall a éireomh féin, aít o'féad páirín dul ann a roga áite, agus beid mife mar an gcéadna!"

[Sígile].

Go bfuil Dia ort a Máire, tá fuitéor orm go bfuil tamall fada roim o'anam boét ran bpuir-
gadóir.

[Máire].

Bíod ciall agad a Sígile, faíad mé trío an bpuir-
gadóir com tapa le teinntreac tre rgeac rpíonáin.

[Sígile].

Níl don maít ag caint leat, ná beít tabairt com-
aile dúit. Fágfaid mé annsin éú.

Nuair bí Sígile dul amac leis Máire rgead do clumnead míle ar gac taoib ví. Tionntaig Sígile, agus connairc sí Máire i lár larrac teine. Rit Sígile com luac agus bí innti go teac an atar brian, agus o'fíll sí leir ag rit go teac Máire, aít mo bprón! Bí an teac oóigte go talamh, agus bí Máire oóigte leir; agus tá eagla orm go fuaib an t-anam boét cailte.

*

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Ir nearn-gháctac píopa do beít innirte mar an t-agallamh fuar, aít ag ro agallamh beag eile mar é, do éualar ó'n bfeap céadna. Duó le n-a gúit do tairbeán an rgeultóir do'n luac éirteacta cia aca de'n beirt bí ag tabairt leir an bfeap eile. Ar an

at all was better off than the people who had a religion! Every one of them was bound to the corner of his own creed, but Paudyeen was able to go in his choice place, and I'll be so too

SHEELA.

God help you Maurya; I'm afraid there's a long time before your poor soul in Purgatory.

MAURYA.

Have sense Sheela; I'll go through Purgatory as quickly as lightning through a gooseberry bush.

SHEELA.

There's no use talking to you or giving you advice. I'll leave you.

When Sheela was going out, Maurya let a screech out of her which was heard for a mile on every side of her. Sheela turned round and she saw Maurya in the midst of a flame of fire. Sheela ran as fast as was in her to Father Brian's house, and returned with him running to Maurya's house. But, my grief! the house was burned to the ground, and Maurya was burnt with it; and I am afraid that the [her] poor soul was lost.

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It is unusual for a piece to be told in the style of the above dialogue, but here is another little dialogue like it which I heard from the same person. It was by his voice that the story-teller showed his hearers which of the two

Ádúdar rin cuirim ainm an éainteóra or cionn cainte
 gac doim aca.

AN MINISTÉIR AGUS AN GASÚN.

Aon lá aráin do bí gasún beag boct ar éaoiú an
 bótar agur é ag tabairt air do fear-éirín nuice
 agur ál banb léi. Táinig ministéir an bealaí, agur
 é ag marcúigeacht ar a capall breá, agur dubairt
 ré leir an ngasún, "Cia an áit a dtugadh an bótar
 ro tu?"

[Gasún.]

Tá mé ann ro le coicéadar agur ní tug ré i n-áit
 ar bí sí go fóil mé.

[Ministéir.]

Ná glic an buachaill beag tu! cia leir na muca
 beaga?

[Gasún.]

Leir an fear-éirín.

[Ministéir.]

Tá 'r agam rin, áit tá mé ag fiafhuige cia h-é
 máigirtir na mbanb?

[Gasún.]

An diabol beag dub-agur-bán rin a feicear tu ag
 tocaillt, éis leiréan an t-iomlán aca a bualaó.

[Ministéir.]

Ní h-é rin atá me [ag] fiafhuige díot cor ar bí, áit
 cia h-é do máigirtir-re?

[Gasún.]

Fear-céile mo máigirtreara, fear com maic agur
 geobhá ar ro go dtí é féin.

were talking to the other. Accordingly I shall put the name of each speaker above his speech.

THE MINISTER AND THE GOSsoon.

One day there was a poor little gossoon on the side of the road, and he taking care of an old sow of a pig, and a litter of bonhams along with her. A minister came the way, and he riding upon a fine horse, and he said to the gossoon "where does this road bring you"?

Gossoon.

I'm here for a fortnight, and it never brought me anywhere yet.

MINISTER.

Now, isn't it the wise little boy you are! Whose are the little pigs?

Gossoon.

They're the old sow's.

MINISTER.

I know that, but I'm asking you who is the master of the bonhams.

Gossoon.

That little black-and-white devil that you see rooting, he's able to beat the whole of them.

MINISTER.

That's not what I'm asking you at all, but who is your own master?

Gossoon.

My mistress's husband, a man as good as you'd get from here to himself.

[Míniptéir.]

Ní tuisgeann tu mé go fóil. Cía h-í do máigirt-
trear? B'éirí go dtuisgeann tu rin!

[Sárún.]

Tuigim go maith 'Sí bean mo máigirtir í. Tá 'r
as h-uile duine rin!

[Míniptéir.]

Ir glac an buachaill beas tú, agus tá ré comh maith
dam leigean tuit, aét innir dam bfuil fíor asao cá
bfuil pádrais O Dóinnail 'na cómnuidé?

[Sárún.]

Tá go deimhin. Lean an bótar ro go dtiocfaid tu
go boidéirín ar taoib do lámh-oróige. Ann rin lean
do írdh, agus má téideann tu amúg', bhir an treoir.

[Míniptéir.]

Go deimhin ir aruid an buachaill tú! Cía an céirto
béidear asao-ra nuair béidear tu níor pine?

[Sárún.]

Maor muice. Nac bfeiceann tu go bfuil mé
as cur mo téarma arteaó. Cao é do céirto féin.

[Míniptéir.]

Deas-céirto! bídim as tairbeant cí h-é an bealaó
go flaitéar do na daoimib.

[Sárún.]

Ora! nac bpreasac tú! Ní tig leat-ra an bealaó
tairbeant go h-áit ar bit. Níl eólar asao ar an

MINISTER.

You don't understand me yet. Who is your mistress? Perhaps you understand that.

GOSsoon.

I understand you well. She is my master's wife. Everyone knows that.

MINISTER.

You're a wise little boy ; and it's as good for me to let you be, but tell me do you know where Patrick O'Donnell is living ?

GOSsoon.

Yes, indeed. Follow this road until you come to a boreen on the side of your thumb-hand. Then follow your nose, and if you go astray break the guide.

MINISTER.

Indeed, and you're a ripe (precocious) little lad ! What trade will you have when you'll be older ?

GOSsoon.

Herding a pig. Don't you see that I'm putting in my term. What is your own trade ?

MINISTER.

A good trade. I am showing the people what is the way to heaven.

GOSsoon.

Oh, what a liar ! You can't show the way to any place. You don't know the way to Patrick O'Donnell's, a man

mbótar go dtí teac pádrais, fear a bhfuil aitheas beas agus mór ann ran tír air, agus is cinnte mé naé bhfuil eólar asao ar an mbótar go flaitear!

[Ministéir.]

Tá mé buailte Seó duit leat-éirí ar rón do gliocair, agus nuair tiocfar mé arís geobaid tu ceann eile.

[Garún.]

Go raib maith asao. Is trias naé dtasann amadán mar tu an bealaé, h-uile lá.

Cuirfeann an cómpáid ro rgeul eile im' cuimne do éalaid mé i tsaoid garún i sCondaé Muig Eó. Rug ragar ar an ngarún ar an mbótar agus duaid leir, "Go mbeannuigíó Dia duit"

"Go mbeannuigíó an tuine céadna duit-re," ar ran buacailín.

"Cé [cá] 'r b' ar tu"? ar ran ragar.

"Ar beul-na-muice," ar ran buacail.

"Cia méad Dia ann"? ar ran ragar.

"An oipead a'r tá ann ro," ar ran buacail.

"Saoilim go bhfuil do páirpeada ann do póca leat," ar ran ragar.

"Noir tá do éoin amuig," ar ran buacail, "diabal póca ar bit oim"!

As ro róir cómpáid béarraigeada do éalaid mé ó pópóiriar O Concúbair. Bí bean ann agus b'ainm tí Máire Nic Giolla cáin agus fuair a fear báir. Tus ríad an Calad Cátaé ar a fear, ni'l fíor asam cia an fáit, áit eiríom gur ionnann "cátaé" agus cap-

that everybody—big and little—in this country knows, and I'm certain sure that you have no knowledge of the road to heaven.

MINISTER.

I'm beaten. Here's half a crown for you for your cleverness, and when I come again you'll get another.

GOSsoon.

Thank you. It's a pity that a fool like you doesn't come the way every day.

This conversation reminds me of another story that I heard about a gossoon in the County of Mayo. A priest overtook the gossoon on the road and said to him "God save you."

"The same Man save yourself," said the little boy.

"Where are you from"? says the priest.

"From Swinford," says the boy.

"How many Gods are there in it"? [meaning how many Gods exist], says the priest.

"As many as there are here," says the boy [taking advantage of the equivocation].

"I think that you have your prayers with you in your pocket," said the priest.

"Now you're out," says the boy, "the devil a pocket at all on me."

Here is a sort of dialogue in verse that I heard from Próinsias O'Connor. There was a woman in it whose name was Maurya Mac Gilligan, and her husband died. They used to call her husband, I do not know why, the Caladh

tanac.* **Ṭoraiḡ Máire boct aḡ caoinead a rir mar
leanar.**

CAOINEAD AN AN SCALAD CÁTAC.

Oc ón, a Cálaid, creuto rat ar rḡar tu liom
aḡur mé o'fásḡáil i m'adonar aḡ obair ḡo tḡom !
aḡur a liacra rin bliadán o'uibhḡeamar le céile
aḡ cur aḡur aḡ bainc aḡur aḡ raotruḡad ár mbéile.

Ir uóig ḡo bpuil tu anoir le iora Críorta
don-mhac Dé, an Dama peapra de'n tḡionóio mó naomta,
aḡur mire ar an raḡal bhónac ḡo cráúte claoúte,
ḡan céile, ḡan cara, ḡan cabair, ḡan dén neac beó de mo ḡaol-
taib.

A Riḡ ḡil na tḡócaire, ní iarraim oir don rḡár,
ir baincpeadac boct mé aḡur tabair dam moinn de do ḡrá.
Tabair dam maiteamhar ann mo peacaid' ḡo h-iomlán,
aḡur ná leis m'anam boct imteact ar peacmán.

Amuigim† do Dia do'n mḡac aḡur do'n Spioraḡo naom,
nac npeapra mé raoiriḡoin ná ríor-aiḡrige miam,
níor ḡlúnaiḡ mé i látair earbois, rḡarar, ná brátair,
aḡur níor iarr mé eadar-ḡuúe muipe mḡátair.

Act anoir déaprao raoiriḡoin ann ro ann do látair,
aḡur iarraim eadar-ḡuúe ar an mḡaiḡoin do mḡátair,
tá mé cionntac anor ḡac peacac, beaḡ aḡur mói,
aḡur tá mé úmal do beic ḡlanta i ueine pḡrḡadói.

* Bí pean-adhrán ar an rliab Céir Coḡainn, i ḡConoacé Śliḡis, do
ṭoraiḡ, "Céir Coḡainn CÁTAC, ir maic an áit do beic le do ṭaoib"
Cualar an t-adhrán nuair bí mé óḡ, act níor féao mé a fásail ó
ḡoin. Bí áro-earboḡ a bḡao ó ann a cóirce aḡ ueunam airtir. 7
nuair táinḡ ré anaice le Céir uubairt an fear do bí o'á tiom-
aint, "a Tiḡearna earbois," ar reirean, "cia'n taob fásḡar mé
Ceir," (ir é rin, an maic mé ar a láim uair no ar a láim élé),
aḡur o'fneagair an t-áro-earboḡ, "fás an Ceir mar atá ré," aḡur
rin ḡnác-focal i ḡConoacé Śliḡis ḡo uai an lá anoiú. "fás an
ceir[er] mar atá ré."

† Labairtear an focal ro i ḡConoacé muiḡ eó mar "amuigim."

Cátach [the friendly?]* Caladh. Poor Maurya began keening her husband as follows:—

THE KEENE OF THE CALADH CÁTACH.

Ochone, Caladh Cátach, why have you parted from me,
And to leave me alone working heavily,
And all these years that we laboured together,
Sowing and reaping and earning our meal.

No doubt but you are now with Jesus Christ
The One Son of God, the second person of the very Holy Trinity,
And me in this sorrowful world tortured and ruined,
Without a consort, without a friend, without help, without any one
alive of my kin.

O bright King of Mercy, I do not ask of thee any respite,
I am a poor widow, and give me share of Thy grace.
Grant me forgiveness for my sins entirely,
And do not allow my poor soul to go astray.

I acknowledge to God, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
That I never made a confession or a true repentance.
I never knelt before bishop, priest, or friar,
And I never asked for the intercession of Mary Mother.

But now I shall make confession, here upon the spot,
And I ask the Virgin, Thy Mother, for intercession;
I am guilty of every sin, small and great,
And I am submissive to be cleansed in the fire of Purgatory.

* There was an old song about Kesh Corran, a mountain in the Co. Sligo, which began "Kesh Corran cátach, (friendly (?) Kesh Corran) it was a good place to be by your side" I heard the song when I was young, but have not been able to get it since. There was an Archbishop long ago making a journey in his coach, and when he came near Kesh the man who was driving him said, "Lord Bishop," says he, "which side shall I leave Kesh"? meaning "shall I go to the right or to the left of it." But the Archbishop answered, "Leave Kesh where it is," and that is proverb in the Co. Sligo to this day, "Leave Kesh (or the question) where it is."

Com fao agus fásfar Dia mé ann san ngleann ro na n-eóirí,
ní rḡarfao ó d'eunaim uirnaíḡte agus ríor-aiḡriḡe mórí,
i n-ainm Dé torócáir mé go moḡ ar mairtín amáirac,
agus b'éiríir anóirí mo báir go mbeirínn le mo Calao Cátaḡ.

[Aḡt bí cómarra aḡ éirteadḡ le Máire san ríor tí.
D'atruisḡ ré a ḡut agus leisḡ ré air féin ḡur ab é an
bár do bí aḡ labairt léi, agus túbairt ré de ḡlor
ḡairḡ, ḡráineamail] :—

Ir mife an bár do táinig le do fábaíl ó'n obair éirim
má tá tu réir agus úmal, déan d'údaḡt agus bí liom.
Má bíonn tú aḡ clannán no aḡ déanam ḡearáin, d'eirim leat é
ḡraḡnóna amáirac déir do énáina ré tḡriḡe faoi an ḡré.

[Aḡt ní raiḡ Máire cóir réir le h-imḡeadḡ agus do
leisḡ rí uirí. Táinig rḡannraḡ mórí uirí nuair faoil
rí ḡur b'éiríin tí bár fáḡail, agus túbairt rí.] :—

O! ná bíodḡ d'eirim oir, aḡ tabair 'm lon bliadain de rḡár,
go n'eunair mé aḡriḡe agus ríocán le Ríḡ Mórí na nḡráir,
tá mórán aḡam le déanam anoḡt agus amáirac,
aḡ ḡleir roḡraio' ḡeanamail' do m' éile, an Calao Cátaḡ.

[D'fḡeasair an Cómarra].

nac ḡeair ó éualair mé tú aḡ ráo nac n-iairrá rḡár,
agus d'innir tu go leórí bḡeas do Ríḡ Mórí na nḡráir,
ní déir mórán bḡóin ná uairíir oir anóirí an Lá amáirac,
aḡt aḡ tóiríḡeadḡ ríir eile déirḡar tú anoirí an Calao Cátaḡ.

Bí Máire tuit d'á fḡeasair, agus í aḡ fáḡaḡ a
dā láim le teann-faitḡior poim an mbár, mar faoil rí,
aḡt níor féad an fear eile é féin ceapaḡ, agus
rḡairt ré amac aḡ ḡáiríde, agus conairc Máire nac
raiḡ ann aḡt duine.

As long as God shall leave me in this valley of tears
I shall never cease from praying and making great and true repentance.

In the name of God I shall begin early to-morrow morning,
And, perhaps, after my death I might be with my Caladh Cátach.

[But there was a neighbour listening to Maurya without her knowing it. He changed his voice and let on that it was the Death that was speaking to her, and he said, with a hoarse and terrifying voice] :—

THE NEIGHBOUR.

I am the Death who have come to save you from the heavy work,
If you are ready and submissive, make your will and be with me.
If you be making complaint or lamentation I say it to you
That to-morrow evening your bones shall be six feet beneath the clay.

[But Maurya was not so ready to depart as she pretended. Great terror came upon her when she thought that she had to die, and she said]—

MAURYA.

Oh ! do not be in a hurry, but grant me one year's space,
Until I make repentance and peace with the Great King of the graces
I have much to do to-night and to-morrow
Preparing a decent funeral for my consort the Caladh Cátach.

[THE NEIGHBOUR ANSWERING:]

Is it not a short time since I heard you say that you would ask no respite,
And you told numbers of lies to the Great King of the graces.
But there wont be much trouble or lonesomeness on you after to-morrow,
But seeking for another husband you'll be, after the Caladh Cátach.

Maurya was going to answer, and she wringing her two hands with dint of fear at the Death, as she thought, but the other could not control himself and burst out laughing, and Maurya perceived that it was only a man.

Tá an oipeas de bhoruigáó ann rna h-abránaib
 oiaóa agus atá de bagairt. Ní ar piantaib ipinn
 amáin, aét ar glóir na bplaitear mar an gcéadna,
 tráctar, ann rna píoraib atá amearg na n-aoine.
 As ro pann do éualaió mé ó fearn-fear i gconradé na
 Gaillime.

CHOIRDE-BRÚGÁÓ.

Choirde-brúgáó dótear agus captaadé,
 Sú a cóimlíonar m' aiteannta,
 Déan ias ro a'r geobair na geallamna
 atá le págail ran mbeata dó-marbta.

I tsaioib na ngeallamhan féin, agus i tsaioib an
 tronair atá i n-óan do na píreanaóib, éualaió mé
 an pann ro ó fearn-fear eile ann ran gconradé
 céadna

NI ÉUALAIÓ CLUAS.

Ni éualaió cluas, ní fácaioí mór,
 a'r fóir níor pmuáin choirde déinne*
 an t-aoibnear móir a beítear mar rtor
 do luct na h-aiteirge 'r na deag-méine.

As ro rgeul ar duine do connairc an glóir rin,
 agus do éait céad bliadán innti, amail agus nac
 raib ann aét cúpla lá. Do éualaió mire an rgeul ó
 p'róinriar O Concúbair, do fuair é ó duine dar
 b'ainm 'liam Mac Dóinnail ó Beul-át-na-muice i
 gconradé Muig Eó. Tá rgeul de'n tróir ro ar an
 nio céadna le págail ann r gac tír ann ran gCpíor-
 tuigeadé, agus ip é gan amhar "úgvar agus áobar"

* i.e., "don duine."

There is as much of encouragement in the Religious Songs as there is of threats. Not of the pains of hell alone is mention made, but of the glories of the heavens also, in the pieces which live amongst the people. Here is a rann which I heard from an old man in the County of Galway.

CONTRITION.

Contrition, Hope and Charity,
 These my commandments satisfy.
 Do them and gain the promises
 Fulfilled in immortality.

About these promises themselves and the happiness that is laid out for the righteous, I heard this rann from another old man in the same county.

Ear never heard, eye never saw,
 The heart of man conceived not ever,
 How happy he in Death shall be,
 Who dares himself from sin to sever.*

Here is a tale of a man who saw that glory, and who spent in it a hundred years as though they were a couple of days. I heard the story from Próinsias O'Conor, who got it from a man whose name was William MacDonnell near Swinford in the County Mayo. There is a story of this kind to be found about the same thing in every land in Christendom, and without doubt their cause and origin lies

* *Literally*—Ear never heard, eye never saw, and the heart of man too never conceived the great happiness that shall be in store to the people of repentance and good character.

atá leó, an b'éapra rin, quia unus dies apud Dominum
sicut mille anni, et mille anni sicut dies unus .i. go
b'ruil don lá amáin as an t'Uigearna mar míle
bliadán 7 míle bliadán mar don lá amáin.*

Ní m'irte dháinn an cur-píor Saebealaic atá ar an
rgeul do tabairt ann ro.

an mac-leighin t'fás an coláiste.

Táinig t'neam de dháoinib óga ó contae na Gaillimhe
go coláirte móir as rógluim agus as fásail oideachair,
le beic na ragarthaib. Cuairt mé ainm an coláirte
go minic ó mo máthair, aic ní cuimnínim air. Ní Maig
Nuadac do bí ann. Bí fear aca ro dar b'ainm
Pádraic O Floinn. Mac ríolóige rairbhre do bí ann.
Buó mian le na aicair agus le n-a máthair ragaric do
véanam dé. Buó buacail deap caoinheamail é. Ní
t'éirdeat ré as pinnce leir na buacailib eile ann ran
traethóna aic buó gnát leir dul amac le clap-folur
an lae, agus bídeat ré as riúbal leir féin ruar 'r
anuar, faoi ríáile na gcrann móir do bí timcioll an
coláirte, agus t'panat ré ann rin as rmuáineam
agus as meabruíat leir féin go t'cuicpat duine éigin
le n-a tabairt arteaic cum a feomra.

Don traethóna amáin, i mí na Bealtaine, cuairt ré
amac mar buó gnátaic leir, agus bí ré [as] rpar-
veóracic faoi na crainn [crannaib] nuair cuairt ré
ceól binn. Táinig t'orcadur .no róiric daille ar a
fúilib, agus nuair ruair re amairic aríir-connaic ré

* 2. reatair III. 8.

in that verse which says "*quia unus dies apud Dominum sicut mille anni et mille anni sicut dies unus*," i.e., for a thousand years are with the Lord as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

It were as well for us to give here the Gaelic version of this story.

THE STUDENT * WHO LEFT COLLEGE.

There came a number of young people from the County of Galway, to a great college, to learn and gain instruction, so as to become priests. I often heard the name of this college from my mother, but I do not remember it. It was not Maynooth. There was a man of these of the name of Patrick O'Flynn. He was the son of a rich farmer. His father and his mother desired to make a priest of him. He was a nice, gentle lad. He used not to go dancing with the other boys in the evening, but it was his habit to go out with the grey-light of day, and he used to be walking by himself up and down under the shadow of the great trees that were round about the college, and he used to remain there thinking and meditating by himself, until some person would come to bring him in to his room.

One evening, in the month of May, he went out, as was his custom, and he was taking his walk under the trees when he heard a melodious music. There came a darkness or a sort of blindness over his eyes, and when he found his sight again he beheld a great high wall on every side of him,

* Literally—"The Son of Learning."

balla mór áro ar gac taoib dé, agus bótar lonnrad amac poime. Bí na fir-ceoil ar an mbótar agus iad ag reinn go binn, agus éalairé ré gac ag rá, “tarr linn go tír na rós agus na ruaimnear.” O’feud ré taobh fíar dé agus connairc ré balla mór áro ar a cúl agus ar gac taoib dé, agus níor féad ré fillead ar air tar an mballa, ciú go raib mian aise fillead O’imtis ré ar aghair ann rin anóiais an ceoil. Ní raib fíor aise cá fáda riúbaíl ré, aet bí an balla mór áro i gcóinnuib ar gac taoib dé agus ’na diais.

Bí ré ag imtead agus ag rir-imtead go dtan-
gadar go h-abainn móir, agus uirge innti com deaig
le fuil. Táinig iongantair airann rin, agus eagla mór.
Aet riúbladar na fir-ceoil tar an abainn gan a
scora do fliudad, agus lean pádrais O floinn iad
gan a cora féin do fliudad. Saoil ré, i dtorad, go
mbuó fliuas-ríde na fir-ceoil, agus fáoil ré ann
rin go bfuair ré bair agus go mbuó fliuas aingeal do
bí ann do bí o’á tabairt go plaitear.

Tuit na ballair uata ann rin, ar gac taoib, agus
tángadar go macaire móirleadan. Bí iad ag imtead
agus ag rir-imtead ann rin, go dtangadar go cair-
leán breas do bí i lár an macaire. Éair na fir-
ceoil artea ann, agus o’fan pádrais O floinn
amuis. Níor bfa da go dtáinig uactarán na bfeair
ceoil amac éirge agus tug artea go reomra áluinn
é Níor labair ré focal, agus níor éalairé pádrais
O floinn aon focal amáin com fáda agus bí ré ann.

Ní raib aon oirde ann fan áit rin, aet folur lae

and out in front of him a shining road. The musicians were on the road, and they playing melodiously, and he heard a voice saying "*Come with us to the land of delight and rest.*" He looked back and he beheld a great high wall behind him and on each side of him, and he was not able to return back again across the wall, although he desired to return. He went forward then after the music. He did not know how long he walked, but the great high wall kept ever on each side of him and behind him.

He was going and ever-going, until they came to a great river, and water in it as red as blood. Wonder came upon him then, and great fear. But the musicians walked across the river without wetting their feet, and Patrick O'Flynn followed them without wetting his own. He thought at first that the musicians belonged to the Fairy-Host, and next he thought that he had died and that it was a group of angels that were in it, taking him to heaven.

The walls fell away from them, then, on each side, and they came to a great wide plain. They were going then, and ever-going, until they came to a fine castle that was in the midst of the plain. The musicians went in, but Patrick O'Flynn remained outside. It was not long until the chief of the musicians came out to him and brought him in to a handsome chamber. He spoke not a word, and Patrick O'Flynn never heard one word spoken so long as he remained there.

There was no night in that place, but the light of day

ar fad. Níor íť ađur níor ól ré don nío, ađur ni facaio ré don tuine ann ađ íťe ná ađ ól, ađur níor rťop an ceól. N-uile leat-uair, marí faoil ré, 'o cluineat ré clog, marí beioeat clog teampoill, 'o'á bualaó, aťť ni facaio ré an clog, ađur níor feuo ré a feiceál i n-áit ar bit.

Nuair éioeat na fip-ceóil amať ann ran maťaire, i láťair an éairleáin, 'o éigeanť tpeib 'oe řať uile fórt 'o'eanacaiť ann ran rpeir ađ reinn an ceóil buó binne 'o'á' éualaiť cluar ariam. Ir minic ađuairť řáťraig O floinn leir fain "ir cinnte řo bfuil mé ann ran bflaitear, aťť nac airtať é nac bfuil cuimine ađam ar éinnear ná ar bár ná ar bpeiteamnar, ađur nac bfacaiť mé 'Dia ná a máťair beannuigťe marí aťá řeallta 'óúinn."

Ní řaib fíor ađ řáťraig O floinn cá řať bí ré ann ran áit aoióinn řin. řaóil ré nac řaib ré innti aťť tamailín řeappi aťť bí ré innti bliadain ađur céať.

Don lá amáin bí na fip-ceóil ainuig annr an bpáipe ađur bí reirean ađ éirtaťť leó, nuair éáinig an t-uacťarain éuige. 'O éuř ré amať é, ađur éuir ré é taob-řiar 'oe na fip-ceóil. 'O'imťigeanť ar řiúbal, ađur ni řaib rťop ná rťať aca řo 'oťáňřaťar éum na h-aibne 'o bí éom 'oeař le řuil. Éuaťar trarna řin řan řlucať boinn, ađur 'o'imťigeanť ar

* Compare the curious poem in the Liber Hymnorum at p. 185 of the edition published by Dr. Bernard and Dr. Atkinson, of the singing birds of which St Philip told, who inhabited Inis Eidheand, a land full of rivers. *Seacht n-aibhne fnda co fad | i-na muighibh i fuilel | As eadh no.s.brathand dogrés | canaid ceolu co cairn-bés. i.e.*

throughout. He never ate and he never drank a single thing there, and he never saw anyone eating or drinking, and the music never ceased. Every half-hour, as he thought, he used to hear a bell, as it were a church-bell, being rung, but he never beheld the bell, and he was unable to see it in any place.

When the musicians used to go out upon the plain before the castle, there used to come a tribe of every sort of birds in the heavens,* playing the most melodious music that ear ever heard. It was often Patrick O'Flynn said to himself, "It is certain that I am in Heaven, but is it not curious that I have no remembrance of sickness, nor of death, nor of judgment, and that I have not seen God nor His Blessed Mother, as is promised to us!"

Patrick O'Flynn did not know how long he was in that delightful place. He thought that he had been in it only for a short little time, but he was in it for a hundred years and one.

One day the musicians were out in the field and he was listening to them, when the chief came to him. He brought him out and put him behind the musicians. They departed on their way, and they made neither stop nor stay until they came to the river that was as red as blood. They went across that, without wetting their foot-soles, and went

*Seven fair rivers in all their length | are in the plains where they dwell |
it is this that feeds them for ever | and they sing songs with fair custom.*

So sweetly do they sing that the poet says—

‘Da cluinóir fíor eoin gín áét
In coiceoal caem connait,
Aobeltoir uili, móir in moó,
Ari eirteét ne n-aiipriúto.

i. e. If men should hear (these) faultless birds | this fair equally-balanced concert | they would all do—great the deed— | on listening to the harmony. According to the Leabhar Breac there are birds in heaven with “100 wings on each bird and 100 melodies in each wing.”

aḡaiḡo go ṽtánḡaḡaḡaí cum na páirce i nḡaḡaí ṽo'n coláirte, an áit a ḡfuaraḡaḡaí é i ṽtorac. Ann rin ṽimṽṽḡeḡaḡaí ar a amárc maí ceó.

ṽ'feuc ré ṽaíur, aḡur ṽ'aitin ré an coláirte, aḡt fáoil ré go maíḡ na cḡainn níor áirṽe aḡur go maíḡ aḡruḡaḡo éḡin ann ran ḡcoláirte réin. Cuaiḡo ré arṽeaḡ ann, ann rin, aḡt níor áitín ré aon ṽuine ṽo caraḡo aír aḡur níor áitín aon ṽuine eírean.

ṽáimḡ uacṽarían an coláirte cuḡe ann rin, aḡur ṽuḡaírt leír, “ca'í ṽ' ar tu a míc, no caḡo é 'n ṽ-áimḡ aṽá oíṽ?”

“Páṽraíḡ O floinn ar cṽṽaḡe na ḡaillíḡe mé,” ar reírean.

“Cá fáḡa ann ro tu?” ar ran ṽ-uacṽarían.

“ṽá mé ann ro ó céaḡo lá Máíṽa,” ar reírean.

“ḡaóilim go ḡfuil tu mí-céillíḡe.” ar ran ṽ-uacṽarían, “ní'l aon ṽuine ṽe ṽ' áimḡ-re ann ran ḡcoláirte aḡur ní maíḡ le fíce bliáḡan, maí ṽá míre níor mó na fíce bliáḡan ann ro.”

“ṽá mbeíṽṽeaḡ ann ó ruḡaḡo tu, ṽá míre ann ro ó'n Máíṽ ro cuaiḡo ṽaíṽ, aḡur ṽíḡ liom mo réomḡa aḡur mo leáḡa ṽaíṽbeánt ṽuít.”

Leír rin ṽ' imṽṽíḡ ré ruar an réaíḡe aḡur an ṽ-uacṽarían 'na ṽiaíḡ. Cuaiḡo ré arṽeaḡ ann a réomḡa, ṽ'feuc ré ṽaíṽ aḡur ṽuḡaírt, “íṽ é reó mo réomḡa-ra, aḡt ní h-é rin mo ṽḡorḡán, aḡur ní h-iaḡo rin mo leáḡa aṽá ann.” Cṽṽaíṽe ré rean-ṽíobla ar an mborḡo, ṽ'forḡaíl ré é aḡur ṽuḡaírt ré, “'ré reo mo ṽíobla-ra, ṽuḡ mo máṽaíṽ ṽam é nuair ṽí mé aḡ ṽeaḡṽ ann ro, aḡur feuc ṽá m' áimḡ réḡíobṽeaḡ ann.”

forward until they came to the field near the college where they had found him at the first. Then they departed out of his sight like a mist.

He looked round him, and recognised the College, but he thought that the trees were higher and that there was some change in the College itself. He went in, then, but he did not recognise a single person whom he met, and not a person recognised him.

The principal of the College came to him, and said to him, "Where are you from, son, or what is your name?"

"I am Patrick O'Flynn from the County of Galway," said he.

"How long are you here," said the principal?

"I am here since the first day of March," said he.

"I think that you are out of your senses," said the principal, "there is no person of your name in the College, and there has not been for twenty years, for I am more than twenty years here."

"Though you were in it since you were born, yet I am here since last March, and I can show you my room and my books."

With that, he went up the stairs and the principal after him. He went into his room and looked round him, and said, "This is my room, but that is not my furniture, and those are not my books that are in it." He saw an old bible upon the table and he opened it, and said: "This is my bible, my mother gave it to me when I was coming here, and, see, my name is written in it."

O'feuc an t-uachtarán ar an mbíobla agus comhcinnte agus tá Dia ann san bpláitear bí ainm pádrais li f'loinn rshíobta ann, agus an lá de'n mhí o'fás ré an baile.

Anoir bí buairpead mór inntinne ar an uachtarán agus ní raib fíor aise créad déanfaó ré. Chuir ré fíor ar na máisirteib agus ar na h-aiob agus o'innir ré an rgeul doib.

"Dar mí'focal," ar ra sean-fasair do bí ann, "cuairt mé caint nuair bí mé ós ar mac-leiginn o'imtís ar an scoláirte reó agus ní raib don cúntar air, beo ná marb, ó roin. Chuairetis na daoine an abann agus na poill móna áct ní raib don cúntar le fásail air, agus ní bfuairadar an corp."

Glaoó an t-uachtarán oiria, ann rin, leabair mór do tabairt cuise, a raib ainm sac uile duine rshíobta ann, do táinig cum an coláirte rin ó cuiread ar bonn é. O'feuc ré trío an leabair, agus feuc! bí ainm pádrais li f'loinn ann, agus an lá de'n mhí táinig ré, agus bí ré reó rshíobta or coinne an anna, sur imtís an pádrais O f'loinn rin, a leitéir de lá, agus nac raib fíor as duine ar bit créad tápla do. Anoir bí ré go díreac bliadain agus céad, ó'n lá o'imtís ré go dtí an lá táinig ré ar air mar rin.

"Is iongantac agus is ró-iongantac an rgeul é reó," ar san t-uachtarán, "áct fan, tura, go rceair ann ro a mhic, agus rshíobfaid mire cum an earbois." Rinne ré rin, agus fuair ré cúntar ó'n earbog an fear do congáil go dtiocfaó ré féin.

Faoi ceann reáctmaine, 'na diais rin, táinig an

The principal looked at the bible, and there, as sure as God is in heaven, was the name of Patrick O'Flynn written in it, and the day of the month that he left home.

Now there was great trouble of mind on the principal, and he did not know what he should do. He sent for the masters and the professors and told them the story.

"By my word," said an old priest that was in it, "I heard talk when I was young, of a student who went away out of this College, and there was no account of him since, whether living or dead. The people searched the river and the bog holes, but there was no account to be had of him, and they never got the body."

The principal called to them then to bring him a great book in which the name of every person was written who had come to that College since it was founded. He looked through the book, and see! Patrick O'Flynn's name was in it, and the day of the month that he came, and this [note] was written opposite to his name, that the same Patrick O'Flynn had departed on such a day, and that nobody knew what had become of him. Now it was exactly one hundred and one years from the day he went until the day he came back in that fashion.

"This is a wonderful, and a very wonderful story," said the principal, "but, do you wait here quietly my son," said he, "and I shall write to the bishop." He did that, and he got an account from the bishop to keep the man until he should come himself.

At the end of a week after that the bishop came and

t-earbog, agus cúip ré fíor ar pátrais O fíoinn. Ní raib don duine i látair áct an beirt amáin. “Ánoir a mhic,” ar ran t-earbog, teirig ar do glúnaib agus déan faoirtoin máit.” Ann sin pinne ré gníom cpoirde-bhrúigte agus tug an t-earbog abrolóid do. Ar an mball táinig laige agus trom-choilad air, agus bí ré ar fead trí lá agus trí oibre mar beirdead duine marb. Nuair táinig ré cuise féin, bí an t-earbog agus na ragaire ann a timéioll. O’éirig ré, éraic é féin, agus o’innir ré a rgeul doib, mar tá ré innirte agam-ra, áct cúip ré iongantair ear bárr ar h-uile duine aca. “Ánoir,” ar reirean, “tá mé ann ro plán beó, agus déanaid mar ip toil lib.”

Rinne an t-earbog agus na ragaire cōmaire le céile. “Ip naomta an fear tu,” ar ran t-earbog ann sin, “agus béarfa daoit oir beannuigte duit ar an mball.”

Rinne riad ragaire doé ann sin, áct ní túirge bí oir beannuigte tugta do ‘ná duit re marb ar an altóir, agus cualadar uile ran am céadna an ceól buó binne do cualaib éluar ariamh or a gcionn ann ran rpeir; agus duibradar uile go mbuó h-ia na h-aingle do bí ann, ag iomcar anma an ádair O fíoinn ruar go flaitear leo.

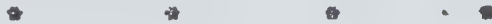
* * * *

Do bí na h-Éireannais, ear gac náiriún eile, b’éirir, tugta do pictiúirí do déanamh ann a h-inntinn féin ar neitib an tradoisail eile, ar glóir na bflaitear agus ar piantaib ipinn. Do bí sin ar a gcumar ó aimpir Naomh Fúrra anuar, agus tá “fíor ádamháin” ‘na píora páir-aicnigte ran Eórais. Ní tráctaim ann ro

sent for Patrick O'Flynn. There was nobody present except the two. "Now, son," said the bishop, "go on your knees and make a good confession." Then he made an act of contrition,¹ and the bishop gave him absolution. Immediately there came a fainting and a heavy sleep over him, and he was, as it were, for three days and three nights a dead person. When he came to himself the bishop and priests were round about him. He rose up, shook himself, and told them his story, as I have it told, and he put excessive wonderment upon every man of them. "Now," said he, "here I am alive and safe, and do as ye please."

The bishop and the priests took counsel together. "It is a saintly man you are," said the bishop then, "and we shall give you holy orders on the spot."

They made a priest of him then, and no sooner were holy orders given him than he fell dead upon the altar, and they all heard at the same time the most melodious music that ear ever listened to, above them in the sky, and they all said that it was the angels who were in it, carrying the soul of Father O'Flynn up to heaven with them.



The Irish were, perhaps more than any other nation, given to making pictures for themselves in their own minds of the things of the other world, the glory of heaven and the pains of hell. They have been able to do this from the time of St. Fursa down, and Adamnan's Vision is well known over Europe. I shall not speak now of Dante, nor

¹ *Literally* : "An act of heart bruising"

an Dánté agus ar an gcomaoiñ fá a paiú pé (no nac
paiú pé) do na h-Éireannaighib, aét cuipriú mé ríor
taibbreamh no taibbeántar beas ar bpeiteamhar
an anma mar éannaire fear i gConradé Muiş Eó é.
Ir minic éualar triáct ar an bpíora ro agus pinne mé
ceitpe iarraéta le n-a fágal, aét teip rin oim, ní
bpuarpear aét pír-beasán dé. Faoi beiread do
rşpiób mo éara, an Niallac, an méad ro ó beul mo
éarad mliceál Mac Ruairiş, o Conradé Muiş Eó.
Ir dóig nac bpuil ann aét bloú, aét, mar rin péin, ir
pearri a tabairt ann ro. As ro go díreac, focail
ar focail, mar do labair Mac Ili Ruairiş é.

MAC AN MINISTÉIR.

Bí eailín Románac ar aimpir i tceac ministéir,
agus bí rí [as] caiteam éiread na Maigóine Muir.*
Bí rí gluaract don uair amáin as dul cum aipunn,
agus nuair bí rí o'a nige péin bain rí an t-éiread ói
agus leas rí i leit-taob é. Táinig mac an ministéir
arteac, agus toruig pé as gábaillleact(?) anonn 'r
anall ar fuo an treomra, agus earad an t-éiread
leir. Rug pé ann a láim air, agus bpeactnuig pé go
géar air. Cuip pé timéioll a muinéil é, agus nuair
tionntuig an eailín éar, éannaire rí an t-éiread ar
niac an ministéir, agus o'fár báiníde móri uipri. Tug
rí coirceim cum cinn, agus rtreacail rí an t-éiread
o'a muinéil. Toraig rí 'gá díoblaó agus 'gá mar-

* i.e., rşabail. Tabair fá deara na focail neamh-şnátaea ann
pan rşeul ro, mar aea, "éiread na Maigóine," "gábaillleact,"
"díoblaó," "tonálaó," "bail," "rceolp," "an-bátaó," etc

of the obligations under which he was (or was not) to the Irish, but I shall put down here a little vision or revelation about the judgment of the soul, as a man in the County Mayo beheld it. I often heard talk of this piece, and I made four different attempts to get it, but it failed me. I only recovered a very little bit of it. At last my friend John MacNeill, wrote down this much from the mouth of Michael MacRury (or Rogers) from the County Mayo. There is evidently only a fragment in it, but even so, it is as well to give it here. Here is exactly, word for word, how MacRury recited it.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

There was a Roman Catholic girl at service in a minister's house, and she was wearing the Virgin Mary's garb¹ (i.e., a scapular) She once was getting ready to go to Mass, and when she was washing herself she took the garb off her, and laid it on one side. The minister's son came in, and he began rummaging (?) backwards and forwards through the room, and he met the garb. He caught it up in his hand and observed it closely. He put it round his neck, and when the girl turned about she saw the garb on the minister's son, and she got very furious. She gave a step forward and she tore the garb off his neck. She began

¹ This periphrasis for a scapular is one of the many curious expressions in this piece.

luḡað. Dubhairt sí leis naḋ faib ré ceart ná foil-leamhnaḋ, aḡ fear u'á éiredeam breit ar an éirdeḋ rin ann a láim, aḡur go faib fuat aḡur spáin aige anaḡair na Maigtoine glóimhaire, "aḡur," ar ríre leis, "ó tápla go ruḡ tu ar an éirdeḋ beannuighe mur [muna] ttríoirḡir tu an doine reo cúḡainn, i n-éiric do péadair, raḋairc ar úátaḡ flaitear, ní feicir tu go bpaḋt."

Táinig brón aḡur uólár mór ar mác an múnirtéir, faoi an díoblaḋ cúḡ an cailín uó, aḡur dubhairt ré léi go ttríoirḡfead ré an doine.

Bí go maíḋ aḡur ní faib go dona. Nuair éuair mac an múnirtéir ann a doḋ'ad an oirḋe rin, fuair ré taom tinnir, aḡur bí ré go h-an-dona ar maidin, aḡur dubhairt ré le n-a mátair naḋ leḡfead ré don-'ne faoi ná taíur aḋt an cailín-aímríre, aḡur go faib rúil aige naḋ mbeir' ré a bpaḋ ran taom tinnir.

Ní faib don-'ne ffeartal air aḋt an cailín, mar bí rún mór aige an doine ttríoraḋ. Bí fíor maíḋ aige uá mbeir' a mátair [aḡ] tigeaḋt arteaḋ ann a feompa go ḡcaíḋfead ré tonnálaḋ (?) do caiteam uairi, aḡur rin é an t-áḋbair naḋ leigfead ré a mátair arteaḋ.

Nuair táinig an doine, níor blar ré ḡneim ná deoḋ ar fead na h-doine.

Ar maidin, Dia Sátaírn, u'fiarruig an mátair de'n cailín, cia an baíl do bí air. Dubhairt an cailín léi go faib ré aḡ tigeaḋt i ttrí.* Aḡur nuair éuair an cailín arteaḋ ar uair a uó-uéaḡ ran lá bí ré 'na rtoirp

* "un oír" dubhairt ré, b'éirir ḡur "cum tíre" é. Tá an uá

railing at him and abusing him. She told him that it was not right nor fitting for a man of his religion to lay hold of that garb in his hand, seeing that he had a hatred and loathing of the glorious Virgin, "and," says she to him, "since it has happened that you have laid hold of the blessed garb, unless you fast next Friday in eric for your sin, one sight of the country of the Heavens you shall never see."

Grief and great unhappiness came over the minister's son at the abuse the girl gave him, and he told her that he would fast the Friday.

It was well, and it was not ill. When the minister's son went to sleep that night he got a fit of sickness, and he was very bad in the morning, and he told his mother that he would not let anyone next nor near him except the servant girl, and that he hoped that he would not be long in the fit of sickness.

There was nobody attending him but the girl, because he had a full determination to fast through the Friday. He knew very well that if his mother were coming into the room he would have to eat some food from her, and that is the reason he would not let his mother in.

When the Friday came he never tasted bit nor sup throughout the day.

On the morning of Saturday his mother asked the girl how he was getting on. The girl said that he was doing nicely [*literally*, "*coming to land*"]. But when the girl went in at the hour of twelve o'clock in the day he was a

ḍor-cainte meapṣṣṣa ann "an (i.e. cum) tīpe. .i. "teacht i tīpe" 7 "teacht cum tīpe" 1ṛ é 1ṛ ciall do "dul ar aḡairṣ do maic."

[corrán]. Agus táinig an-bátaó mór ar an gcailín, agus coraisí sí as caoineadh. Cuairtí sí amach agus t'innir sí do'n mháistir go maib ré maib.

Cuairt an rgeul ó béal go béal ann rin, agus toubairt ceann le céile, gur ab í an cailín do maib é, agus ní maib ríor aca cia an t-an-bár b'éarradh ríad tóí.

Bí cáinán móna i n-éadan na cirtéala, agus ceangail ríad an cailín le plabrad greamuigte de bacadan iapainn bí i mbinn an tige, agus nuair beic* an colann curta aca, bí ríad le ola agus 'griúr' éur ar an móin agus teine do tábairt tóí, agus an cailín do dógaó agus do lorgaó ann.

Ar maidin Dia Luain, nuair cuairt ríad ar teac ann ran reompa leir an gcorp do éur ran gcómpa, bí mac an mhinistéir beó bíogeamail ann a leabairt, agus t'innir ré dóib an tairbeánadh do connairc ré.

Connairc ré [toubairt ré] na ttri teinte purgatóra, mairetíní íppinn, agus an diabhal móir údár,† agus toubairt ré leó [i. le n-a muinntir] gur ab í an mlaighean glóimhar do fábaíl é, agus do fuair a pártóin dó. D'iarr sí imríde ar a h-Don-Íllac a éur ar an raogal arís as teagars na n'aoine, agus fuair sí an imríde‡ rin dó, agus muir mbeic gur éaic ré éiríead na mlaighe, móiméir amáin, nuair bí ré ar an talam, ní feiceadh ré raðarc ar d'útais flaitear go brát; agus rin é [do] fábaíl é ar ríir-foctar íppinn.

* "Nuair bí" toubairt ré.

† Labairt ré an t-ainm ro marí údár.

‡ "An t-imríde" toubairt reiríean.

corpse, and there came a great dispiritedness [*literally, "much-drowning"*] over the girl, and she began crying. She went out and told his mother that he was dead.

The story went from mouth to mouth, and one person said to another that it was the girl who had killed him, and they did not know what awful death they would give her.

There was a heap of turf over against the kitchen, and they tied the girl with a chain, fastened in an iron staple that was at the gable of the house, and as soon as ever they would have the body buried they were to put oil and grease on the turf, and give it fire, to burn and to roast the girl.

On Monday morning when they went into the room to put the corpse into the coffin, the minister's son was there alive and alert, in his bed, and he told them the vision that he had seen.

He saw, he said, the fires of Purgatory, the mastiffs of Hell, and the great Devil, Judas, and he told them that it was the glorious Virgin who saved him, and who got him his pardon. She asked it of a request of her One-Son to put him into the world again to teach the people, and she got that request for him; and if it had not been that he had worn the garb of the Virgin [though] only for a moment, when he was on earth, he would not have seen one sight of the country of the heavens for ever; but it was that which saved him from the lowest depths of hell

Éaít ré reáct mbliadóna ar an ríogal as teagairt
na ndaoine, agus as innriint dóib an creideamh ceart.
Agus tionntaigh a mhúirighin uile 'na gCatoileacaib,
agus is é mac an mhinistéir do cum an dán :—

DÁN MIC AN Mhinistéir.

Tá an éolann 'na lairde agus í 'na ruan.
Solur larta ar a h-uachtar.
Tá na mná cníona 'na ruidre go málla,*
Agus d'éirí ar ghruaio na mnáoi ós' (sic) go cníáirde.

Éirteigh, éirteigh, go moéaigh' ruid mo rgeala,
an tri nio is mó leir an bpeacaó do déanam
gealltanar † neam-éailleanar, ‡ bhréagad, §
nac buairdearta mallaihte damanta mo rgeula!

Níorí bfaod go bfaod mé an t-ionganar
Tri teiníó móra.
An teine buó lúga aca, buó mó í
'ná cúig céad déag móna,
Agus 'ná lán-rléide || ció buó móir í.

Ann rin do éonnaic me an t-ionganar, ¶
na trí mairtíní móra,
a gcradaora forghailte ;
Agus iad ar laraó
mar éinneil céiréac
ar éaduib an trléide **
as feiteam le m'anam boct

* “Go málla”

† = geallamha (gan cóimhionadó, is dóig).

‡ = neam-éailleanar.

§ “bhréagad” duhairt ré.

|| “lá rleió” duhairt reirean.

¶ “an t-ionganar” duhairt reirean.

** “ar éaduib a rleide lartí” duhairt reirean.

He spent [after that] seven years in the world teaching people, and telling them the right religion, and all his family turned Catholics, and it was the minister's son who composed the dán or poem.

THE DÁN OF THE MINISTER'S SON.

The body, it lies in the sleep of the dead,
And the candles above it are burning red ;
The old women sit, all silent and dreaming,
But the young woman's cheeks with tears are streaming.¹

Oh listen, listen, and hear the story
Of what are the sins that shut out from glory.
Promises, lies, penurious hoarding,
How troubled, how emsed, how damned the story !²

But it was there that I saw the wonder !
Three great piles of fire.
And the least fire it rose in a spire
Like fifteen hundred of turf on fire,
Or a burning mountain, higher and higher.

It was not long until I saw
The three great mastiffs,
Their gullets opened,
And they a-burning
Like great wax candles
In a mountain hollow,
Waiting for my poor soul

¹ *Literally*—The body is lying, and it in its [death] sleep | kindled light above it | the old women are sitting sedately (?) | but tears are on the cheeks of the young woman, miserably.

² Listen ye, listen ye, until you hear my tidings | the three things greatest for making sin | promises [unfulfilled], want of charity, lies | is it not troubled, cursed, damned my story is.

(The rest of the translation in the text is almost literal.)

Ὁ 'ἀλπαὺ 'ῖ το μέλας,
 ἄγυρ ἂ ταβαίρε γο ἡ-ἱρμιοῖν παλαῖ
 ἄς φυλαίης na péine.*

Τυγαὺ μέ γο γεταίῃ ἱρμιοῖν
 Ὀύξεαὺ ἀν ἡγυας δε μο ἡαλαίξ',
 Cuipeaὺ cpiatari poll tpe mo ceapit-láir,
 níon ἡόρ ὅam péin † ἀν οἶθε ἐμοίρεγας,
 ἄγυρ εἶρεαὺ na μαίξθῃne μῡιπε caíteap,
 ἡά βειὸ' μο εἰσο φολα ἄγυρ πεόλα ann αλμυαίρεam ἡν λοίρετε
 ἀμεαρς na νοιαθαί γο λά ἀν ὀμειτέamῃnai.

Ann rin cuipeaὺ coirpe ἀν ὀά'ῃ 'έας οἱm,
 θυὸ τμειρε le n-a n-olcar 'ἡά le n-a maíteap.
 [Aliter—θυὸ τμειρε le m'olcar 'ἡό le mo maíteap]
 Γαῖ ἂ πρεamῃa ἡνέ ὁ βί μέ μο leamῃ,
 Σγρίοῃτα ἰ bpaίpeam' ουθα ἄγυρ γεala.
 Ceann ann mo láim, ἄγυρ ceann am ἀn talam.
 San ἡρεαὺ ἄgam mo εἶοι εἰρ ἂ ὀπολαῖ. ‡

Am éionntóῃ tairt ὀíom, ταοῃ mo láime veipe,
 Connac mé ἀν γιύιρε bpeás beannaίξτε
 παοι n-a εἰλόcaib γεala,
 Ὁ 'ῖαῖpμαίξ πέ ὀíom, δε na bmaítepmaib beannaίξτε,
 Cá § maib mé mo εἰόῃmῡiθε nuai βί μέ am ἀn talam,
 ἡáir mé ἀn t-amam boct ατά le ὀul rin mbarmia?

Am éionntóῃ tairt ὀíom, ταοῃ mo láime cléite
 Connac mé ἀν Diaῃal mói το φυai bmaίir (§) ||
 ἄς oul ἰ mbármia mo ἡέαγa
 ἄγυρ ann rin ὀ'ῖár ἀn tairt am m'anam boct,
 ἄγυρ, ἂ ὀia, ὁ ἰ níon ὀ'iongnao ἰ

* "An péineac" ουθαίρε πέ

† "Oam péin" ουθαίρε πέ, μαρ ἱρ coitcúionn, ἰ γConnactaib

‡ Labaíteap "φολαῖ" μαρ "παλαῖ" ἰ γconoaé muiξ εἰ

§ Δειρ piao "cé" ἰ n-áit "cá" ἰ γconoaé muiξ εἰ

|| = bpiob lúar ἱρ ὀίξ. Ταθαίρε pá veamam méam ὀ'pocalaib

To tear and to swallow,
To bring down to hell's foulness
In anguish to wallow.

I was taken to the gates of hell,
And the hair was burnt off my forehead,
And a sieve of holes was put through my middle;
It was then it stood to me, that night I fasted,
And wore the garb of the Blessed Virgin,
Or my flesh and my blood had been burned to a puff of ashes.

It was then the jury of the twelve sat on me,
Their evil will than their good will was stronger,¹
And all that I did since my days of childhood
Was writ upon paper in black and white there;
One paper in my hand, on the ground another,
To conceal a crime I had no power.

On turning round of me, towards the right-hand side,
I beheld the noble blessed Justice
Beneath his bright mantle,
And he asked of me, with soft blessed words,
"Where was I living when I was on the earth,
And whether I were not the poor soul who had to go to the
bar."

On turning round of me, towards the left-hand side,
I beheld the Great Devil that got the bribe,
Going to fall upon me from above [*literally, "on the top of my
branches or limbs,"*]
And it was then that the thirst grew upon my poor soul!
And, oh, God! oh! it was no wonder!

cpuaróe neam-ghátaíca atá ann ran ván ro, map, "go málla,"
"sealltanar," "neam-dailleanar," "bparlir."

¹ *Aliter*—"My evil was more powerful than my goodness."

D'earc mé ruar ar an mairgoin beannuigthe
 D'iarr mé impiúe uirni—mé cógáil ó na diaibail palac'
 D'irleis rí anuar go lútmair tapa,
 leis í féin ar a glúin mín fleamain,
 D'iarr rí impiúe ar a h-don-mac 'r ar a leanó
 mo cur i mbáir géas ná i lúb na cloice,
 ná faoi an talam mar t'éirdear * an earós,
 ná an taoib o stuaidó mar f'éirdear an rneacta,
 ná ann ran scolainn céadna as teagair na n-daoine,
 —asur beannaict Dé do deul o'á innirint.

As ro urnaighe an-álainn do fuair mé rghriobta le
 Miceál Píocóir éigin, i n-deireadh an leabair rin an
 mátgamhnaig air ar labair mé ceana. Tá an píopa
 ro tarraingte ó'n lairion asur ir fiú a fábaíl ó'n
 mbár. Ar an dóbar rin, beirim ann ro é. Sé ir
 ainm do "Urnaighe coitcéann ar an uile ocáir." No
 i lairion, "Oratio universalis ad omnia salutem
 spectantia." Ir fiú an cularó Gaedelaic ar an
 urnaighe reo do fábaíl.

urnaighe coitcéann.

O, a Dá, cneirim ionnat, neartais mo éirdear;
 muinisin ionnat, daingnis mo muinisin;
 ghráuisim tu, dúbaíl mo ghrá.
 Ir aitéad liom suir éirdear fearis oir
 méadais m'aitéad.

Adruisim tu mar céad-tír mo beactó,
 sanntuisim tu mar mo éirdear déigeannac,
 beirim buirdear duit mar mo ríor-cadairac,
 sairim oir mar mo érean-dorantac.

* "Téirdeann" adubairt reirdear, as meargad, mar ir ghráic
 i gConactaid, an dá fóir rin. a n-"eann" asur i n-"ear."

I looked up and saw the Blessed Virgin,
 I asked a request of her — to save me from the foul devils.
 She lowered herself down actively, quickly,
 She laid herself upon her polished smooth knee,
 And asked a request of her One-Son and her child,
 To put me in the top of the branches, or in the fold of a stone,
 Or under the ground where the weasel goes,
 Or on the north side where the snow blows,
 Or in the same body again to teach the people,
 —And the blessing of God to the mouth that tells it.¹

Here is a prayer that I found written by one Michael Picóid at the end of that Mahon's book of which I have spoken before. This piece is taken from the Latin and it is worth while to save it from death. For that reason I give it here. It is called a common or general prayer for every occasion. Or in Latin "*Oratio universalis ad omnia salutem spectantia.*" It is worth preserving the Gaelic garb of this Latin prayer.

A GENERAL PRAYER.

O God, I believe in Thee, strengthen my belief.
 I trust in Thee; confirm my trust,
 I love Thee; double my love.
 I repent that I angered Thee,
 Increase my repentance.

I adore Thee as first-beginning of my life.
 I desire Thee as my last end.
 I give thanks to Thee as my ever-helper.
 I call upon Thee as my strong-defender.

¹ i.e., the mouth that repeats the above

l'ion mo érhoire le h-uamain gan éadótcu,
le muinigin gan an-uótcu,
le cniádao gan raoδao,
aδur le * gáirioeácar gan iomaicaió.

mo óia ! aontuig mo éreómuζao le o'eaζna ;
mo éoirimearζ le o' ceairt,
mo éompóρitaét leo' tpiócaire,
aδur mo oíoiónn leo' éomiaéta.

naómaim† m'uile rmuáinte, briaéta, gniómaicta, aδur
fulainζ, ouit,
ionnar, uaió reo‡ amac, ζo rmuáinfinn ope,
ζo otriáctrainn ope, ζo raoétrócainn ouit,
aδur ζo bfulónζainn ouit.

a t'izearua, iapiuim ζo noéantar oó toil,
oé oitiniζ ζur ab í oó toil,
aδur ari an móó ir toil leat.

a t'euinζim ope roillpiz mo tuizpint,
iontair || (?) mo éoil, ζlan mo éorp, aδur, naómaiz m'anam.

mo óia ! taδairi neairt oam
ionnar ζo noéanaim cúituzao im' éaζcómuib,
ζo mbéarfainn buaió ari mo caúizéib,
ζo ζceairtócainn mo ópoó-élaonta láiope,
aδur ζo o'ráiteócainn na puáilcióe
atá roilleamnac oom' r'áio beaétaó.

l'ion mo érhoire le ζean oó o' mairtear,
o'ruac oom' loóoaió, oé ζriáo oom' éómairain,
aδur oé éaircuirne oó'n tpaogal.

ζo ζcuimniζim,¶ a óia,
oéit úmal oom' uactarínaio,
aontaiζeac oó m' íoétaρaió,
oíleap oó m' cáipoió,
aδur capéanaé oom' náimoió.

* "oó" MS.

† b'éioiri "naómaiz."

‡ "uairóri" MS

Fill Thou my heart with awe without despair ;
 With hope, without over-confidence ;
 With piety without infatuation ;
 And with joy without excess.

My God ! consent to guide me by Thy wisdom ;
 To constrain me by Thy right ;
 To comfort me by Thy mercy ;
 And to protect me by Thy power.

I hallow all my thoughts, words, deeds and sufferings to Thee
 So that from hence-forward I may think on Thee,
 May converse of Thee, may labour for Thee,
 And may suffer for Thee.

O God ! I ask that Thy will be done,
 Because it is Thy will,
 And in the way Thou willest.

I beseech of Thee enlighten my understanding,
 Wash my will, cleanse my body, hallow my soul.

My God, give me strength
 So that I may make expiation for my misdeeds,
 So that I may win victory over my temptations,
 So that I may resist my strong evil-inclinations,
 And so that I may practise the virtues
 That are suitable to my state of life

Fill my heart with affection for Thy goodness,
 With hatred of my faults, with love for my neighbours,
 And with contempt for the world.

That I may remember, O God,
 To be submissive to my superiors,
 To be at one with my inferiors,
 Faithful to my friends
 And charitable to my enemies.

§ = "De b̄p̄is sup̄." || b̄'ér̄oip̄i "ionnat" = n̄is̄.
 ¶ "Sup̄ cuim̄n̄iseap̄" MS

Cuirois liom buaido do bheir
 Ar colnuigeaó le cniábad,
 Ar faint le h-almra,
 Ar lapántaó le miocairiaó,
 Agus ar fuair-cniábad le caonóuimaó

A Dia, déan cnióna* mé rna neitib zashar le[m'] air,
 Cnióda i zcontabairt, foizioneaó i n-anrio,
 Agus úmal i noul-ai-ashar 'ran traosha.

Náir déanaim† coiróce deaimaó
 Fá air do éir le m' uirnaiztib,
 Meaparaó le m' dealaiztib,
 Oitcioll le m' éuram.
 Agus buantair ann rna neitib éurim ríomair.

A éizeaima, mírzaíl mé éum cóinriar ceairt do coiméaó,
 [Tabairi úam] móúamlaó do'n leat-amuiz,
 Cóinraó cairiaó, agus ioméar maizalta.

Deónaiz úam do ríor
 Le tneire do bheir ar mo náúir,
 Le raomáó do o' zráraib,
 Le cóimlíonaó o'aitaanna,
 Agus le h-oibhuzaó mo rlanuizte.

Poillriú úam, a Dia, neim-nióaó an doimain-re,
 móraóó flaitir Dé,
 Ziormiaó na h-aimrie.
 Agus fao na ríorhuiaóó.

Tabairi úam mé réin do éir i n-oyeaimain do'n báir,
 fairéir do beir oim ríoin do bheiteaimnar,
 Damnaó do feáairt,
 Agus fá óeóiz neam do znoéuzaó ‡

Zupab toil leat fá deireaó,
 áirizte do éabairt do h-uile peacaó,

* "Dion cnióna," MS. † "nar o'ongar," MS.
 ‡ focal ríor-Connactae an focal ro

Aid me to gain a victory
 Over fleshly-desires by piety,
 Over covetousness by alms-giving,
 Over passion by mildness,
 And over hypocrisy¹ by earnestness.

O God, make me wise in the things that pass near me(?)
 Valiant in danger, patient in tribulation,
 And humble in going forward through the world.

May I never forget
 To put heed in my prayers,
 Moderation in my ways,
 Earnestness in my care,
 And perseverance in the things I set before me.

O Lord, stir me up to keep a right conscience,
 Give me courtesy on the out-side,
 Profitable conversation, and orderly bearing.

Vouchsafe me always
 To get the upper hand of my natural disposition
 By inclining to Thy graces,
 By fulfilling thy commandments,
 And by working out my salvation.

Show me, O God, the nothingness of this world,
 The majesty of the heaven of God,
 The shortness of time
 And the length of eternity.

Grant me to put myself into a state of fitness for death,
 To be afraid of Thy judgment,
 To shun condemnation,
 And at last to gain heaven.

Finally, may it be Thy will
 To grant repentance to every sinner,

¹ Literally "cold-piety," by which the Irish always translate, though not very happily, the Greek 'υπόκρισις.' It is here equivalent, however, to the Latin *tepiditas*

Síorí-óul ar aghar do na píreunaid,
 Síotcán do na beódaib,
 Agus ríorí-doiðnear do na cneitíneadaib fuair báp.

Iarraim ro uile oir, a tígearna do doncuad,
 Tre luaidheacht ár oTígearna íora Cíofort,
 Tre eadaríuóe ár mbaintígearna beannaisíte,
 Agus na n-uile naom,
 Agus tré coil ár naomí-mhádaí an eadlaí. Amén †

As ro paitir gearr san mórlán plaéda ann, do
 fuair mé ó'm' éarair, an t-ádaí Eóin Caithneolaé
 Mac Siolla Eáin, C.I., do rghíob í ríor ó beal duine
 i gcomradé na Gaillimé.

beannaíocht Dé.

Beannaíocht Dé le h-anam ár n-aiéireada, ár máireada, ár n-dear-
 bhráíreada, ár n-deirbhíreada; agus beannaíocht De le ár n-anam
 féin an lá deiridh.

Maí, a Úia, faoi fáil faoiríon, bheirteamhar-aiéiríte, deari-
 mar airíonn lá faoise ná Dómnais, ná imál peacair ar bí.

Go méaduiríó tu ar an nglóire, agus go laíuiríó tu ar na
 riancaib. Amén.

Má'r maí * acámaioirí anocht, go mbuó feacht míle fearr a
 déirdear† mairí bliadain ó anocht [ríonn féin 7] ár gcuir i n-
 cen-
 feacht, [i] faoíal agus i rlannte, i ngláó 7 i n-
 abantúr, i ngláó
 agus i bfaiteoir Dé, i ngláó Dé agus na n-
 daoine, agus a beir ó
 na peacair.

Agus an té a cuir rlan ó'n lá mairí, go gcuiríó Sé rlan
 cairí an
 oíche mairí. Go gcuiríó tu rlan ó gac gádaó go deó mairí. Amén.

* "fearr" dubairt peirean.

† Do cuir mo éarair, Caéal Mac Néill, cóib de'n lairíon éugam,
 áit ní'l an rghíomáó rann ná na deir líne déirgeannada inni.
 Toráigean ré marí ro fan lairíon, "Credo, Domine, sed credam
 firmius | Spero, Domine, sed speram securius | Amo, Domine, sed

Constant forward-progress to the righteous,
Peace to the living,
And everlasting happiness to the faithful who have died

I ask of Thee, O Lord, to grant all this
Through the merit of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Through the intercession of our Blessed Lady,
And of all saints,
And through the will of our Holy Mother the Church

Here is a short, and not very shapely prayer which I got from my friend the Rev. J. C. MacErlean, S.J., who wrote it down from the mouth of a man in the County Galway.

GOD'S BLESSING.

God's blessing with the soul of our fathers, our mothers, our brothers, our sisters ; and the blessing of God be with our own soul at the last day.

Forgive, O God, neglect of confession, of penance, forgetfulness of Mass on holiday or Sunday, or any [other] blot of sin.

Mayest Thou increase the glory, and mayest Thou lessen the pains.
Amen !

If it is well off we are to-night, that it may be seven thousand times better we shall be a year from to-night, ourselves and our possessions together, in life and in health, in love and in luck, in love and in fear of God, in love of God and men, and [us] to be away from sins.

And He who sent us safe since day-[break] that He may put us safe over the night ; and mayest Thou send us safe from every danger for ever. Amen.

† "Fearr ar béimio" oibhairt fearan.

amem ardentius | Dolco, Domine, sed doleam vehementius." Ag ro an laoiion atá ar an fearcead nain. .7. Volo quidquid vis | Volo quia vis | Volo quomodo vis | Volo quamdiu vis Deir mo éaparo an niallac liom go dfruit fearcead ar sup ar an mbéapla do cuircead saeueilz ar

An céad uair do chualar an t-án ro, leanar, do b'é
 as féir na Gaillimhe é. 'D' aithur sean-fear bocht, air
 a dtugann ríad annsan gcátaí rin an "Ceannuirde
 Cóir," i gcomórtar ar son duaire é—ní'l fíor asam
 cad é a fíoinnead. Rug mé do leit-taobh é, ioir
 dá comórtar, agus ríshíob mé fíor uair níor m'ó'ná
 a leat d'é, aet ní faib an t-am asam le n-a éiríoc-
 nuḡad. Dubairt mé rin le mo cáraio, Eóḡan Ua
 Neachtáin, agus nuair fuair pé féin faill ar an sean-
 fear do ríshíob pé fíor an t-íomlán uair, 7 do cuir
 go cineálta d'ugam-ra é. Is dóig nac bfuil ann aet
 blóð, agus go bfuil dá fíora meargta tré n-a céile
 ann, oir ní mearaim go mbaineann na h-óet linte
 torais leir an gcuid eile d'é, ó ceart. Tug mé
 ceana fíora gearr do torais mar toraigean pé reó.
 Ní faib don ainm as an sean-fear air, is m'ire do cuir
 an tíodal air. Is coitíonh an ríéal i dtáobh an cóirig.

ADULACAD ÍOSA.

A mairíoean móimair, módamail, mairéac,
 Is tú mo ríor, mo lón, 'r mo táirge,
 Is tú mo ciann-roillre le m'anam
 Do treóruḡad go ríogaet na bpláitear.
 An t-don níac naoimé, níḡ na n-ainḡeal,
 A d'fúlainḡ an páir, an ríat, 'r an marluḡad,
 As tabairt rárad ar an bpeacá
 Do ḡnímir ar an talam

* * * * *

Cuiread ann san tuamba é, le toil ríḡ agus veacair,
 Agus b'é an rompla ann san eadairíra 'Dia h-Doine,*

* "An piompla ann san eadairíḡ," dubairt seiríean. Saoil mé
 i dtorac gur b'é "an rompla ann san nead" adubairt pé.

Literally : O Virgin, courteous, manneily handsome ! Thou art
 my store, my provision, and my resource | Thou art my shaft of
 light to conduct my soul | To the Kingdom of the heavens

The first time that I heard the following poem was at the Galway Feis. A poor old man whom they called in that city the Ceannuidhe Cóir [canny core] or Honest Merchant—I do not know his real name—recited it in the competition for a prize. I brought him aside during the interval between two competitions and wrote down from him more than half of it, but I had not time to finish it. I told this to my friend Eoghan O Neachtain, and when he himself got an opportunity he wrote down the whole of it from the old man, and kindly sent it to me. It looks as if there were only a fragment in it, and as if there were two pieces mixed up with one another, for I do not think that the first eight lines belong by right to the rest of it. I have already given a short piece which begins as this one begins. The old man had no name for it. It is I who have given it a title. The story about the cock is common.

THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

Virgin gentle, courteous, gracious,
Whose goodness, which my soul embraces,
A shaft of light through time and space is,
To lead it into heavenly places.

Thy Holy Son, the King of Angels
Suffered passion, wounds, estrangement,
In satisfaction for the ailments
Of the sins which here assail us.

* * * * *

He was laid in the tomb at the will of the King,
He died with pains unstinted,

The Holy One-Son, the King of the Angels | Who suffered the
passion, the terror, and the reviling | Giving satisfaction for the sin
| Which we commit upon the earth.

He was placed in the tomb by the will of the King, and hardship (?) | And he was the example in the afternoon of Friday | The

fuil a éiríodé ag úil trí n-a éaróib a'f zác b'raon de ag úil
tríarna.

a'f zo f'aoilféa náe f'earpaó pé éoróche.

bí leac ann ran uoirur, uari zo veimín éo.h uaingean

'S náe uóóópaó céao fearí í san r'píonaó,

zo uóáinís aingeal ar f'laitear, sup r'píóuiz pé an bealaó,

'S sup tós pé an leac ar a b'raónuir'.

éáinís muipe magóaléine* zo h-éaróuó arteaó ann,

zo léig'irféaó pí cneáóáca ári uóúígearina,

éuarpaiz pí an tuamba, éaric éiméioill, zo r'píopéa.

a'f ní éruairí pí aon aínaric ar íora.

zo épacuó pí an t-airéao zo píóó coir an éalla,

san méao a bí folac de uo bí ré†

u'píarpuiz pí zo f'arteaó "an fearí éú no f'at(?) éú?"

no cé n'uearpuuó píó ácaio(?)‡ ári uóúígearina.

"níorí f'ágóuiz mé an áit réó," veir an z'árua bí 'z'á f'aric,

'S ní fearac mé cia píacáó u'á íarpuuó,

tá éinín beag coiriz ag píuáó ran z'coirpe."

('S íao a' veir-magáó fá n-ári uóúígearina).

*éaoil mipe sup uóubairic pé "maoirplépe," † níorí éuigear
éí uóopac.

† ní éuigim an líne réó í z'gearic.

‡ ag po nóca uo bí agam óm' éaríao éógan ua neacéáin í
n'zailímh, marí leanaí. "u'áit'ur an 'ceannuioe cóirí' an uán
úó aríur uam, áet ír móir an tríuáiz náe éruil na píacla ag an
uúine uóet. ní píóuiri a lán uá n'ueirpeann pé uo éuigiric zo
beacé, † ní'l píor agam, póir ar uóubairic pé 'ácaio' no 'acaió,'
no marí 'áetáoi' no 'áetáó.' Veirí pé 'an fearí éú no f'at éú?'
i. 'an fearí éú no tairóbre?' áet f'aoil mipe sup z'neamuiiz pé
'tú' le 'fearí' † aríur le 'f'at' [fearítú no f'atú]. Veirí pé
'f'at,' an 'a' z'earri. Veirí pé aríur, "ní'l zari ag cupí 'b'arpuáó'
ar íora," † nuair u'píarpuuizíor éeana ué éríao é 'b'arpuáó,' veirí
pé sup 'b'arpuáil é,' áet ír uóúiz líom zo éruil an ceair agau-ra,
z'íó nári éualar-ra aríamí 'b'arri pé mé=hestopt me. [tá an focal
pín coitcéann í z'conuáé Ropcomáin]. Uóubairic pé 'toil a' r'iz'
marí 'toilr'iz,' aon focal amáin, † 'rompla' marí 'riompla.' [íur
marí 'riompla' labairíteari é í z'conuáé Ropcomáin marí an
z'céaóna]. Uóubairic pé zo z'cialluigean 'eapuiiz' [eapuiéna?]
'tarí éir meáóon laé,' agur 'bí palac de, íc.' 'bí pé clúuáizíte
ran áit (de) a píuáó pé clúuáizíte, agur ran áit náe píuáó, ní píuáó,'

The blood of his heart on the point of the dart,
And death on his cold face printed.

At the door of the tomb was a stone of gloom,
Not a hundred men could heave it,
But an angel came from heaven like flame
To raise it and to leave it.

The Magdalen came, and she came in her haste,
To wash his wounds in a minute,
She searched through the gloom of the rock-hewn tomb,—
No trace of the Lord was in it.

She saw by the wall the grave clothes all
Lying empty there, and started,
And timidly asked of the soldier guard
“Where has our Lord departed.”

“I was here,” said the guard, “I kept watch and kept ward,
Why seek ye the truth to smother,
I’ve a nice little cock who boils here in my pot—
And the one is as dead as the other.”

[ní éuisim-re an míniugaó ro], agus veir ré sur ‘magaó,’ ‘veir-
magaó.’”

As rin nóta mo éapao an neactánac, 7 croíuigeann ré com
veacair agus tá ré na rean-vánta ro do cur ríor i sgeairt

blood of his heart going out through his side and every drop of it
flowing across Him | And sure, you would think that he would
never stand.

There was a flag in the doorway, and surely it was so firm | That
a hundred men would not raise it without breaking-it-up | Until
an angel came out of heaven, till he redded the road | And till he
lifted the flag out of their presence.

Mary Magdalene came hastily into it | That she might heal the
wounds of Our Lord | She searched the tomb all round about,
hurriedly | And she did not get one sight of Jesus.

Until she saw the grave clothes ready beside the wall | In the
portion [of the tomb] that the cover was off(?) it was | She asked
timidly, “Are you a man or a ghost(?) | Or where have ye made the
room(?) of our Lord?”

“I never left this place,” said the guard who was watching
him | “And I do not know who would go looking for him | I have
a small little bird of a cock boiling [here] in this pot” | (And they
making a mock of our Lord).

["Tá éinín beas coiliḡ as fuḡaḡ rān ḡcoḡre,"
 aḡeip ré, aḡ maḡaḡ fá n-áir ḡtiḡearna.]
 "S ḡo n-éirḡ an coileac aḡaḡ ar an ḡcoḡre,
 nī réoirān aipéirḡe óéanam.

aḡt o'éirḡ an coileac aníor ar an ḡcoḡre,
 Cḡaḡt ré a óá rḡiaḡán, 'r éuir ré ḡlaḡó ar,
 "m'óón!" ar rān ḡáirḡa, 'r oar nḡóḡ nī ḡan áḡḡar,
 "nī'l ḡar aḡ eip baḡraḡ ar íora."

[ḡḡḡar an mḡaḡoean.]

tá mīre tinn bḡeóḡte, 'r nī beó mé o'á earḡuḡ,
 mḡr reólaḡ tú mé i mbealaḡ a bḡuḡ' mé é,
 Cuirḡó mé báim anḡr ḡac ráḡaḡ 'r ḡac ḡearḡaḡ
 o'á nḡearḡaḡ rān tḡarḡa 'na éliaḡraḡ
 i nḡailḡrḡ tá sé 'n áit a bḡuḡ na h-earḡaḡ,
 iḡ ann rḡo a ḡeḡar tú Cḡíorḡ.†

[ḡeip Cḡíorḡ.]

tá mo ḡeampoll-ra oéanta ḡo naomḡa aḡ reḡar,
 'S an cḡeḡeān éir laraḡ, ḡac taḡḡ oé,
 má buailḡear an éolann nī baḡḡalaḡ o'n anam—
 aḡt ná réanaḡaḡ m'ainm-re éoirḡe.

aḡ rḡ píora beaḡ binn eile ar an o'á mḡuḡe, oḡ
 fuair mé ó mo éaraḡ, aḡnéar nī fáirḡeallaḡ, oḡ

† nī léir é cia oéip o'á líne reo.

"I have a small little bird of a cock boiling in the pot," | Said he,
 mocking at our Lord | "And until the cock rises up out of the
 pot | It is impossible to make a resurrection."

But the cock rose up, away out of the pot | He shook his two
 wings, and put a crow out of him | "My ochone," says the guard,
 and surely not without cause | "There is no use putting a stoppage
 on Jesus."

[THE VIRGIN SPAKE]

I am sick and ill, and I am not alive for want of Him | Unless ye

"I've a nice little cock who boils here in my pot
 While the camp looks on and sees us,
 And until the cock rises out of the pot,
 He never shall rise, your Jesus."

With that the dead cock flew out of the pot,
 And clapped with his wings, loud crowing,
 "Ochone"! cried the man, and his features grew wan,
 "Then Jesus is up and doing."

[SPAKE THE VIRGIN].

"I sicken, I sigh, with longing I die,
 If ye show me not where to find him,
 To put balm in the cuts and the stabs and the wounds,
 Wherewith in his side they signed him."

He is gone where are gone the Apostles, and soon
 In Galilee thou shalt find him.

[SPAKE CHRIST.]

By Peter my Church has been holily built
 With flame of faithful endeavour,
 Though the body be stricken the soul hath no guilt,—
 Confess ye my name for ever.

Here is another melodious little piece about the two
 Marys which I got from my friend Miss Agnes O'Farrelly,

direct me in the way I shall get Him | I shall put balm into every
 stab and every cut | That they have made across in His breast.

In Galilee He is, the place where the Apostles are | It is there
 you will find Christ.

[SPAKE CHRIST.]

Peter has My Church holily built | And faith [or religion] lit up
 on each side of it | If the body be beaten there is no danger of the
 soul | but do not ye deny My name for ever.

fuair é ó garún ós i n-ímpneadh, no i n-árainn
iníon, ní'l fiór agham eia aca.

D'éirigh an dā muire.

D'éirigh an dā mhuire
Dā uair roimh an lá,
Cuasair 'n a' teampoill*
As caoinead a ngráó.

Táinig an t-aingeal
's a coinneall gear 'na láim,
"Sé do deata, 'mhuire,"
Deir Diá móir na ngráir

"Cao éuige naé gcuimhnigeann tú
nuair o'fúlainn tú an páir?
Cao éuige naé gcuimhnigeann tú
nuair o'fúlainn tú an báir?

"Cao éuige naé gcuimhnigeann tú
an trleas nime† tré do láir,
feadair aghur cuimneóad
clann éada aghur ádaim?"

* * * * *

Cuimnigh oim-rá,
a clann ádaim aghur éad,‡
Aghur geobair sib na flaitir
le congnam Dó.

* = cum an teampoill.

† "nuair cuair an trleas nime," buhairt reiréan.

‡ "Éada aghur ádaim," buhairt reiréan.

¹ *Literally*—The two Marys arose | Two hours before the day |
They went to the church | Keening their love.

The angel came | And his bright candle in his hand | All hail, O
Mary | Says the great God of the Graces.

Why dost thou not remember | When thou sufferedst the passion |
Why dost thou not remember—When thou sufferedst the death.

who got it from a young gossoon in Inismuran, or in Aran more, I do not know which.

UPROSE THE TWO MARYS.

Uprose the two Marys,¹
Two hours ere day,
And they went to the temple
To keene and to pray.

There came in the angel
With candle so bright,
"All hail to thee, Mary,"
Said God full of light.

"And dost thou forget it,¹
Thy passion and pain,
And dost thou forget it,
Thy slaying by men?

"And dost thou forget it,
The spear and the threat,
Which no children of Adam
Could ever forget?

* * * * *

Remember me, children
Of Adam and Eve,
And the heavens of God
Ye shall surely receive.

Why dost thou not remember | The venomous spear through Thy side | And so excellently well would the children of Adam and Eve remember it.

Remember me [or, think of me] | Ye children of Adam and Eve | And ye shall find the heavens | With the help of God.

¹ *In this and the next verse it would appear as though the Virgin were speaking and asking Christ how he could be so forgiving as to appear in the world again after the treatment he had received, because none of the mere race of Adam could be so forgiving.*

As ro píopa beas ó'n ngarún céadna:—

a mhúire na ngrás.

a mhúire na ngráir,

a nátair níic Dé,

So geuinné tú

ar mo leas mé. *

So rábálair tú mé

ar gac uile oile

[So rábálair tú mé

toir anam a' r coir].

So rábálair tú mé

ar muir a' r ar tí,

So rábálair tú mé

ar leic na brian. †

Gársa na n-ainseal

Or mo éionn,

Dia móram

Asur Dia liom.

As ro abrán ar fagar de na Ruaircaidib do pór
bean asur do tréig a éiredeam. Níl fíor asam cia
h-é do sinne é, no cia an uair ar iompuiḡ an fagar,
no cia 'i b'é féin. Fuair ear an tán i leabair do
rgríob Seóire Siolla-an-éiois, no Bell i mBairla,
do éomnuis i gCláir-cloinne-mhuir, i scondae
mhuig Eó, asur do bí 'na gacdeilgteoir clírte. Fuair
ré bár so déiseannaó, asur táimis an leabair ro ar
feilb mo éarad an Doctúir Concubair Maguidoir ann

* "mé ar mo leas," duairt reirean.

† Do lean na focail eile seo tar éir an mainn fuar, "Ola
éiríor ar mo éor, teachtair a. Dia i scoinne m'anama," aó
fágaim amac iao

¹ Literally. O Mary of the Graces | O Mother of the Son of
God | That thou mayest put | Me on the-thing-best-for-me

Here is another piece from the same gossoon :—

O MARY OF GRACES.

O Mary of Graces¹
 And Mother of God,
 May I tread in the paths
 That the righteous have trod.

And mayest thou save me
 From Evil's control,
 And mayest thou save me
 In body and soul.

And mayest thou save me
 By land and by sea,
 And mayest thou save me
 From tortures to be.

May the guard of the angels
 Above me abide,
 May God be before me
 And God at my side.

Here is a song upon a priest of the O'Ruaires or O'Rorkes, who married a wife and forsook his religion. I do not know who composed it, nor at what period the priest turned, nor who he was. I found the poem in a book that George Giolla-an-chloig (or Bell, in English) wrote, who lived in Claremorris, in the County Mayo, and who was an expert Irishian. He died lately, and this book came into the possession of my friend, Dr. Conor Maguire, of the

That thou mayest save me | From every evil | That thou mayest
 save me | Both soul and body.

That thou mayest save me | By land and by sea | That thou
 mayest save me | from the flag of pains

The guard of the angels | Above my head | God before me | And
 God with me

ran mbaile céadna, agus ir uaidh-pean do fuair mife é. Ir doig sup rghioib Seoirre Siolla-an-élois é o béal duine éigin, ran mbliadain 1892, oir buo gnat leir gad nuó do capad air agus do éitnig leir do cur rior ann a leabhar.* Nuair bi ré óg do éit ré móran dá faogal i n-iar-Connacht agus i n-áiteaduib iar-gcúlaca eile ag tarrmainz cáirte na tíre ar páiréar, agus 'gá map-ál do'n Uachtaránacht, agus ní'l aon áit a raad ré naé mbeir ré ar tóir na pean aóran, agus do rghioib ré iad ro ann a leabhar do réir map fuair ré iad. Buó beag de rgholáiríuib na Gaedheilge i gConnachtaib do b'feair 'ná é. Ni bréag a ráó go mbuó clú é dá éinead. Go gcúitigib Dia é.

AN SAGART TAÓG O RUAIRC.

Sagart de na Ruaircaig do ghuair leir na caoirig rraé,
ar éar an gaoé o utuait no an cruad-foirtún do'n tír peo é?
naé é peó díol na cruaidge 'r a luaithe a téirdear na daoine i gce,
bhranda éiríora air, buailte, agus é ag cur ruar air do'á éiréad.

Ir cruag liom do éiréad boét a meallad, 'r a rrapad ro 'n tír,
's gan aon duine le n-a éiréadaint no le na bfilléad air.
Lá an trléide do béarfairi rreagairt do éiríora
raoi n-a éiréigean ar éirle do beir agao ran oiré'.

* Ir é peó píora veiréannaé an leabhair, tagann na focail peo 'na díais .i. "chíodnuighe lé mife (sic) Seoirre Siolla-an-élois, ar an m-bóbaile díg, a gcláir-clanna-muirir, an xxvi. lá do'n máirt, MDCCCXCII. Go gcuirib Dia Crios maí oiréann uile a n-veiréad ar mbeata." Agus tagann ann rin an pann ro—

"Gad aon do clúinir no do leigior mó panna bez binn,
atá ríó bheacair a n-gaioúilge caoin
Guídeac ré an taóair an mac 'ran spiorad naomh
Cum raor-bheir do tabairt air anam an té do rghioib."
seorse beil.

¹ This poem about Teig O'Ruairc is the last in his book, and is fol-

same town, and it was from him that I got it. No doubt George Bell wrote it down from the mouth of some one in the year 1892, for it was his custom to put down in his book everything that he met with which pleased him.¹ When he was young he spent much of his time in Iar-Connacht and other out-of-the-way places, drawing charts of the country and mapping it for the government, and there was never a place he would go but he used to be in pursuit of the old songs, and these he wrote in a book according as he got them. There were few better Irish scholars in Connacht. He was, indeed, a credit to his race.

THE PRIEST TEIG O'RUAIRC.

A priest of the O'Ruaircs who departed with the stray sheep!
 Was it the wind from the North, or hard-fortune, that turned him to
 this country?
 Is not this a sufficiency of wretchedness, considering how quickly
 people go into clay,
 The brand of Christ imprinted upon him, and he again giving up the
 Flock!
 I pity thy poor flock, their being deceived and scattered over the country,
 Without anyone to visit them, or to turn them back again!
 On the Day of the Mountain² thou shalt give an answer to Christ
 In the matter of forsaking Him for a consort, to be with thee during
 the night.

lowed by these words, in Irish—"Finished by me, George Giolla-an-chloig, out of the little bó-bhaile in Claremorris, the xxvi day of March, M D C C C X C I I. May God put a good end upon us all at the conclusion of our life" And this verse follows—

"Everyone who shall hear or shall read my melodious little ranns
 They are jotted down (literally "speckled" i.e., put down in black
 upon white) in graceful Irish,
 Let Him pray the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
 To pass a free judgment upon the soul of him who wrote.

GEORGE BELL.

² The Irish expression for the Day of Judgment

naé mairg do rinne ragar de taóy O Ruairc,
 'S leir na Gallaið gur iompúis ré an taobh o tuaié,
 má 'r é laige do éireoinn eug ort iompóó uainn
 Ar an gcarraig rin pheadair ní maib tu buan.

A Dia gléigil go bfeadaíó tu ar pheadaíó an traógaíl
 Ó 'r léir óuit gaé don éolai o'á gcuirrimis óinn.
 naé truaí an té rin do éiríis tu agur do glac le mhaol,
 Gan rphé ar bit aét éadaé lom caite ceíon.

A miz na n-abrtoí a máitear do na daoimib a n-olc
 aét carao go h-aicmigeaé crioite-bmúigte ort,
 muir * nglacfar tu le pheadaé atá lán de loct
 i† n-amairc na bflaitear ir deacair do taóy do óul.

An té do táinig ar páirtear o'á gceannac go daor,
 'S ar émann na páire gur tarraingead fuil a érioite,
 ar a lámái nár gíanna óuit imteadé arur
 ar fearr-a'r-báir beag o'fágaíl de do toil ar an traógaíl.

ir éadtoime céille agur cáite ‡ do bí
 ar an té rin a o'álaií ar aibíó érioirt.
 ní féoir naé bfuil rhead éigin gan caiteam ann do érioite,
 do óearpaó leat gan don rtao, aét carao arír.

A dtair taóy na páirte, naé náirhead a o'imtiíis tu
 a-ngan-éior do do cáirtoib agur anagao an pápa gur mionnaií
 tu,
 má fuair catuagó an traógaíl gíanna buntáirte ar do meallao
 uainn.
 Car arír i otmáé, 7 beíó fáilte ann rna flaitir mómaí.

ní de iargairib érioirt taóy O Ruairc,
 aét ragar do óíol an miosadé a máirtear go buan,
 má carao caol-bean énaoite leat, tana éruaíó,
 sgaol an bealaé léi arír, agur óéan aicmige luat.

* = muna.

† "aét a n-amairc" MS,

‡ "cáite" MS,

Is it not, alas, for him who made a priest of Teig O'Ruairc !
 Seeing it is with the Galls¹ he has turned on the north side,
 If it is the weakness of thy faith that has made thee turn from us,
 On that rock of Peter thou wast never steadfast.

O bright God ! mayest Thou look upon the sinners of the world !
 Since to Thee it is plain, every crime that we throw off from ourselves,
 Is it not a pity yon man who has forsaken Thee and taken up with a
 wife,

Without any fortune but bare worn old clothing.

O King of the apostles, who forgivest to the people their evil,
 But to (*i.e.*, if only they) turn with repentance and contrition to Thee,
 Unless Thou take with (receive) a sinner who is full of evil
 Into a sight of the heavens it is hard for Teig to go.

He who came out of Paradise to buy us dearly
 (Sure upon the tree of the passion the blood of his heart was drawn
 forth),

Out of His hands—was it not abominable for thee to depart again,
 To get a little over-and-above of thy desire in the world.

It is lightness of sense and of chastity that was
 Upon him who stole away out of Christ's habit,
 It cannot be but that there is some root not worn-out in thy heart
 Which shall say to thee to make no delay but to turn again.

Father Teig, my beloved² is it not shameful how thou hast gone
 Without the knowledge of thy friends, and sure thou hast sworn
 against the Pope

If the temptation of this vile world has found an opportunity to
 deceive thee from us

Return again in time, and there shall be a welcome before thee in the
 heavens.

Not of the fishermen of Christ is Teig O'Ruairc,
 But a priest who has sold the Kingdom that shall endure everlastingly,
 If thou hast met a slender woman, withered, thin and hard,
 Dismiss her on her way again, and make a quick repentance.

¹ *i.e.*, the English.

² *Literally*, "Father Teig of the part," in this idiom páirt means love or affection.

17 ԲԱՏԱ ԵՃՈՅ ԵՐԱՆՃԱԼԵ 1 ՄԵՍԻԻՅԷ ԱՆ ԵՐԱՉՃԱԼ,
 ԱՅ ՇՄԻՆՆԱՅԻՑ ԲԵԱԿԻՑ ԱՆՆ Ի ՃԱՅ ԵՆԱԼԱՅ Ո՛Ւ ԾԲԱԿ ԸՆ ԵՐԼԻՅԷ,
 18 ՍԵ՛Ն ԵՐԼՈՒ Է ՍՈ ՇՄԱԻԵԱՅ ԱՐ ԱՆ ՄԵԱԼԱՅ ՆԱՐ ԸՍԻՐ ԲԻԵԱՄ ԸԵԱՐԷ
 ԲԱՐԻ,

no de na caoiriú reactaill a d'éalaidh ar an treud úr éiríocht.

‘Sé peacaó na b’uile do mhúe na gárta
 bí agao ar b’uile le cúmáct an pápa.*
 áct ábhuig do cúpra agur viúltaiú do mháib an tpaógaíl,
 tairmáig do h-úthal agur béiró † gáé cúir o’á n’deamair paon.

Τρέις νο ἑίλε αἰὺρ ταρμαῖς ἄν ρῖτ
 ραοι ὅέιν ἀν τέ νο ἑἑραὸ ὁ' ἄρ ἡεανῆαδ ἡο ὡαοι.
 ἡαδ ὅφουλ ρἑάλα οἱτ ἡαδ ρἑῖοιρ νο ρῡαῖαῖαῖν λεατ ἑοῖῶδε,
 ἁ'ρ ὁ'ν τῡἑαο ρῖν λῖῡτερ ἡο ἡεαῖαὸ τυ ἁῖρ. ‡

1r Էրաճ իօմ առ Բարձա՛ծ ո՞ժ ցալլեա՛ծ Լե մոսօյ,
'Տ ա ճրսած-թորտն ոյօր ճալալօ մե՛ ար ղճարէ արամ,
Ճլար Լեա՛ քաօյ Ծալօրեա՛ծ ճւմ է՛ աճար ճիր
Աջար քօծար քարճալէ անար օ ղլալեար ո՛ւ ղաօմ.

Τρείς ἡμέρας ἔδωκεν ὁ θεὸς ἵνα ἴδῃς τὰς
 ἑσπερίαις τὰς ἀστέρας· καὶ ἡμέρας ἑπτὰ
 ἵνα ἴδῃς τὰς ἡμέρας τὰς ἡμέρας· καὶ
 ἡμέρας ἑπτὰ ἵνα ἴδῃς τὰς ἡμέρας τὰς
 ἡμέρας.

A fásdairt beannuigíte a d'ádhmúig do thréithe
O tsempollí beaodair, a gceasair bhréige,
I r'óiréad náir feadair duit do chúig oir-céille
'S a shionnairé duit-re an lá ann a n-éasrair,

Ann a rínfeadh ríor do Éolann bhréagad
 Ann fan uaisle as beathúgadh é péirte
 'S naé uciucraíó do gáolra aghír do u' f'éadaint,
 U'fhuirra aithe doim-ra || go maib tu [as] caillleam' do céille.

* "Δη ὅρα νομήτα," MS.

† "bi" MS.

‡ Λαβαριτσαρ αν ποκαλ πο 50 minic ι 50connactaid μαρι "αμιντε,"
 asur ip an-am veirtesar e 5an τ πο cur leir. ι. "αμιντ."

Long is poor Teig bound in the trouble of the world,
 Gathering sin in every road to which he has found the way,
 He is of the seed that was scattered on the wayside, that never put
 under it a proper root,
 Or he is of the stray sheep that have wandered away out of yon flock
 of Christ.

It is the sin of adultery that has quenched the graces
 That thou haddest at the first, through the power of the Pope,
 But change thy course, and refuse (give up) the women of the world,
 Come humbly, and every turn that thou hast committed shall be free
 (forgiven).

Forsake thy consort, and come without pause
 Unto Him who was crucified to buy us dearly,
 Is there not a seal upon thee, that it is impossible to ever separate
 from thee,
 And from yon flock of Luther mayest thou return again.

I pity the O'Ruairc who has been lost by a woman,
 And his (*i.e.*, such) hard fortune I have never heard of (falling on) a
 priest.

Proceed, under trouble, to thy Father again,
 And thou shalt receive redemption down from heaven of the saints.

Forsake every crime of thy sinful way,
 And receive a settlement in eric for thy unrepentance.
 Small is the value of all of the (fortune of) life that has succeeded
 with thee,

And dismiss from thee henceforth yon flock of Luther

O blessed priest that hast turned thy accomplishments
 From the Church of Peter, teaching lies,
 It is plain that all thy lack of sense was not evident to thee
 Considering how near to thee is the day in which thou shalt die.

In which thy lying body shall be stretched down
 In the grave, feeding the worm,
 And thy kin shall never come again to visit thee;
 It was easy for me to know that thou wast losing thy sense!

‡ "a beaóéaib." MS.

|| "óopa," MS.

O! rúo é an lá, mo cneac-máirne! go mba léir dúit
 Súd a nvearthaíó tu ariam de peacaíó' ar trosaí ro,
 Tuicfaíó uíonḡ * málleuḡte na láime cléite
 Ar dáé an ḡuail, a' ḡḡeadaíḡ 'r aḡ béicil.

aḡ cómpac,† 'r aḡ leaḡan milleáin ar a céile,
 nī béiró ceao ḡaoḡta‡ aca na reunta,
 béiró a ḡcōirḡeadaḡ ḡḡríoḡta i ḡcláir a n-éadain,
 an t-olc 'r an maic, 'r iao ḡḡríoḡta i n-éinḡeart. §

ḡeac arḡeac ann ḡna cḡríoḡaib béiḡeannaḡ'
 'S i ḡḡocalaib cḡuaíó an "Recantation,"
 Déan do caḡaíó leir an acair O Laoḡaíre,||
 'S muna nḡéanaíó ḡin maic dúit, ní'l neaḡe aḡain ḡéin oḡe.

Ni léir dām cao é an "Recantation" air ar labair
 an dān ruar, aet tá an focal céadna i n-abrán eile
 do éualaíó mé, cómpaíó ioir beirḡ mnaoi. Faraor
 naé bḡuil an t-iomlán de'n abrán airḡeac ḡreanna-
 mail ro aḡam, aet deir an tḡean-cailleac ḡḡotartúin
 leir an tḡean-caillḡ ḡaeḡealaḡ.

Dúiltaiḡ do na h-acair (P) rin
 * aḡur reun an cḡeirḡeam ḡaeḡealaḡ.
 aḡur iompuiḡ leir na ḡḡotartúin
 aḡur léiḡ do Recantation.
 béiró ḡiúntar aḡ do family,
 aḡur buaḡaetáil aḡao t'ḡéir rin,
 ḡeoḡaíó tu deirḡ o'n n Government
 nī h-ionnann a'r luct na deirḡe.

Iḡ uóḡḡ ḡur dúiltaiḡ an dean ḡaeḡealaḡ do'n
 éuireaḡ ro, aḡur ḡur dūḡaíḡe ḡí ruo éiḡin ar ḡon an

* "An uíonḡ" MS.

† "Cōirḡeacān" MS.

‡ "ḡaoḡaíó ácaó" MS.

§ ḡḡḡríoḡtaḡ an líne ḡeo le peann-luaḡe maḡ leanaḡ, "an t-olc
 aḡur an maic a n-eanaet ḡḡríoḡtaḡ." Iḡ miḡe o' aḡuiḡ i.

|| "Father O'Leary," ran MS.

Oh ! that is the day—my morning spoil !¹—in which shall be plain to thee

All that thou hast ever done of sin in this life,
The accursed troop of the left hand shall come,
Of the colour of coal, screaming and roaring.

Fighting, and laying blame upon one another,
They shall have no leave of freeing (themselves) or denying.
Their crimes shall be written on the forehead of their faces,
The evil and the good, and they written together.

Look into the "Final Ends,"²
And into the hard words of the "Recantation,"³
Make thy complaint to Father O'Leary
And unless that do thee good, I have no help for thee myself.

It is not plain to me what is the "Recantation" of which the above poem speaks. The same word occurs in another song that I heard, a dialogue between two women. Unfortunately I have not the whole of this curious and amusing song, but the Protestant old woman says to the Gaelic old woman :—

Refuse those ways (?)
And deny the Gaelic faith,
And turn with the Protestants
And read your "Recantation"
There will be respectability in your family,
And victory for you, after that,
You will get a nice job from the Government
Not all as one as the people who beg.

Apparently the Gaelic woman refused this invitation, and said something on behalf of her own religion, for the

¹ A common Irish idiom meaning an intensified "Alas" !

² Probably the poem of that name, a portion of which I have already given.

³ This is not plain to me.

creidim do bí aici, óir d'fheadair an tsean-béan eile
 arís í, aς cup i gcéill dí cía an fórt creidim é rin,
 dar léi féin!

má múineadar do lesson duit
 níor fofgail ríad do fúile,
 níor léig tu rian do "Cepament,"
 ná focal de na h-úgair.
 Tá mbeir do pócaib lán aςa
 ní baogal náé bfuigfeá maiteamhar,
 Tá mbainfeá ceann de phiotartún
 Seodair tu absolution!

Don bpeáς é reo, ir tpuas san an t-iomlán de
 aςam.

Níor b'é an ragaric Taos O Ruairc amáin do
 meallaó le mnaoi. Ní meapaim go bfuil don abrán
 níor coitcéionnta i gConnaéctuib ó tuait, ná an
 "Cairioeac Bán" no an "Bráicair Buairdearta." Ir
 iomda duine cuair cuir de'n abrán tpuaisméileac
 ro uair, aςur cuir mé le céile é ó na cóipeannaib
 éagraimla do fuair mé ó béal na ndaoine, aςur ó'n
 gcóip do fuair mé i leabair Seóirre Siolla-an-éiois,
 aet creidim go bfuil dá abráin, no tri cinn, meapcta
 le céile ann ro.

an caisioeac bán no an bráicéirín buairdearta.
 A daoine, an tpuas lib an bráicéirín buairdearta,
 atá d'a puasao anonn 'r anall,
 meapct gleannta doirca aςur pléibte uaisneac,
 go ndearnaó sual d'a cpoirde 'na láir.*

* Aς ro mair fuair mé an dá ceatnamáin reó ó duine eile.
 buacail buairdearta mé, cuiread ar fuasao
 aςur cuiread puais oim anonn 'r anall,
 i ngeall ar cailín tá m'innitinn buairdearta
 aςur minnead sual de m' époirde ann mo láir.
 báitead mo suala go sti mo éluara
 aςur fuair mé puasao glan géar ó'n mbár,

other old woman answered her again, giving her to understand what kind of a religion that was, according to her own idea of it.

If they taught you your lesson
 They did not open your eyes,
 You never read the Testament
 Nor a word out of the authors,
 If you had your pockets full
 There is no fear but you would get forgiveness,
 If you were to cut the head off a Protestant
 You could get absolution !

This is fine satire. I wish I had the whole of it.

It was not the priest Teig O'Ruairc alone who was deceived by a woman. I think there is hardly any song better known in North Connacht than the Caisideach Bán [Cosh-ă-dăch Bawn] i.e., the Fair-haired Cassidy, or the "Troubled Friar," as it is also called. Many is the person from whom I have heard parts of this sorrowful song, and I have put it together from the various versions which I got from the mouths of the people, and from the copy which I got in the book of Seóirse Giolla-an-chloig; but I believe there are two songs, or even three, mixed up together here.

THE FAIR-HAIRED CASSIDY,

OR

THE TROUBLED FRIAR.

Friends, are ye sad for the troubled Friar,¹
 Scorched by desire and blight of soul,
 Roaming through valleys and lonesome mountains,
 While all his heart is a kindled coal.

'S ní'l tuine a éualaro mo rgeat an uair rin
 nár óubairc go mbuó tpuag boét an Cairioeac Bán.

¹ *Literally:* O people, do ye think him a pity, the troubled friar | who is being routed backwards and forwards | amidst dark valleys and lonely mountains | until a coal has been made of his heart in his middle.

'D'at mo ghuilne go dti mo éluara,
 Agus fuair mé fuasgað glan géar ó'n mbár,
 ní'l duine do éalaid mo rgeal an uair rin
 náir duðairt go mbuð truaḡ é an Cairbreac bán.

Ir rúo í riar, an eala glézeal
 Agus í coin gleurta le mnaoi an rúḡ,
 An oirde muḡað í ar bhoionn a mátar
 i gcoinne mo báir do éainis rí.

Náir ruairac 'na h-éagmair dá b'ásgaionn éire
 A'r mé 's mo féanad ag mo éairuib ḡaol,
 A'r tu ḡ mo mairbaid le do ḡean, a r'péir-dean,
 a éuaid mé [o'á] h-éilidḡað agus nac b'fuirgionn.

Ni ar r'léiduib r'raoié a diúear mo mian-rá *
 Acé i ngleannuib doibne mbionn meaf ag fáir,
 ba agus laoiḡte agus b'ric na r'ḡaioitib
 C'mitneacé buiúe agus eórna bán.

Bíonn mil ar luachra agus im ar uachtar
 A'r i lár an fuaét' bíonn na ba r'aoi báir,
 'S dá mbeinn-re c'piona beit m'áruir véar ca
 agus mil o'á taoḡmað ag mo muiuinín bán.

Nac b'raoac b'réagac cuiread i gcéill di
 Nac b'rápann féar ann ran áit a mbim,
 Nac oirḡ ó'n ngealaig a roillre b'réige
 'S nac lapann réalta ann ar feara na h-oirde' !

* Tá an ceathrú rō, 7 an ceathrú leanar, ann ran adrián
 "An corru-šliad" mar an gcéanna, agus i n-adrián ar a oirgann
 ríad "An muileann bán" i Ariann.

My shoulders have swelled to my ears | and I have g't a clear
 sharp warning from death | there is not a person who heard my
 story at that time | that did not say that he was a pity, the Fair-
 haired Cassidy.

Yonder she is, back there, the bright-white swan | and she as well
 dressed as the wife of the king, | the night that she was born from
 her mother's womb | it was for the purpose of my death she came
 [*This verse occurs also in the song of the "White Mill" in Aran*]

Were it not miserable, without her, if I should get [all] Ireland |
 and I being denied by my friends and relatives | and you killing
 me with your affection, O sky-woman | whom I went to ask for, and
 might not get.

His ears are shrunk to his rounded shoulders,
 And death has called him with one loud call,
 And not a man who has known his story
 But says "Alas ! for the Bráthair Bán."

Saw ye her passing, the swan so slender,
 Graceful and tender and queenly bright,
 Alas ! the day that her mother bore her,
 Fate set before her my death and blight.

What were, without her, the whole world's riches,
 When she bewitches, I all forget,
 You are killing me, love, with your love. I met you.
 I tried to get you. I could not get.

On no wild mountain, but in a valley
 Fruitful and happy, my love shines bright,
 Where trout are leaping and calves are lowing,
 And red wheat growing, and barley white.¹

Where the rush drops honey, the cream makes butter,
 And no cold comes from the skies above.
 Had I been prudent I might be in it
 And pouring honey for her I love.

Oh ! false and cruel the things they told her,
 That where I rove no grass will grow ;
 That the moon keeps back her borrowed light
 And the stars of the night refuse to glow !

Not upon mountains of heather does my desire (love) be, | but in
 delightful valleys in which fruit is growing, | cows and calves and
 trout in shoals, | yellow wheat and white barley.

There be's honey on the rush and butter on (the) cream, | and in
 the midst of the cold the cows are fruitful, | and if I had been wise
 my abode would be made, | and my fair love would have honey
 pouring-out-abundantly.

Was it not meanly and lyingly she was given to understand | that
 no grass grows in the place where I be, | that there comes not from
 the moon her false beams [i.e., beams borrowed from the sun] | and that
 no star gleams throughout the night.

*This verse and the next are found in various songs ; I have heard
 them often. There are verses like them in the song of the " Curlew
 Mountains " and the Aran song called the " White Mill."*

Go n-éalaig an fuaét a' r' tear na shéine,
 Go n-éasraio éirí ran muir san bhaon,
 Go n-éirig' an fairsige or cionn na pléibte
 Go b'rác ní féanrao cuir mo éiríoe.

Sigín (?) láigac a' uisge mé shiáó ví,
 An bean ir áille na bairtíó í,
 Tá các o'á shiáó gur bairtíac na m-ra
 má leasaim lámh ar a b'ollac mín.

Ní'c cōir ná cáin im' a' shiáó ran áit reo
 áet rúigrao a' r' meadóir, 'r go n'asdaim ponn,
 A' p'odail áetacis fairsigeim t'rác oib
 An milleann shiár beic oéanaí shiunn.

Lá o'á'ir éirígear f'aoi'n scoill éiríodais
 O' carao oim f'péir-bean a' r' í buairc enó *

* * * * *

Nac oic na t'péirre éig im' innninn
 Cui f'péirre ar mo shánaisíteoir! †

* * * * *

* níoir f'p'íóó Seóirre mac Shiolla-an-clois an éiríoe eile de'n
 ceat'raimain ro; áet a'z ro mairi éualar é ó f'ean-fear de muinnnir
 palamain do bí i g'cairleán Riabac i g'conaoé Rorcomáin,
 bliadóanta ó f'oin—

O'áetir mé léi go mba b'ráetir Oé mé
 S go n'óanraí a h-éirteact ar cúpla póg.

asur lean an ceat'rama eile reo nac uisgann Seóirre mac
 Shiolla-an-clois ar éoir ar bit.

O'úmlais an cúilfionn dam ar a glínaib
 asur palaoir, minnear an nio náir éoir,
 Oir buo é an b'p'eammar-aitirge bí ar an gcúir rin
 Gur goir mife uairi rúicra a póg.

o'áetir mé an line oéirreannac, mife beag.

† níoir f'p'íóó mac Shiolla-an-clois an o'á line eile de'n
 ceat'raimain reo, asur ní cuairt mé féin arimain iao.

Till the Cold and Heat of the Sun shall depart, | till the fish shall
 die in the sea without a drop (of water), | till the ocean shall rise over
 the mountains, | I s'iall not deny for ever the portion (love) of my
 heart.

But till the seasons are passed for ever,
 Till sea and river are all gone dry,
 Till the onset of ocean the rocks shall sever
 This heart shall never its love deny.

I gave my love, until then a stranger,
 To her, the fair one of all the land,
 Now each one tells me of death and danger
 From laying my hand in her snow-white hand.

Ah ! men have nothing to say against me
 Except my mirth and my gift of song ;
 Tell me, good people, is grace made little
 By things like these—that ye make them wrong ?

That day I walked in the leafy green-wood,
 And met her picking the nuts so brown.¹

How evil the thoughts of my hid desire,
 They anger my Saviour, they weigh me down.²

Courteous Sigrín (?) to whom I have given love, | the most beautiful woman in the villages she, | everyone is saying that it is dangerous for me | if I lay my hand upon her smooth bosom.

There is neither crime nor fine against me in this place, | but mirth and merriment, and that I sing an air. | O friendly people, I ask (this) time of you, | does it destroy grace to be making mirth?

On a day that I arose beneath the branchy wood | I met the sky-like woman and she picking nuts |

Are they not evil, the ideas (*literally* "*accomplishments*") that come into my mind | putting anger upon my Saviour. |

¹ Séoirse Giolla-an-chloig, did not write the rest of this verse, but the completion of it, as I have heard it orally, is as follows, "I told her that I was a friar of God, | and that I would hear her for a couple of kisses." | According to a version I heard from an old man named Fallon, who used to be in Castlerea, in the County Roscommon, another verse followed this.~ "The coolin bowed down to me on her knees, | and alas ! I did a thing that was not right, | for the penance that was in that case | was that I stole from her the sugar of her kiss"

² He did not complete this verse either, and I have never heard it orally.

mo éiríodh go bráthar má ghróim níor mé é
 go dtéid mé i gcóir na rínte i gcill,
 agus cuirim impiúe ar n-ig na glóiríe
 na peacaíod mór na ro tógáil díom.*

Cuireann rḡéal an bhráthar buairdeartha do cuireadh ar mife le grádh do mhaoi, rḡéal ar rḡasart eile ann mo éumne. Do cuireadh an rḡasart eile seo ar mife go míorbúilead, má'r fíor do'n rḡéal, agus níor dúine cionntaí do bí ann, aít leat-naomh. I'r maít an rompla an rḡéal ro ar an gcaoi a n-iompuiḡeann na daoine iuto nádhúirda go iuto míorbúilead ann a n-inn-tinnib féin, d'a d'eiriuḡadh agus d'a ḡleuraí fá éulaíod ionḡantaisḡ. Fuair mé an rḡéal ro ó írḡóinriar O Concubair, agus fuair reirean é ó fear da'r b'ainm Tomár ḡruairc—buí é rin an t-ainm do tug fé daím-ra—láim le loc-ḡlinne i ḡConḡae Rorcomáin. D'aḡruisḡ me na h-ainnneadaí ann ran rḡéal ro, oir tá cuí de na daoine beó fóir, mar éreíom. Ní'l an áit aít cúis nó fé de míltib óm' áit-cóinnuirdé féin.

* Do méir cuma eile atá ar an adhrán, do fóir an bhráthar an bean, oir aḡ ro dá deatḡamhain eile de'n adhrán mar éulaíod mife iad ó'n bḡalamnaí.

Do bí bean-uairí real d'a luadh liom
 agus cuir mé fuar dí, céad rairíoir ḡeair i
 agus fóir mé an rḡuairc-bean na mala ḡruama
 Do rinne ḡual díom, i láir mo éleib.

Dá mbeir an chance rin ar éairíann an teampóil
 beirínn ran am rin ar mo cómairle féin,
 aít, anoir, tá mé cailíte a'r ní'l ḡar i ḡcaint oim
 agus beirí mo élann doct aḡ ḡol mo d'éirḡ.

Éulaíod, i ḡríomáí líne na céad deatḡamhain fuar, i n-áit "na mala ḡruama" na focail "ran mbailé ḡruama," agus ó dúine eile na focail "aḡ bonn na Cḡruaíte."

If I do it, may ruin and death come o'er me,
 And the coffin open to take me in,
 But I pray this night to the King of Glory
 To lift from my soul its load of sin.¹

The story of the troubled friar who was driven mad by love for a woman brings to my recollection the story of another priest. This other priest, however, was driven mad miraculously—if it is true for the story—and he was not a guilty but a half saintly person. This story is a good example of the way in which people change a natural thing to a miraculous one in their own minds, ornamenting and dressing it up under a garment of wonder. I got this story from Próinsias O'Connor, who got it from a man of the name of Thomas Gruaire—that was the name he gave me—who came from near Lough Glynn in the County Roscommon. I have changed the names in this story because I believe there are some of the people alive yet. The places spoken of are only five or six miles away from where I am writing.

My destruction may I find, if I do it any more | until I go into a coffin, stretched in the churchyard, | and I put my request to the King of Glory | to lift from me these great sins.

¹According to another version of this song, the friar married the woman, for here are two other quatrains of the song as I heard them from Fallon.

There was a lady once on a time betrothed to me (*i.e. the Virgin*),
 And I gave her up, a hundred times bitter alas !
 And I married the hard(?) woman of the gloomy brow,
 Who has made a coal of me in the middle of my breast.

If that chance had happened at the threshold of the Church
 (*i.e., before I was ordained a friar.*)

I would have been then at my own disposal,
 But now I am lost, and there is no use in talking about me,
 And my poor children shall be weeping after me.

AN SAZART CHUAIÓ AR MIRE

Níor mó ná deic mbliadain agus dá fícead ó foim
bí muilleoirí dar b'ainm Donncaó O Riain 'na cóm-
nuíde i mbaile beag air a dtugann ríad
i bpoisreadt míle do . . . i scondae Ror-
comáin, agus bí muileann aige i ngar do'n bótar.

Bí Donncaó na cnapall [mairtínead] ó'n am ar
cuir ré an muileann ar bonn.* Deir daoine go
dtáinig sruagad beag ruad cuige don oíche amháin
nuair bí ré ag priocad na bñón-muilinn, agus sur
leis ré do ceann de na clocaib móra tuitim air,
agus sur ab é rin do cnapall é. D'fearmúis an
fearín beag sruagad dé, "Cia aca ir fearín leat,"
ar ré, "do bean, do mac, ná tú féin do beic ar
mire?"

"Ní'l agam aic don mac amháin agus ní'l baogal
mire air, tá ré ran scoláirte anoir agus beic ré 'na
fagar fad ceann míora, agus maidir le mo mnao,
'rí an bean ir ciallmair ann ran bparáirte í."

"Ir maic an rgeulúde an ainm," ar ran fearín
beag ruad.

Bí go maic agus ní raib go h-olc. D'imtis mí
tar, agus táinig Eógan mac Donncaó Uí Riain
a-baile 'na fagar. Bí fáilte móir roim an ádair
Eógan, ní h-é amháin ag a ádair agus a mádair féin
aic ag h-uile duine ann ran gcómairpanaict, mar bí

* ní abriann an rgeal é, aic ir folluad sur cuir ré an
muileann ar bonn i n-ait do bí ag na Daoimib maice [na Síveóga]
oíob féin, 7 sur cuir ré fearg oíra.

¹ He had evidently built the mill on a spot that the "good people"

THE MAD PRIEST.

More than fifty years ago there was a miller of the name of Dennis O’Ryan living in the little village of . . . within a mile of . . . in the County of Roscommon, and he had a mill near the road.

Dennis became a cripple from the time that he founded the mill.¹ People say that a little red *gruagach* or wizard came to him one night when he was pricking the quern of the mill, and that he let one of the great stones fall on him, and that it was this that crippled him. The little wizard man asked him, “which do you prefer,” says he, “your wife or your son or yourself to go mad?”

“I have only one son, and there is no danger of madness on him; he is in the college now and he will become a priest within a month, and as for my wife, she is the most sensible woman in the parish.”

“Time is a good story-teller,” said the little red man-*een*.

It was well, and it was not ill. A month went by, and Owen, son of Dennis O’Ryan, came home a priest. A great welcome was before Father Owen, not only from his father and mother, but from every one in the neighbourhood, for himself and his father and mother were greatly respected

or fairies, *i.e.*, the *sídhéoga* or Tuatha De Danann themselves, lived in, invisible, of course, and unknown to men-folk. They had probably given him a warning to desist from his work, and he had neglected it. This is the suppressed premise of the story, but all Irish speakers would supply it for themselves as something self-evident

ré féin ašur a ašair ašur a mášair faoi mear mór. An céad Dóinnac, tar éir teacé a-baile úd, léig ré aifionn i 'steac-pobuil. . . . —buó é rin a céad-aifionn, acé mo léan! buó é an t-aifionn veimó dá'ir léig ré miam. An oirde rin féin táinig mipe air. Fuair ré páirí 7 fáoil ré ršorac a mášair do šearpaó. Ar maidin, lá ar n-a márac, ršóc ré h-uile šreim éadaiš do bí air, ašur ar šo brát leir, tríó an tír, ašur é lom-nocta, ašur leabair mór do ršríob ré féin i nšaeóilš ašur i laioion ar mullac a éinn.

Bí an t-ašair lionta le brón ašur le bupradó cporde, ašur nuair éualaid an mášair an moct a páib a h-aon-mac ann, bí rí féin beag-nac ar mipe, com maid leir. Cuiread rearbóšantuiše i noiaiš an ášair éóšan, ašur tugad ar air é, acé bup ré uata arír, ašur arír eile, 7 b'éigin dóib cead a éinn do tabairt do faoi veiread.

Ni coirdeólad ré áit ar bit acé ann ran muileann ašur ni áitfead ré šreim bíó ar bit acé min ašur biolar, ašur ni paóad ré a coólad šan an leabair mór faoi n-a ceann. Ir minic faoil na daoine an leabair do šoir uaid, acé níor féadadar, ašur ni ršarpad ré leir, cor ar bit.

Buó šnát leir dul šo páirc mór, i bpoisreacé leit-míle do'n muileann a páib šo leór caoiriž ašur uain innti. Šuiread ré ríor i lár na páirce ašur ni páib caora ná uan innti nac mbeir cpuinnigše 'na timcioll, ašur coruigead reirean aš leigead dóib ar an leabair mór, ašur feard ríad aš éirteacé leir šo mbeir ré páruigše. Ann rin do

The first Sunday, after coming home of him, he read Mass in the chapel of . . . , that was his first Mass, and, my grief! it was the last Mass ever he read. That very night madness came upon him. He got a razor and thought to cut his mother's throat. In the morning, the next day, he tore every bit of clothes that was on him, and off and away with him through the country, and he naked, and a great book which he had written himself in Irish and Latin on the top of his head.

The father was filled with grief and with heartbreak, and when the mother heard of the way in which her only son was, she herself almost went distracted as well as he. Servants were sent after Father Owen and he was brought back, but he broke from them again, and yet again, and at last they had to give him his own way.¹

He would not sleep in any place except in the mill, and he would not eat a morsel of food at all except meal and watercress, and he would not go to sleep without the great book under his head. It was often the people thought to steal the book from him, but they were not able, and he would not part with it at all.

It was his custom to go to a large field within half a mile from the mill, in which there were numbers of sheep and lambs. He used to sit down in the middle of the field and there was never a sheep or a lamb in it that would not be gathered round him, and he used to begin reading to them out of the great book, and they used to stand listening to him until he would be tired. Then they used to come, each one of them, and lick his hands.

¹ Literally "give him the leave of his head."

tigeadó gac don aca, agus do ligeadó ríad a lámha. Bí fear dár b'ainm peardar. O Ríordain as éirteadót leir don uair amáin, a-gan-ríor dó, agus tús ré a-baile leir an treannmóir do cúlaidé ré an t-áchar. Eóghan d'á tabairt dona caoiréid.

"I n-ainm an áchar an míle agus an Spioraid Naomh. Amén.

"Éirí uom, ríð-re atá gan peacadó. Tá ríð faoi cúram Dé. Tá fear 7 luibeanna as fáir d'aoib, agus tá cúlaidé deir bán oiraid le buir gcongmáil teit agus tirm. Agus ní'l don bpeiteammar oiraid i n'oidis buir mbáir. Tá ríð níor rógna 'na clann Éad do rugadó i bpeacadó, agus beit ríad d'á n'óghadó i tteine móir i n-irrionn go ríorruide tar éir a mbáir, muna mbeit gur cuir Dia, Rígh an Domáin, a don Mac anuar ar fáitear le rompla agus le teagars do tabairt dóib, agus le n-a fábáil. Adt feuc an cúitiugadó túsadair dó ar ron á t'rioblóide. Mar-laiḡeadair 7 buaileadair é, agus áiteadair r'rugairle ralaé ar a éadan ró naomta. Cuireadair c'róin dealgac ar a ceann, agus b'ruis ríad ríor i go d'aision [d'ainḡean] air; agus 'na d'iais rin c'rocadair é ar c'pánn. Adt nuair bí ré as fáḡail báir d'iar, ré ar a áchar maiteammar do tabairt dóib i n'oidis na t'rioc-úraro túsadair dó, óir do rinne ré iad ann a d'eilb féin, agus áirbeán ré dóib a móir-cúimácta le míorbúilteib ar an t'raoḡal ro. B'rait lúdar b'raoac é, agus ceil peardar an t-earbal é, adt 'na d'iais

³ The Irish when speaking English feel the want of a distinctive plural form for "you," "your"—these being now used as singular

There was a man of the name of Peter O'Riordan listening to him once, without his knowledge, and he brought home with him the sermon that he heard Father Owen giving to the sheep.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"Listen to me, ye that are without sin. Ye are under the care of God. There are grass and herbs growing for ye,⁸ and there are nice white garments upon ye, to keep ye warm and dry. And there is no Judgment for ye after ye'r death. Ye are more happy than the children of Eve who were born in sin, and who would be a-burning in a great fire in hell for ever after their death, were it not that God, the King of the world, sent His only Son down out of Heaven to give them example and doctrine, and to save them. But behold the requital that they made Him for His trouble. They abused Him and they smote Him, and cast foul spits upon His very-holy face. They put a crown of thorns upon His head and bruised it down tightly upon Him, and after that they hanged Him upon a tree. But when he was dying He asked His Father to grant them forgiveness after all the ill-usage that they had given Him for He made them in His own image, and He showed to them His great power with miracles in this world. The thief Judas betrayed Him, and Peter the Apostle reneagued

forms, and they very sensibly make it out of "ye" and "ye'r." It is a wonder the English have not long ago followed their example.

rin tuis ré eochraí fíaitir dó, agus buí é an céad
 pára, agus cuir ré ar bonn an eaglais átoilcead
 le n-ár dtreóruí i mbealaí na ngrá; agus ní'l
 badoí ar an té leanfar dí, aót mo bhrón! ní'l móran
 as leanamaint dí!" Dubairt ré móran eile de'n
 tróirt céadna leir na caoraí.

An tráthóna rin carad an ragar parráirte ar an
 ádair Eógan O Riain, agus torais ré as tabairt
 cómairle dó. Aót dubairt an t-Ádair Eógan leir,
 "Coirí do beul! Is peacach gránna tú, atá as cur
 na ndaoine amúg' le troid-pompla."

"Cia an éad?" ar ran ragar parráirte.

"Inneócaí mé rin dúit," ar ran t-Ádair Eógan.
 "Nuair glac tú ordo beannuighe, rinne tú trí geal-
 amna do Dia, mar atá nún faoiríne, seanmhais-
 ead, agus úmal-bóctanar. Anoir atá fíor asad go
 níg-máit naé bfuil tú as congáil do geallamna i
 tdaoib an úmal-bóctanair; óir tá tead, talam, ba
 agus caoirí asad, agus tá na céadta punt asad
 ann ran mbanc. Fuair tú an cirt rin ó na daoib
 bócta, 7 ní'l lá ran treachtain naé bpeiceann tú do
 óm-éireatuiríde beas-naé [as] páigil báir leir an
 oíur, agus ní roinneann turra do fáidbhear leó—ní
 tuisann tú gréim le n'íde dóib. Ná cuir ceirt oim-
 ra go n-áiríú tú do fíge, no dóigirí mé an
 méad féir agus coirce atá i do' oíar, agus páigirí
 mé tú gan capall gan caora."

Buí é ar an mbótar móir dubairt ré an éad réo,
 agus bí tream de daoib as éirtead leir, agus is
 dóig go bfuil cur dóib beo fíor.

Him, and yet after that He gave him the Keys of Heaven, and he was the first Pope, and He established the Catholic Church to guide us in the way of grace, and there is no danger of whosoever shall follow it, but, my grief! there are not many following it."

He said many more things of the same kind to the sheep.

That evening the parish priest met Father Owen O'Ryan, and began to give him some advice. But Father Owen said to him, "Hold your tongue, you are a vile sinner, you are putting the people astray by your example."

"How so?" said the parish priest.

"I'll tell you that," says Father Owen. "When you took sacred orders you made three promises to God, namely, secret of confession, chastity, and lowly poverty. Now you know perfectly well that you are not keeping your promise about lowly poverty, because you have a house and land and cows and sheep, and you have hundreds of pounds in the bank. You got that treasure from the poor people, and there is not a day in the year but you see your fellow creatures almost dying with the hunger, yet you do not divide your riches amongst them; you do not give them a morsel to eat. Put no question to me until you change your ways or I shall burn all the hay and oats that is in your haggard, and I shall leave you without a horse or a sheep."

It was on the high-road that he held this talk, and there were a number of people listening to him, and no doubt there are some of them alive yet.

Ní fácaíod tuine ar bít an t-Ádair Eóghan aš teacé cum an mhuilinn an oirde rin, mar buò gñátaé leir, ašur bí imníde móir ar a ádair ašur ar a mádair, ar eagla šur báirde do bí pé. Nuair bí pé mall [oéig-eannach] ann ran oirde, ašur nuair bí na fearbóróš-antairde uile 'na šcotalaó, fuair an t-ádair lainséir 7 cuair pé cum an mhuilinn. Nuair o'fórgail pé an došur, connairc pé an muileann larta fuar, com lonnraé ašur dá mbuó é an šuan do bí o'á laraó. Buó mipeamail an fear Donncaó O Riain, acé bí faitéir ar dul ardeach. O'fíll pé ar air ašur úirig pé fear eile, fear de na šiolapánais, ašur ruš leir é. Cuair an beirt aca ann rin cum an mhuilinn, ašur nuair cuadair ardeach connadair an t-Ádair Eóghan 'na cotalaó, ašur an leabair móir faoi n-a ceann, ašur peite móir gléšéal 'na fearam ar šac taoib de. Cuir an t-ádair i laige, ašur b'éigin do'n fear eile a iomcáir a-baile leir. Bí pé tinn bpeoirde 'na diaó rin, ašur níor fáš pé an leabair šo ceann trí mí.

Do bíod folur móir ann ran muileann h-uile oirde 'na diaig rin, tar éir a deic a clog, ašur bíod eagla móir ar na daoib riubal ar an mbótar do bí le h-air an mhuilinn, ó cuitead doircaour na h-oirde ; ašur ní cuibrad riad coirce cum an mhuilinn le n-a trinušad no le n-a meilt. Acé do bíod an poť-uirge aš dul tar, h-uile oirde, ašur na cloca aš obair.

Seal šearr 'na diaig rin do cuiread an t-Ádair Eóghan šo teacé móir i mbail-át-cliaé a raib daoine ann do bí ar mipe nó ar a šcéill, acé níor mair pé

Nobody saw Father Owen coming to the mill that night, as it was his custom to do, and his father and mother were very anxious for fear lest it was drowned he was. When it was late at night and when the servants were all asleep, the father got a lantern and went to the mill. When he opened the door he saw the mill lit up as bright as if it was the sun that was shining upon it. Dennis O'Ryan was a courageous man, but he was afraid to go in. He returned and waked up another man, a man of the Gillerans, and brought him with him. The pair went to the mill, and when they entered it they saw Father Owen asleep, and the big book under his head, and a great shining ram standing on each side of him. His father fell into a faint, and the other man had to carry him home with him. He was sick and ailing after that, and never left his bed for three months.

There used to be a great light in the mill every night after that, from ten o'clock on, and the people used to be greatly afraid of walking on the road that was beside the mill from the time that night would fall, and they used not to bring oats to the mill to dry it or to grind it. But the mill-wheel used to be going round every night and the stones used to be working.

A short time after that Father Owen was sent to a great house in Dublin where mad people and people out of their senses were; but he did not live long in it. He died, and

a b'rao ann. Fuair pé b'ar, agus níor mair an t-a'tair
nā an m'atair a b'rao 'na 'diaig. Omuidead-ruar an
muileann, agus níl b'raon uirge as teadt eirge le
b'ia'dantair, a't deir r'ad go gcluineann muinntir
na h-áite an po't-uirge as obair h-uile oirde f'or ann.

. * * * *

As ro d'án eile do fuairéar ó mo capair Tomár
Bairclais do c'ualair é as a m'atair do r'ugad tim-
cioll ceit're m'ile ó b'eal-an-áta i gconradé n'uirge Eó.
Du'dairt r'ire go m'ba g'ná't leó an p'iora ro do g'abáil
ann ran tréipéal h-uile Dóinnad n'uiré b'í r'ire óg.
Triuag' gan leanamaint do'n deag-nór rin anoir!
Saoil m'ire gur loctad tr'uailigite do b'í an d'án ro
aici, agus learuig mé é, mar f'aoil mé, le foelair do
c'ur i r'lab'ra'caib [] cum na linte do d'éanam com-
t'rom, a't fuairéar amad ó f'oin go r'air pé aici beag-
nad i gceart, agus gur d'ainead é ar an leab'ar airtead
rin air ar tr'á'dt mé ceana, an "Rór Spioradálta,"*
leab'ar a b'ruil h-uile f'óirt o'roc-f'ili'deá'dta ann.
D'eirim ann ro é mar do learuig m'ire é, ar na f'ágail
dam ó'n m'Bairclaisgead, óir níor b'ruí morán é mar
tá pé ann ran leab'ar. Tá a lán eile ran leab'ar
a't ni t'ugaim ann ro a't an méad fuair mé ó'n
m'Bairclaisgead.

fáilte a m'atair.

fáilte a m'atair a'r a m'ag'ean,

de'n don 'Dia ann a tr'í,†

a t'eampoill lú't'gáiréad na b'f'laitear,

[A] lóirtín gan catao [coróe'].

* feuc an d'án "Iora Muire 7 Ioseph," r'uar. Do cló'duailéad
coir de'n leab'ar ro, do fuair mé o f'oin óm' capair Dáiti Coimin,
as Muineadán 1835, agus deirtear gur Maiciú O Ceinnirig do c'ur
g'ae'deilt air.

† "Ann a t'ir," du'dairt pé.

¹ See above, the poem of "Jesus Mary and Joseph." A copy of this

the father and mother did not live long after him. The mill was closed up, and there has not been a drop of water coming to it for years, but they say that the people of the place hear the mill-wheel working in it every night still.

* * * *

Here is another poem I got from my friend, Thomas Barclay, who had it from his mother, who was born about four miles from Ballina in the County Mayo. She said that they used to sing this piece every Sunday in the chapel when she was young. A pity that this good custom is not followed now! I thought that she had this poem in a faulty and corrupt way, and I corrected it, as I thought, by inserting words in brackets to make the lines more even. But I have since discovered that she had it almost correctly, and that it was taken out of that curious book of which I spoke before, the "Spiritual Rose,"¹ a book in which is every kind of bad poetry. I give it here in the way that I arranged it when I got it from Thomas Barclay, for it is better than the way it was printed. There is a lot more of this poem in the book, but I only give what I got from his mouth.

WELCOME O MOTHER.

Welcome take O Maid and Mother
From the Godhead's One-in-three,
Holy temple wrought for heaven,
Habitation still to be.²

book which was given me by my friend, Mr. David Comyn was printed in Monaghan in 1835, and it is said that it was "Mathew O'Kennedy" who Irished it.

² *Literally.* Welcome O mother and maiden | from the One God
in his Three (persons) | O joyous temple of the heavens | Tabernacle
not worn-out for ever.

[A] íólaíir gáca tuirirís *

[A] éiríonn páilín ann a ruidé,

a gáiríoin na bpléaríúir

[A] lán-geanmnuidé.

páilte a airc na meáca,

a cátaoirí solaim an rí,

buaíó bairte na bpláitear

an t-óir le teine [i].

[páilte] a lompia úirínn

[páilte] a ílat lán de blát,

[páilte] a míl h-aoibé(?) sampron,

[páilte] éadé úé go brát.

buaíó éarir do'n níac níogua

a rábáil ó [gá] ríot,

ann o maib clann ádaí

[Do bí] geinnte i loct.

An bean naom do toí ré

le beiré ag uíúil a taob',

ionnar naé luigreab

smál peacabó uiríu coróé'.

páilte a gíuan níogamail

aíir a t' uiríonntaigeann an íoir-ílóir,

[Do éadab] veiré gceim ari air,

asur minneabó de'n úmararí feóil. ‡

* "Gáca tuirirís," buairir ré.

† "Ari ron a uiríonntaigeann," buairir ré.

‡ "Rinneabó feóil de'n úmararí," buairir ré.

O solace of every weary one | O palm tree set up | O garden of
pleasure | that art full chaste

Welcome O ark of the law | O throne of Solomon the king |
Victory of the baptism of the heavens ; | the gold (refined) by fire
is she.

Solace of the sick and weary,
 Spreading palm and fragrant tree,
 Garden walled around with pleasure,
 Innocent, and chaste, and free.

Welcome arc of purest judgment
 Throne of David's mighty sire,
 Victory baptized from heaven,
 Gold refined and purged with fire.

Welcome fleece of high protection,
 Welcome O thou blossom-rod,
 Welcome honey-comb of Sampson,
 Welcome house and home of God.

Meet it was the kingly scion
 Should be saved from stain and spot,
 Common to the race of Adam,
 In their sin and shame begot.

Hence He chose her pure and holy,
 On whose breast He meekly hung,
 To the spotless one and stainless,
 Free from stain and spot He clung.

Welcome Sun of regal splendour,
 In whose face a glory burned,
 Backwards, paces ten, revolving,
 Now the Word to Flesh is turned.

Welcome O protecting fleece | welcome rod full of blossom |
 Welcome pleasant (?) honey of Sampson | Welcome house of God
 for ever.

It was right for the Royal Son | to save her from every spot | in
 which the race of Adam was [stained] | which were begot in fault. |

The holy woman he chose | to be sucking her side | so that there
 should not lie | a blemish of sin upon her for ever.

Welcome O regal sun | on whom the true glory turns | ten paces
 went it backwards | and of the word was made flesh.

Cum tuine ábrúgao ó irrionn
 go párréar [seal] an riú,
 [feuc] Dia móir na bflaitéar
 i rtabla ann a lúre.

* * * * *

An lile amearg críonac
 a éruicéioir an t-atair-níne,
 a glan-feult ann ran oíóce
 beiréar folar do'n éruinne.

Suíomó a naoim-muirie
 go h-úinall, ó érioíde,
 na h-uairie caintice reo
 san uíútaó uóib a-choiúó'.

Stiúrmaig do fearbórganta
 go maóarc érioirt na ngrár,
 Suíó oirriann a máigéoean
 ['noir a'r] ar uairi ár mbáir. *

Tá cuio níait béarrmaigéacá ann ran trean-leabair,
 aóe tá ré uile go h-olc. Tá an cuio ir mó de cumta
 le uaoimib nac raib don eólar aca ar fíoir-fíliúeacá
 na ngraeóeal, ir uóig sup tarraingéacó an cuio ir mó
 go beiríeacá ar teangair éigin eile. Ar an áóbar rin
 tá ré mi-binn uroó-bláirca, asur cuio móir de uroó-
 lúrigéce uóí-léigéce. As ro rompla no uó, ar

* As ro cúpla béarra ar an leabair go uíreac mar clóbuair-
 teair iao. Tá a lán eile ran uán ro.

Faite mhathir agus a Maighdion | Don aon Dia dtri
 Teampull luaghir na naingiol | Lostin gan chaoidh.
 Solas gah turseach | crann pailim na sith.
 Gardin a phlesir | Lon geanamnaigh.

* * * * *

Faite Ghrian riahghal | Ar son a dtiontain a nfhioghir
 Deith goeim air ais | Rinnaím feoil do mbreithir.
 Chum a duine ardamb o Ifrion | go Parthus a righ
 Dia mor na bhflaighios | A stabla na iugh (sic).

Man to raise from hell to heaven,
 Opening Paradise for all,
 See the God of worlds unnumbered,
 Lying in a stable's stall.

* * * * *

Lily amongst weeds, a terror
 To the serpent ambush-curled,
 Purest star of deepest midnight,
 Darting light through all the world.

We beseech thee Holy Mary
 Praying humbly here to-day,
 From our canticles and praises
 Turn, thou pure one, not away.

Keep, protect, and steer thy servant,
 Let him dwell with Christ for aye,
 Pray for us we pray thee, Virgin,
 When our soul deserts its clay.

There is a good deal of versification in this old book, but it is all bad. The most of it is composed by people who had no knowledge of the true poetry of the Gaels. No doubt most of it was hastily translated out of some other language. For this reason it is unmelodious, ungraceful, and a great deal of it ill-spelt and unreadable. Here is an

To raise people from hell | to the bright Paradise of the king |
 behold the great God of the heavens | lying in a stable.

The lily amongst brushwood(?) | who shaketh the serpent; | O
 clear star in the night | which giveth light to the universe.

We pray, O Holy Mary, | humbly from our heart | these hours of
 canticles | not to refuse for ever.

Steer thy servant | to the view of Christ of the graces, | Pray for
 us, O Virgin | Now, and at the hour of our death.

“Offic ainnim Iosa.” Glacóann an leabhar “neamh-nuair” (?) ar na pannaibh gearra ro. Cuir na puola bocta ro i gcomparáio le fíor-abhánaibh rriordáilte na n-aoine féin.

“neamnuair” as an nós spioradálta.

Iosa an tra mhusclas tu an mo mheomhair
Bion mo chraoidh air lasamh le gah luaghair,
Ach nuair a thig tu lathair a rare gah maitheis
Bioghain manam ambuil aoribhnis Flaighos.

no aríir:—

Iosa bheir trocaire uaid na cheatha
Soilse ar gceadfaidh lan fhuaran na beatha,
Le fíor sholas bhethaidh tu ar geradh
Ta da thiolcaid os cionn ar fíor iaraidh (!)

no aríir:—

O Iosa glac seilbh air manam a nocht
Agus dibir uainn a hule locht,
Ionas go mbeamh shinn saor o gah innis
Go mblasaidh an saogh'l do thiolcaith bhills.

Tá curó de na “neamnuair” níor binne ’nā iad ro, aet tá an curó ir mó aca dona go leór. As ro cupla ceann de na cinn ir fearr, ríriobta amac asur lictiúste i gearra.

ní bfuil ceól com ráim no molaó com ghrinn,
no as éirteact cluar glór com binn,
ní éis a rnuáineam lb cioróe go brát
an t-ainm mó glóimhar rin, íora ár ngráó.

Asur aríir:—

[A] íora atá mó líonmhar i ngrár,
fuair buairó ar gearra-geata an báir,

example or two from the "Office of Jesus' name." The book calls these short verses *neamhnuair* (?) Compare these poor effusions with the real spiritual songs of the people themselves. '

NEAMHNUAIR FROM THE SPIRITUAL ROSE.

O Jesus when thou awaknest in my memory,
My heart lies fired with every joy,
But when thou comest forward, in the sight (?) of every goodness,
My soul be's as it were [in the] felicity of heaven.

or again—

O Jesus who gavest mercy from thee in showers,
Light our senses, full spring of life,
With true light of life thou art our love,
And thy gifts (?) are beyond our true asking (?)

or again—

O Jesus, take possession of my soul to-night,
And banish from us every evil,
So that we may be safe from every * * * (?)
And that the world may taste thy sweet gifts.

Some of the "*neamhnuair*" are more melodious than these, but the most of them are miserable enough. Here are a couple of the best, properly written and spelt:

There is no music so gentle, or praise so pleasant,
Nor in the hearing of ears voice so sweet,
No heart is ever able to conceive it
That very glorious name, Jesus, our love.

and again—

O Jesus, who art very full of grace,
Who hast obtained victory over the bitter gate of Death.

Ժամանցեան ո՞ չեան քինն չօ լուտ
 Գր իւրօրն ան քին թաքցեան քի.*

1r cormúil go bfuil na ceathranna ro airtuigte
ó'n mhÉapla, ádt tá cúis vánta fíor-gaebealacla i

* The above gives us some notion of the gradual decay of Irish learning and of the artificial translated religious poetry of the beginning of this century, printed, and probably composed by the clergy, who were already becoming Anglicised. But the attempt made about this time to replace Irish religious poetry by English, sounds a lower depth still. Here are some specimens which I find printed and bound up with Irish poems in an Irish MS of mine, with a sheepskin cover, which has the following colophon, "wrote by me John MacMahon, philomath, Dear Island, 1824, in the month of July" The English poems bound up with the Irish MS., were printed in little booklets or leaflets, and appear to be of about the same date. Here is the extraordinary prose preface to one of them entitled,— "A Hymn on the Seven Joys of the Blessed VIRGIN MARY, first to the inspection (*sic*) of the Most Rev. the titular Bishop of Dublin, and published with his approbation" The preface does not speak highly for the bishop's knowledge of English as a literary language. It runs—

“Beloved Brethren, as nothing tends to promote human happiness and the cause of religion so much as the Bibles which are printed upon the wise institutions of the Gospel, because they insensibly warm the will of man into sentiments of Devotion, and a pure desire for the Catholic Faith, so essentially to rise (*sic*) a prospect in our hearts for the dignity of the Christian Religion, for the peace and prosperity of the public in general, and also to frustrate the private influence of ir-religion, I heretofore (*sic*) recommend this Psalm to my people, and hope that every clergyman will recommend it to his flock.”

The poem itself begins, "Dear Christians of Christ's useful (!) name," and here are a few specimen lines from it exactly as printed.—

The second joy this heavenly bride
Felt rising in her breast,
Thro' when Saint Elizabeth cried,
Men or women thou art blest
The Lord is thy womb enshrined
This wound will I restore
To all the world that bliss which man
For her renounced before Hallelujah.

Thy affection draws us closely,
 Our wants, then, Thou dost satisfy.

It is possible that these quatrains may have been translated from English, but there are five poems of a purely Irish

When humbly prostrate on the ground
 You were delivered of a son,
 Three Eastern kings, Messiah's crowned,
 'Tho' in a manger roll'd.
 The fourth joy, this the Virgin kuew,
 Whilst heavenly light unsulted (*sic*).
 Sent down the gospel from the spheret (*sic*)
 To teach a guilty world. Hallelujah.

Another of these English religious poems is called "The Pilgrim's Address," and begins thus—

Glory be to God on high, glory be to him again,
 Glory be to him for ever, and ever, that suffered for all men.
 The Blessed Virgin thus she said, dear Son pray let it be,
 Perform the promises you've made, perform them now to me.
 Glory be to God on high, glory be to him again,
 Glory be to him for ever, and ever, that suffered for all men.
 St. Francis sits at God's right hand, St. Francis sits on high,
 Come to me you children all, for none of you eternally shall die.

* * * * *

All you that's invested in my Cord, all yon that has it on,
 All you that's invested in my Cord, shall follow the holy Lamb.

Here is the first verse of another fragmentary poem on St. Francis.

St. Francis, poor and naked, his penance first began,
 St. Francis, bare and naked, lamenting for his sins,
 St Francis seeking Jesus, till he found his wounds at last,
 O may these wounds be written and engraved upon our hearts

Neither poet, nor printer, nor even bishop seem to have been thoroughly at home in English! These effusions are miserable, compared with the beautiful traditional religious poetry which lived upon the lips of the people in such abundance then, and of which we have been able to save so many specimens even at this eleventh hour.

noipeað an leaðair, an céad céann aca ar piantaib
ifunn, toruigear mar ro :

Beith le ghleacan (?) na dhcharaand (?) tuigh siordhubh,
Dorochadas cruinnigh a niffrion iotrach,*
Nil cuimsiot * dearbh air Fhairsinge a crhaois duibh ;
Na air fhad a dhoimhnat * nil rare no fis air.

Tá naoi sceaṭramna déas ran uán ro 1r é an
uara uán "Cómrað an Anam uamanta leir an
sCorp." Tá naoi sceaṭramna ann. As ro an céad
céann aca, so díreac mar clóbuailéad é :

A Dear an Tanam a gleacamh uime a cliugh chulip (?)
Le heagain threan a neigin dioltais
Narab e do theatha a chuirp mbhallaigh an ghoimh uile ; †
A cru bocht g'irana nar ghraidh an rioghat * mhaith.

1r é an tríoimad uán, "Iarriacṭ ar pṛéim ar
sCṛeirim, i uán." † Tá ceitre ceatramna déas
ann, asur toruigean ré :

Gach molamh Gloir onier is buidheachas,
Do thabhairt don Tronaid fiormhoa dhligḡ muid §
Do athair na Gloir is do mhor mhac Iosa,
Is don Spirod naomh na gras air chach do scaoilaz,

1r é an ceatramad píopa an Dies Iræ, i nṢaeṁeilṣ,
leir an aṭair uearnar O Coláin (?). Tá eólar
asam ar cúis aircuṣṭib de'n uán ro i nṢaeṁeilṣ, ar
a laṣad. Toruigean ré reo :

La na feirge laud (sic) an leurseios,
La mbeidh críocha thríd a cheile,
Mur deir Dablu 'is Tybeala.

* Tabair fá uara nac fonnar an "ach" ann ran rṣorṇac i
scaṇamain an uán reó, acṭ "iotrac" i n-áit "ioctarac," 7
"muṣac" i n-áit "muṣacṭ," 7c. 1r crutugad é ro sur cumad é
i sCúis ulad foir, no 'béir i sconac na mīoc, ar teóramn
cúis ulad.

character in the end of the book. The first one, on the pains of hell, begins thus:—

To be with * * * * (?) of the * * * * (?) thick, ever-black
Darkness gathered in lower hell,

There is no certain supposition concerning the width of its
black gullet,

Nor on the extent of its depth, there is no sight or knowledge of it

There are nineteen quatrains in this poem. The second poem is "The conversation of the damned Soul with the Body." There are nine quatrains in it. Here is the first of them exactly as it is printed :

The Soul says taking upon it * * * * * (?)

With a powerful curse, in the necessity of revenge,

No hail to thee * accursed Body of the evil deed

Poor, vile worm that loved not the good kingdom.

The third poem is entitled, "An attempt at the root of our religion in poetry." There are fourteen stanzas in it, and it begins —

Every praise, glory, honour, and thanks

We ought to give to the truly great Trinity.

To the Father of glory, and his son, Jesus,

And to the Holy Spirit of Grace. which he lets loose upon
everyone.

The fourth piece is the Dies Irae in Irish by Father Bernard O'Calain. I know of at least five translations of this piece into Irish. It begins—

The day of anger, the day of destruction,

The day that countries shall be through other,

As David and the Sybill say.

† = gníom uile.

‡ no maṛ cloḃuaitteap é, "aig so irauht air phreimh ar gere
digh a ndan"!

§ b'eirip "ḃior-mór olizimio"

Is é an t-ádh veirneannac "Dán an Duine Dóiríú,"
do cum an ríogair céadna. Tá veic sceatnaí ann,
as ro an dá ceann torais, ríogíúta amac i sceairt.

Sa nam a ríad mise óg
Is iomra rin póg, ríogair!
Le h-ionmhain na colla ro mhóir
Do tug mé do óg-mháir an tsaoghail.

Is iomra rin teagasg ó'n gcleir
A deiríad liom fein, go fíor,
Dá bpeacainn le toil a' le mein,
Gur b' ionhann 'r dá ndéanfáid 'n gníomh."

Do tug mé an méad ro ar an leabhar rin mar
pompá ar an ríogair ríad mi-ílaictímar tóg-ílaictí
atá ann, óir ní'l duine ann ran míle do connairc an
leabhairín reo no do éualarí tíaict air amháin. Ní
bhuair na daoine don blar ar na píorais reo, 7 ní ríad
ríad coitíonnn; ní éualar ríad don ceann aca aict an
"ríadte a máir" ó beal duine ar bíct.

As ro beannaict an Sgabail mar fuairéar é ó
m' éarair, Norma Dóiríúic, do fuair é ó fear i
SConnacé Muig Eó:

beannaict an sgabail.

Éiríad fuair mé ó máirí íora,
maíguean naomta atá ar neamh,
peacac mé naict ríú mé ríogair,
aict ríad m'anam' le do bhar.

* As ro mar clóbuailtear ran leabhar é —

Sa nam a ríad mise og | Is uime sin póg fa rair | Le hanmhain na
colla ro mhóir | A thug me do oig mhna 'n tsaoghail

Is uime sin teagasg ó'n gcleir | A dearadh liom fein go fíor | Du
bpeacain le toil is le mein | gur bhannan sda ndéanfídh gníomh.

The last poem is the "poem of the Spendthrift" which the same priest composed. There are ten quatrains in it. Here are the first two, properly written out :

In the day when I was young,
 Many was the kiss, alas!
 With too great fleshly affection,
 I gave to the young women of the world.

Mary is the instruction (I got) from the clergy
 Who used to say to myself, with truth,
 If I were to sin with the will and with the inclination,
 That it was the same as though the deed had been done.

I have given this much out of the book as an example of the ungraceful, tasteless stuff that is in it, for there is not one person in a thousand who has seen this book or heard of it. These pieces never became popular on the mouths of the people, for I never heard one of them, except the "Welcome Mother" from the lips of anyone.

Here is the Blessing of the Scapular as I got it from my friend Miss Borthwick, who got it from the mouth of a man in the county Mayo.

THE BLESSING OF THE SCAPULAR.

I have found a garb from Mary Mother,¹
 The Holy Maiden who dwells on high,
 She guards with the hem of her cloak my soul,
 An undeserving sinner I.

¹*Literally.*—A dress I got from the Mother of Jesus | Holy Maiden who is in heaven | a sinner am I who am not worthy to get it | but the health of my soul (be) with thy mantle.

Δ ἡμῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν ὡς ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ!

ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν ὡς ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ. Ἀμήν.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ
 ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ
 “Ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ” :—

Ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

Ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

Ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ

ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν ὡς ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν,

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ. Ἀμήν.

ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ
 ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ
 ὡς ὁ θεὸς ἡμῶν ὁ πατήρ ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ.

* “Ὁ ὢν ἐν οὐρανῷ,” οὐρανῷ ὡς ἡμεῖς σε εὐχαριστοῦμεν.

O powerful glorious blessed Virgin | beneath whose shield I am |
 in the name of the Father who is in heaven | and of the Son who
 suffered the pain.

Powerful, glorious, blessed Maiden,
 Shield me and take me in thy train,
 In the name of the Father who dwells on high,
 And the Son in the sky who suffered pain.

May the Holy Spirit guard us,
 And the Virgin Mary ward us,
 Now and till our latest breath,
 Now and at the hour of death.

Here is another short one which I got from Mac Rury,
 from the county Mayo, which is called the "Bed Dán."

THE BED DÁN.

I stretch in this bed
 As I shall stretch in the tomb,
 A hard confession I make to Thee.
 O God, absolution I am asking of Thee
 For the evil-sayings of my mouth,
 For the evil-thinkings of my heart,
 For the evil-actions of my flesh.
 Everything that I have said that was not true.
 Everything that I have promised and have not fulfilled,
 I give Thee my soul, O Son of God
 Between Thy two hands.

O Blessed Virgin,
 The three angels highest in heaven,
 May they be protecting my soul
 Now and to-night and for ever,
 And at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is another prayer to be said by a person going to
 rest at night. I do not remember from whom I wrote it
 down.

The Holy Spirit strengthen me | and the Virgin Mary guide me |
 now and for ever | and at the hour of our death. Amen.

ΠΑΙΘΙΣ ΝΑ Η-ΟΙΟΥΣΕ.

Σίνριό μέ ρίορ ἀν ἁν ἑαβαίό ρεο
 μαρ [το] ρίναο ἡμᾶς ὅε ἀν ἁν ἡμοίρ.
 ὅματ ὅμιοε το βεῖτ μαρ ῥῥαβᾶ ὅμ;
 ἁ ἡμιοεαν ἡλόμεμαρ μο μίλε ἡμᾶς ἐύ,
 ἁρᾶο μ' ἀνᾶμ' ἑίρ ἁν ὁφλαῖτεαρ ὁ' ῥᾶῡαῖ,
 ἁ ἱορᾶ ἁμιορ το ἁεῡρᾶ ἀν ἁν ἡμοίε,
 ὁ' ῥῡλαῖς να ἁεῡρᾶ ὅγῡρ να μίλτε λοῖτ,
 ὁίβιρ ῡᾶ ὡλε οῖε
 ὁ' ἁ ὁφῡῖ ἁῡ ὅματ ὅμ ἀνοῖτ
 ἱ ὡταοῖβ ἀνᾶμ' ἁγῡρ ἁμῡρ,
 ἀνοῖρ ἁγῡρ ἀν ὡαῖρ μο ὅαῖρ. ἀμέν.

ἁῡ ρο ὡρῡῡῡε εῖλε το ρῡαῖρ μο ἁρᾶ ἡοῡμα
 ὅορῡῡε ὁ ῥεᾶῡαρ Ὁ Ἐοῖν῁ῡῡᾶῡῡ ὁ ἡῡρῡεᾶῡὅν.
 ἡρ ἁοῡῡῡῡ ἱ ἑίρ ἁν ὁρᾶῡῡῡῡῡῡ το ἁῡῡ μέ ἁεᾶνα ῥᾶ' ἡ
 ἁῡὅὅὅὅ "ἁ ὅαῡῡῡῡῡῡῡ να ὁφλαῖτεαρ."

ἡΛΟΙΣ ἁ ἈῡΑῖρ.

ἡλόμε ἡ' ἈῡΑῖρ, ἡλόμε ἡ' ἡμᾶς [εῖε],
 ἡλόμε ἡ' ὅῡα ῡαοῡῡᾶ,
 ἡλόμε ὡ' ἡ ῤῡῡ ὁ' ἡοῡῡῡῡ ἁν ἁμοῖρ
 ἁγῡρ το ἁεᾶῡῡῡῡ να ὡαοῖε.
 μοῡᾶὅ μοῡῡ ἑίρ ἁν ῤεᾶῡ ἑόῡᾶῡ
 'S ἱ μῡῡε μᾶῡᾶῡ ἱορᾶ.
 Ἀ' ῥ ἁ ἡμιοεαν να ροῡῡῡῡ
 'S ἁ ἡμιοεαν να ἡλόμε,
 ἡρ ἑᾶῡ ῡῡὅῡῡ μο ἁρᾶοῖο
 ἁρ ῡαῡὅῡ ἁγῡρ ῡῡᾶῡῡῡᾶ.
 ῡᾶῡᾶῡῡ ῥαοῖ μο ἁοῡῡῡὅ
 ἁγῡρ ἁμῡ μέ ἀν ἁν ἑόῡᾶ,
 ἁγῡρ ἁμῡ μο ἁμοῖὅὅ ἁῡῡ ἁῡῡῡῡ
 ῡο ῡῡῡὅ μέ να ὡόῡᾶ,
 ῡο ὡῡῡὅ μέ ῡο [ὡῡῡ] να ῥῡᾶῡῡ
 ἁρ ῥεᾶὅ να ἡλόμε.

¹ *Literally.*—Glory to the Father, glory to the Son | glory to the holy God | glory to the King who bore the cross | and who bought the people | great praise be to the guiding star | she is Mary, Mother of Jesus.

A NIGHT PRAYER.

I shall stretch myself down on this bed
 As the Son of God was stretched upon the cross,
 The mantle of Brigid to be for a scapular on me.
 O glorious Virgin, my thousand loves thou art,
 The friend of my soul to obtain the heaven
 O Jesus Christ who wast crucified upon the cross,
 Who didst suffer the hundreds and the thousands of wounds,
 Banish every evil
 That is spying for me to-night,
 With regard to soul and body,
 Now and at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is another prayer which my friend, Miss Borthwick,
 got from Peter O'Concannon in Inismeadhon. It is like
 the little prayer which I have given already under the title
 "O Queen of the Heavens."

GLORY TO FATHER AND TO SON.¹

Glory to Father and to Son,
 Glory to God most holy,
 Glory to Him who bore the cross,
 And bought the nations wholly.
 And glory to our guiding star,
 To Mary pure and lowly.
 O maiden of brightness,
 All heaven adorning,
 I cry to thee ever
 Both evening and morning.
 Come to me, guide me,
 And save me from fears,
 And make me repentant
 And wash me with tears,
 And lead me to heaven
 When spent are my years.

And O maiden of the light | and O maiden of the glory | it is to
 thee I make my complaint | each morning and evening.

Come for my protection | and show me the right road | and send
 my heart to repentance | until I shed the tears | until I go to the
 heavens | throughout the glory.

Δὲ πο παρσιρὶν ὁ'ν τσινε σέατνα ἀτά λε γιάτ ἀρ
 γσόρμυζατ το λεαβατὸ θυιτ —

κόριγim an leabaτo seo.

Κόριγim an leabaτo peo

1 n-ainm an αταρ, an mic 7 an Spiopaτo naoini.

1 n-ainm na h-oiuče γεμεατ ρinn,

1 n-ainm na h-oiuče μυζατ ρinn,

1 n-ainm an λαέ βαρτεατ ρinn,

1 n-ainm γαč oiuče, γαč λαέ, γαč eoim, (P)

γαč αιγιλ·ο'ά θρυιλ ann·pna φλαιτ·p.

Ορέατ, τά τύ 'μάτ, α μάται·p?

παρσιρὶν δεαγ eile, α ζήμάτ!

1ρ μαίτ, 1 το παρσιρ, α μάται·p, λε γιάτ.

Τσινε αρι βιτ οέαρπατ το παρσιρ τρι h-uaipe 'oul α čoolατ, γο
 mbeit [α] anam p·ein ann pna φλαιτ·p αρίρ γο βμάč.

Δγυρ μαίτεαιν·p·p λε πάγail

ὁ ριγ γεατ na ηγμά·p.

Δὲ πο τάν eile το čualατ·m·e δγ mnaoi βοιčτ 1
 bpa·p·p·p na θριγ·ve·oi·ge, 1, γCon·pαé Rop·com·ain. Βι
 mé p·liuč δγ p·eilγ αρι éanač·ai·b, δγυρ bί me 'γam'
 č·p·iom·y·ζατ 1 τ·tiγ éiγ·in nu·ai·p·i·č·ai·niγ bean βοčτ
 ap·te·ac το bί δγ ia·p·p·ai·b·p·e·p·ce, δγυρ la·b·ai·p·i an
 p·io·p·a po δγ an·to·p·p·p·. 1ρ p·o·p·it c·oi·pe γ·ae·oi·l·ge·p·e'n
 τ-Salve Regina é. Sγ·p·io·b mé p·io·p, č·om lu·at δγυρ
 č·ua·lar, é, ὁ n-a beul p·é·in, n·io·p m·o na ceit·pe b·li·a·b·na
 p·i·ce·at ὁ p·oin. Nί'l p·oca·l, γ·ae·oi·l·ge·p·an ait p·in an·oi·p.

γo mbeannuig·č·ean, θυιτ-se.

γo mbeannuig·č·ear θυιτ-pe

α θain·p·io·γ·an na γ·l·oi·pe,

τ·ua·p·i ár·m·be·a·č·a

δγυρ ár·n·o·o·č·e·ar,

Here is a little prayer from the same person, which is to be said on your making your bed.

I MAKE THIS BED.

I make this bed
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
 In the name of the night we were conceived,
 In the name of the night we were born,
 In the name of the day we were baptized;
 In the name of each night, each day, each . . . (?)
 Each angel that is in the heavens.

"What art thou saying mother?"
 "Another little prayer agra."
 "Good is thy prayer to be said, O mother."

Any one who shall say this prayer three times on going to sleep, sure his own soul would be in the heavens again for ever,

And forgiveness to be had
 From the bright King of the Graces.

Here is another poem that I heard from a poor woman in the parish of Breedogue, Co. Roscommon. I had been wet out shooting, and was drying myself in a house, when a poor woman came in who was looking for alms, and she repeated this piece at the door. It is a kind of Gaelic version of the *Salve Regina*. I wrote it down when I heard it from her own mouth, more than twenty-four years ago. Irish has completely disappeared out of that district since then.

SALVE REGINA.

Salutation to thee
 O Queen of Glory,
 Presage of our life
 And our hope.

1ṛ oṛṭ-ṛa ḡuṛṑimio
 Δ ἐλάνν ἰοῦḡαρṑα Διῑε, [= Δῑάιμ ?]
 ḡo ṑṑί ἐῑ cuiṛimio
 Δṛ n-oṛna 'ḡuṛ Δṛ mbṛón,
 Δḡ ṑeunaṑṑ cuiṛṑe
 'San nḡleann na nṑeóṛ ṛo.
 Δ ṛṑóṛṑ ṑṑilṛ,
 ṛeuḡ oṛṑainn ḡo ṑṛócaṛṑeḡ
 le ṛúilṑ ṑeḡḡ-ṑṛócaṛṑe,
 'S ṑṛḡ ḡéṑeṑ Δṛ nṑeḡḡ-oṑḡṑeḡḡ
 Cṛíoḡnuṑḡṑe Δṛ Δn ṑṛaḡaḡ ṛo
 ṑaṛṑ Δḡuṛ ṑaṛḡéaṑ ṑúinn
 ṑoṛaṑ ṑo ḡṛoṑnnṑe ἰoṛa.
 Δ ṑóṛ-ṑṛócaṛṑeḡ,
 ṑóṛ-éṛeḡṑeḡṑeḡ,
 ṑóṛ-cṛáṑṑeḡṑeḡ.
 Δ ṑaṑḡeṑaṑ ṑṑiṛṑe,
 Δ ṑáṑaṛṑ ḡeannaṑḡṑe
 ṑṑic ṑíṑṛ ḡé.
 ḡo nṑéaṛṑá ṛiúṑṑeḡ ṛinn
 Δṛ uaiṛ Δṛ ṑbáṛṑ
 ḡeallaṑṑaṑ Cṛíoṛṑ
 Δṛ ṑṑḡḡeṑṑa ṑ'ṑáḡaṑ! Amén.

ṛuaiṑeṑ le ṑeṛṑeannaṑḡṑe cóṛṑ eile ṑe'n ṑíoṛa ṛo
 ṑo bṑ ṛḡṛíoḡṑa Δṛ oileáṑ Δnn ṛan ṑḡionnaṑ le
 Seḡḡaṑ O Maṑḡaṑṑa éṑṑn, Δṛ Δṛ laḡaṛṑ mé ḡeana,
 ṑimḡioll ceiṑṑe ṛiḡṑo bliḡḡaṑ ḡ ṛoṑn:—

ḡo mbeannuṑḡṑeṑ ṑuṑṑ.

ḡo mbeannuṑḡṑeṑ ṑuṑṑ, Δ ḡaṑṑṛíoḡaṑ, Δ ṑáṑaṛṑ na ṑṛócaṛṑe
 Δṛ mbeḡṑa, Δṛ ṑillṑeḡṑe Δḡuṛ Δṛ nṑéṑcṑṛ. ḡo mbeannuṑḡṑeṑ
 ṑuṑṑ. Oṛṑ-ṛa ḡlaṑḡamaṑoṑo na ṑíḡṑṑeḡṑiḡṑ ṛeo cḡann eḡḡḡa.
 Cṑḡaṑ cuiṛimio Δṛ n-oṛna, Δṛ n-oḡḡaṑ Δḡuṛ Δṛ nḡoḡṑaṛṑ Δnn
 ṛan nḡleann ṛo na nṑeóṛ. Δṛ Δn Δḡḡaṛ ṛin, Δṛ n-Δḡḡocóṑo ṑó-
 ḡṛáṛṑaṑaṑ, ἰoṑṑuṑḡ oṛṑainn ṑo ṛúile ṑṛócaṛṑeḡḡ, Δḡuṛ ṑaṛ éṛṑ
 Δṛ nṑíḡṑṑe Δnn ṛo ḡeṑ ṑ ḡṛíoḡ ṑaṛḡéaṑ ṑúinn ṑoṛaṑ ḡeannu-
 ṑuṑḡṑe ṑo ḡṛoṑnnṑe ἰoṛa, Δ ṑaṑḡeṑaṑ ḡeannaṑ . . . ṑ ṑilṛṑ
 ṑṑiṛṑe, ḡuṛḡ oṛṑainn Δ naṑṑ-ṑáṑaṛṑ ḡé.

ἰonnuṛ ḡo mbṛiú ṛinn ḡeallaṑṑaḡa Cṛíoṛṑ ṑ'ṑáḡaṑ.

It is to thee we pray,
 O Ivory (?) descendant of Adam?
 To thee we send
 Our groans and our sorrow,
 Making weariness
 In this valley of tears.

O sweet treasure,
 Look upon us mercifully
 With eyes of good-mercy,
 And when our good works shall be
 Ended on this world
 Come and show to us
 The fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
 O greatly merciful,
 Greatly effectual,
 Greatly-pious.

O Virgin Mary,
 O blessed mother
 Of the dear Son of God,
 Mayest thou make us worthy
 At the hour of our death
 To obtain the promise
 Of Christ our Lord. Amen.

I lately got another version of this piece which was written on an island in the Shannon by one John O'Mahony, of whom I have already spoken, about eighty years ago.

SALVE REGINA.
 (Another Version).

Salutations to thee O Queen, O Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope. Salutations to thee! To thee we call, [we] these banished ones of the clans of Eve. To thee we send our sighs and our groans and our cryings in this valley of tears. For that reason, O our very-gracious advocate, turn upon us thy merciful eyes, and after our banishment here being at an end, show us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O mild sweet . . . Virgin Mary. Pray for us O Holy Mother of God, so that we may be worthy to get the promises of Christ.

Δὲ πο παῖδιρ λε γὰρ ἀν νουὶ ἀρτεὰς ἰ ρεῖπέατ
 νό ἰ ὀτεαμποῖλ. ῥυαῖρεαρ ἰ ὁ μ' ἐαῖατο ὕνα νί
 ῥαῖρδέατλαιῖς το ἐυαλαῖο ἰ η-ἀρμῖνν ἔ:—

ΠΑΙΔΙΡ ΑΝ ΤΣΕΙΡΕΙΛ.

βεαννυῖζιμ ουιτ, ἀ ῥεαμποῖλ ὀέ,
 ἀγυρ ῥο μβεαννυῖζιὸ τὺ ρέιν ὀαμ,
 μαρ ρύιλ ἀ'ρ ῥο μβεῖτ ἀν ὀά ἀβρταλ ὀέας
 ἀς ῥυῖοε οῖμ ρέιν ἀντιύ.
 ἱρῖῖζιμ ἀμ μο ῥῖλὺν ὀεαρ ὀό'η ἀμρ-μῖς,
 ἀγυρ ἀμ μο ῥῖλὺν ἐλί ὀο'η σπιορὰο ἡαοῖμ,
 μαρ ρύιλ ῥο ὀτόῥμῖνν
 ἀ μβεῖτ ῖόῖμᾶμ ἀ'ρ μο ὀῖαῖς
 ὁ λεαο ηα βρῖαν,
 ἀγυρ ἀμην ηα ὀῖαῖς.

Δὲ πο ἀνοῖρ ceann eile ὁ Ῥονῶαε Ῥορcaῖςε. ῥυαῖρ
 ἡορμα ὀορτυῖε ἔ ὁ ὀονῆαὸ ὕα ῖαῖν γ ἐυῖρ ρί ἰ
 ῥεῖλὸ ἔ 'ρᾶν η-ἱμρτεαδβᾶρ “ ἡαοῖμ ῤάορμῖς,” ἀγυρ ἐυς
 ρί ceao ὀαμ ἀ ἀτ-ἐλὸβυαλαὸ ἀνν πο:—

ΠΑΙΔΙΡ ΑΝ Τ-ΣΕΙΡΕΙΛ

[CÓIB Ῥορcaῖςεαδ.]

ὕμῖλνυῖζιμ ουιτ-ρε, ἀ ἱορᾶ ἐρῖορτ,
 ὕμῖλνυῖζιμ ουιτ, ἀ ῖμᾶῖςοεαν ῥῖόρῖμᾶρ,
 ὕμῖλνυῖζιμ ουιτ-ρε, ἀ εαῖλῖαρ ὀέ,
 ὕμῖλνυῖζιμ ουιτ, ἀ ρεῖρπέιλ ηα τρῖονόῖτε.
 ἱμ' ἐμῖοῖοε τὰ ἀν τ-ὀλε,
 ἱμ' ὀευλ ἀγυρ ἱμ' ἐλορ,
 τρῖύμ ὀο ἐυῖρῖμ ὀ'ά coρς,
 ἀν τ-ἀεῖαρ, ἀν ῖαο ἀγυρ ἀν σπιορὰο ἡαοῖμ.

ὀρῖονῖμᾶμ ῖ'ᾶνᾶμ ουιτ, ἀ ἱορᾶ ἐρῖορτ,
 ἡί ἱαῖρῖαὸ ῖέ οῖρ ἔ
 Ῥοῖὸε ἡά'ῥο βρᾶδ.

Ευῖρῖμ ῖ' ἀτῆυῖνςε ἐυῖατ-ρα, ἀ ῖμῖμῖε,
 ῖ'ᾶνᾶμ ὀο ὀρεῖτ ἀμ ὀο ὀεαρ-ῖᾶῖν,
 ἀμ ὕῖῖᾶρ ὀο ἐῖςε ρέιν.

Here is a prayer to be said on entering a chapel or church
I got it from my friend, Miss O'Farrelly, who heard it in
Aran.

THE CHAPEL PRAYER.

I salute thee O Church of God,
And mayest thou thyself salute me.
Hoping that the Twelve Apostles might be
Praying for myself to-day.
I lower [myself] on my right knee to the High King,
And on my left knee to the Holy Spirit,
Hoping that I might raise
All who are before me and behind me
From the flag of the pains,
And Amen after it.

Here now is another from the county Cork. Miss
Borthwick got it from Donnchadh O'Ryan, and printed it
in *St. Patrick's*, and allowed me to reprint it here.

THE CHAPEL PRAYER.

[A Cork Version].

I bow to thee, O Jesus Christ,
I bow to thee, O glorious Virgin,
I bow to thee, O Church of God,
I bow to thee, O Chapel of the Trinity.
In my heart all things are massed,
Through mouth and ears all things have passed.
Three I send to chain them fast,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

I bestow thee my soul, O Jesus Christ,
I shall not ask it of Thee
For ever or for ever.
I put my petition to thee, O Mary,
To take my soul on thy right hand,
On the floor of thine own house.

Δοιήνισιμ ουιτ, α ὅια μῶιρ na n-uile cūmaēt,
 [An t-olc do iunneap]
 Ó lá mo bairte go dtí lá mo tóraitim,
 Trí [tré] maðapc mo rúl,
 Trí élor mo éluar,
 Trí páirtib mo déil,
 Trí rmuáintib mo cpoirde,
 Trí glac mo láma,
 Trí éurpa mo mian,
 Trí n-a noubapc a'f náir deimeap [nac nveapnar],
 Trí n-ai géalap 7 náir cóimlíonar,
 Trí n-ai méabap ve oligéib 7 u'aiteantaid naomta,
 Iapmaim-re an eapralóio [abralóio] oit anoir féin,
 I n-ainim mílir íora cpioirt,
 Ai eagla náir iapmair í miam maí buo cóir,
 Aap ná [nac] maiprim le h-í iapmaio aip.
 I n-ainim an aap aap an mic aap an spioapio
 naom amén.

Ουδαιρτ αν Οοετύιρ Concubap Maapuibir, ap Cláp
 Cloinne Muipir, liom, ap eualaió pé pean-bean as
 páo, ap b'apgbáil an t-péipéil ui, na b'pocal po, má
 cuimnísim opia i gceapc —

an p'apgbáil séipéil.
 beannaēt leat, a muipc,
 beannaēt leat, a cpioirt,
 go gcúinuaig rib m'anam
 go utigio mé aipirt [aipir].

As po pann eile de'n tpoirt céapna ap Conpaé na
 Gaillime. Ili cuimnísim cia uaió eualap é.—

an ruo céapna.
 beannaēt leat, a c'eaē dé,
 aap beannaēt de 'n aip utimcioll,
 náir p'apmaio uainne * g'ap'pa dé
 go b'p'ilipimio cum a c'eampoill.

I acknowledge to Thee, O great God of all powers
 [The evil I have done].
 From the day of my baptism till the day of my wake,
 Through the sight of my eyes,
 Through the hearing of my ears,
 Through the sayings of my mouth,
 Through the thoughts of my heart,
 Through the touch of my hands,
 Through the course of my way,
 Through all I said and did not,
 Through all I promised and fulfilled not,
 Through all the laws and holy commandments I broke.
 I ask even now absolution of Thee,
 In the sweet name of Jesus Christ,
 For fear I [may] have never asked it as was right,
 And that I might not live to ask it again,
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen

My friend, Dr. Conor Maguire of Claremorris, told me that he heard an old woman say these words as she was leaving the chapel. They ran thus, if I remember them rightly.

ON LEAVING THE CHAPEL.

Farewell, O Mary,
 O Christ, farewell,
 And keep my soul
 Till I come again.¹

Here is another verse of the same kind from the county Galway. I forget whom I heard it from.

THE SAME.

Farewell to thee, O House of God,
 May not thy blessings wither,
 And may God's grace not part from us
 Till we again come hither.²

¹ *Literally*.—A blessing with thee, O Mary | a blessing with thee O Christ | my soul may ye keep | till I come again.

² *Literally*—A blessing with thee, O house of God | and the blessing of God round about us | may the graces of God not part from us | until we return to His church.

As ro píopa do fuair mé óm' éaraid Uína ní
fáirceallais, do fuair é ó duine i n-Inir-meádon, ó
buaicail de mhuintir Coinneannainn.

tá do súile.

Tá do fúile [as] dúndó 'r do béal as ordaile
asur t' inntinn as imteact le fána,
Tá do géasa 'fuarasó 'r do cmoide u'á rparasó,
asur Dia leir an anam an lá rin.

[a] míceáil naomta, glaoðaim an t-ainm ort,
asur naoim éoin bairte láirte,
'S zac uile naoim eile u'á bfuil ann rna flaitir
le m'anam boct do fábaile.

Tuicparó an maighean * 'r a géasa [as] rparasó
as iarrasó na h-aiéirge ir reárr uúinn,
a' r go bfuigimio párasó i gcúirt na bflaitear
le congnam ó mhíre mátair.

As ro cóip eile de'n dán céadna, ó Dóire Cólum-
cille, do fuair mé óm' éaraid Norina Dorcuic :—

cóip eile.

a mhicil naomta, glaoðaim ar t'ainm,
'S ar naoim éoin bairte gráðmair,
ar naoim uile an doimain cum caðair dom' anam
aimpíir na caða'na[é] [o]táinir.

nuair déir an béal 'á dúndó 'r an trúil 'á bhuireadó
'S an meabair as imteact cum fáin uaim,
an coirte 'á glaoðadó† 'r an téarma caite
asur Dia le n-áir n-anam an lá úo!

* "An maighean glóimair," dubhairt seircean
† Cf. "Dán mic an mhintéir," line 31

¹ Literally.—Your eyes are shutting, your mouth is opening | and
your mind is going astray | your limbs are growing cold and your
heart a-rending | and God be with the soul that day.

O holy Michael, I call thy name to thee | and the strong St. John

Here is a piece which I got from my friend, Miss O'Farrelly, who got it from some one in Inismeadhon, I think from one of the Concannous.

WHEN YOUR EYES.

When your eyes shall be closing, your mouth be opening,
And your senses be slipping away,
When your heart shall grow cold and your limbs be old,
God comfort your soul that day.

O holy Michael, to thee I'm calling,
And John the Baptist—to him I pray—
And to every saint that is high in heaven,
To save my soul that day.

The Virgin shall come, and her white arms spreading,
"Repent of your sins," herself shall say,
In the court of heaven, your only comfort
Must come from her that day.¹

Here is another copy of this same poem, which came from Derry of Columcille, and which I got from my friend Miss Borthwick.

WHEN YOUR EYES.

[A Derry Version]

O holy Michael, I call upon thy name,
And upon the loving St. John the Baptist,
Upon all the saints of the world to aid my soul,
In the time of the battle that has not [yet] come.
When the mouth shall be closing and the eye breaking,
And the feeling going astray from me,
The jury being called and the term up,
And God be with our soul that day.

the Baptist | and every other saint of all who are in the heavens | to save my poor soul.

The Virgin shall come and her arms a-spreading | seeking for us the best repentance | and sure we shall find comfort in the court of the heavens | with help from Mary Mother.

I r cinnnte na c' bfuil ann ro a c't p'iora beas de d'án
 r'piora d'amail do b'í ar béal na n'aoine ó Árainn go
 Doire, agus b'éirí ar fuo na h-Éireann, don uair
 amáin, ciú na c' bfuairéar riam é féin ná a com-
 p'ioraíó i n-aon lámh-r'g'p'ibinn ná i n-aon leabair.
 Fuair Mac Giolla Mhícl cuio de'n d'án céadna i
 n-Uiríot ó D'ear, i n-Albainn.

As ro p'airíín beas eile do c'ualar i gConradé
 Muiš Eó agus i n-áitea c'air eile, le r'áó ar n-éiríge
 ar mairín :—

éirísim suas.

Éirísim r'uar le Dia,
 go n-éirísiú Dia liom
 lám D'é ann mo c'imcioll,
 as r'uiré 'r as luiré
 'S as éiríge d'am.

Asus as ro r'ann eile le r'áó ar n'oul ann do
 leabairó :—

ceit're coirnéill.

Ceit're coirnéill ar mo leabairó,
 Ceit're aingle o'rra r'g'ar'ta ;
 má b'ráš' mé b'ár go r'c'í mairín
 go mbuó i b'plaitéar b'éiréar mo leabairó.*

Nó mar c'ualairó mé é ó ūna ní f'airc'eallais, do
 c'ualairó i n-Árainn é :—

cóip eile

Ceit're p'orta ar mo leaba,
 Ceit're aingil ar mo r'g'ar'ad, (p)
 matú, m'arcur. lúe a'r seášan,
 agus Dia mo c'úin'ac arír go lá

* *Aliter* · "m'anam."

¹ *Literally*.—Four corners on my bed | four angels spread on
 them | If I die until morning | that it may be in heaven my bed
 shall be.

Undoubtedly there is here only a small piece of a spiritual poem which was at one time in the mouths of the people, from Aran to Derry, and, perhaps, throughout all Ireland, although I have never found it or its kindred pieces in any manuscript or in any book. Mr. Carmichael found a portion of the same poem in South Uist of Scotland.

Here is another little prayer that I heard in the county Mayo and in other places, to be said on rising in the morning.

I RISE UP.

I rise up with God,
May God rise up with me,
God's hand round about me,
Sitting and lying,
And rising of me.

And here is another rann to say on going to your bed.

FOUR CORNERS.

Four corners to my bed, /
Four angels round it spread.
If I die within the night
God receive me into light¹

Here is how I heard it from Miss O'Farrelly who heard it in Aran.

FOUR POSTS.

Four posts around my bed,
Four angels have it spread,
Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Keep me, O God, till the day shall dawn.²

¹ *Literally.*—Four posts on my bed | four angels on my spreading (?) | Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John | And God keep me again till day | .

I have heard an English verse very like this. It ran thus if I remember right.—“Four corners to my bed | four angels round it spread | Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John | bless the bed that I lie on.”

A5 ro píopa beas do fuairéar i láimh-réiribinn eile ann mo féilb, réiríobta a5 tuine de mhuinntir Éormáin. Tá puo cormúil leir iní an rean-déantúir airteac rin, “An Teanga Bíc-nuaó.”

DIA h-DOINE

Dia h-Doine do peacaig ádám,
 Dia h-Doine do cuiread ar páirtéar amaé é,
 Dia h-Doine do h-iaóad neam 7 forglad írionn.
 Dia h-Doine do máib Cáin Abel.
 Dia h-Doine do cuiread an tóile éar an doimán.
 Dia h-Doine do cuiread clanna írmael tre'n mhuir Ruaid.
 Dia h-Doine do ceirad Críort.
 Dia h-Doine do rinnead omir 7 oraigne,
 Agus zac luir mín [ain-mín ?] i tatalam.
 Dia h-Doine do cuiread Stepán cum báir.
 Dia h-Doine do máib heiod na leinb i n-uimhir 4020.
 Dia h-Doine do crioáó peavair agus pol.
 Dia h-Doine do bainead a ceann o' eóin bairte,
 Agus Dia h-Doine tugad toirad do'n tatalam

Tá rean-páó aca, do cuailaó mé i sConoae na Salluime, “Túr Doine nó veiread Sátairn ír oile iao.”

Tá rgeal ann i ttaoib “Buille luat an luain, 7 buille veirid an t-Sátairn,” agus do réir mar veir an rgeal, ní bíonn pat ná áó ar ceactar aca. Mo leun, nár réiríob mé ríor an rgeal rin nuair cuailar é, bliadanta ó íoin, óir b' airteac é.

Fuar mé an nóta ro, leannar, ar rean-réiribinn an-aorta, do fuair mé ar iaract óm' éarair pátorais O Dómnail ó Baile Uí fíadócáin i n-iarctar Conoae mhuige eó. Tá an nóta ro a5 tráct ar laéctantair mi-ádamla na bliadna, 7 a5 páó gur mi-ádamail

Here is a little piece which I got in another manuscript in my possession, written by one of the O'Gormans. There is something like it in that very curious old composition "The Ever-New Tongue,"

ON FRIDAY.

On Friday Adam sinned,
 On Friday he was sent out of Paradise.
 On Friday heaven was closed and hell opened.
 On Friday Cain killed Abel.
 On Friday the flood was sent upon the world.
 On Friday the children of Israel were sent through the Red Sea.
 On Friday Christ was crucified.
 On Friday briars and thorns were made,
 And every smooth [*perhaps a mistake for unsmooth*] herb in ground
 On Friday Stephen was put to death.
 On Friday Herod killed the children to the number of 4020.
 On Friday Peter and Paul were crucified.
 On Friday his head was taken off John the Baptist.
 And on Friday fruit was given to the ground.¹

They have also a story about the "early stroke [of work] on Monday and the last stroke on Saturday," and according to the story there is no luck in either of them. I wish I had written down this story when I heard it years ago, for it was very curious. I got the following note from an ancient manuscript which I got the loan of from my friend Mr. Patrick O'Donnell from Baile Ui Fhiadhchain [Newport] in the west of the county Mayo. This note speaks of the unlucky days of the year, and says that an unlucky day is the first Monday in April, the second Monday in August, and the last Monday in December. Here is the

¹ Note.—I do not understand this; perhaps it means "was taken from the earth."

an lá é an céad Luan i n-Aibreán, an dara Luan i mí Lúghnasa 7 an Luan déiseannad i mí Nórlas. Agus ro an nóta go díreach mar rghrúad é inran rean leabhar:—

“Táir trí laite coimeairgte do péir na n-óc-tuiread san mbliadain, .7. an céad Luan do mí Aprill, .7. an lá do rugad Cain 7 do marb a dearbhrádaire Abel: an dara Luan do mí Agyr 7. an lá do rghrúad Soom ir Somorah, agur an trear Luan .7. an Luan déiseannad do mí December. .7. an lá do rugad Iudar, an ti do brait ar tigeairna Críoro.”

Ag ro dān do fuair mé ó pádrais O Dóinnail ó Baite-u-íadócáin i gCondae Mhuig Eó, atá 'na Gaed-ilgteoir breáḡ clirte fóglaime. Tá an dān coit-cionn ann rin.

molad glóir agus onóir

molad glóir agus onóir

Deirim go deó duit, a íor-mic Dé,

Daoir do éannuis tú an glóir,

le d'fuit uairil onórais féin.

Trí bliadna agus an deic fá trí

Do fribal tú an raoḡal [dúinn] go boct

Ag teagairt 'r ag fóglaim an éine daonna

'S ag múnad na rlige dúinn le dul ar neam

naḡ beag a rmuáinim ar ḡmárda [mí] Dé

d'r gur céadad é ar ár ron,

Ag véanaí ríotécáin ar fearḡ Dé

Do'n éine daonna i bpeacad adaim.

¹ Literally — Praise, glory, and honour, | I give for ever to Thee, O true Son of God | Dear hast thou purchased the glory | With Thine own noble, honourable blood.

note exactly as it was written in the old book. "There are three forbidden days, according to the doctors, in the year the first Monday of the month of April, namely, the day on which Cain was born and killed his brother Abel; the second Monday of the month of August, namely, the day that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the third Monday is the last Monday of the month of December, the day that Judas was born, the man who betrayed our Lord Christ."

They have a proverb which I heard in the county Galway,

"The beginning of Friday and the end of Saturday are bad."

Here is a poem that I got from Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile-Ui-Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the county Mayo, who is a fine, clever, well-read Iresian. The poem is common in that locality.

GLORY AND HONOUR.

Glory and honour and lasting praise,
Through endless days to the Son of God,
Thou hast bought Thy glory dear enow
With sweat of brow and fume of blood.¹

Through toilsome years thrice ten and three,
Each day to Thee was the poor man's day,
Teaching and learning all his needs,
On the road that leads the heavenly way.

Is it not little we think about the grace of the Son of God,
And how he was tortured for our sake,
Making peace against the anger of God
For the human race in the sin of Adam?

Three years and ten three times over | Didst Thou walk the world
for us in poverty | Instructing and learning the human race | And
teaching the way for us to go to heaven.

naé mairis dañ-ra éainis ar an traoḡal
 aḡur bheiteamhar Dé go bfuil ré mómáinn,
 'S a liaéda fearis aḡur éuieamair ar óia,
 le n-ár gcioide 7 le n-ár mbéal.

nuair tucfar an bár o' ár gclaoir
 naé gearr an raoḡal do ðeir ré dúinn,
 go marbódaíó ré ár gcora aḡur ár láma
 aḡur rágráíó ár gcnáma gan don lút.

bhíiríó ré an t-amarc 'n ár óá rúil
 ár gcluara go nótúnaíó mar élar,
 'S ann rin éaitear an t-anam ghuaraét
 aḡur uil an uair rin i látair Dé,
 'S ann rin laraḡ an fearis i n-éadan mic Dé
 nuair reicfear ré an peacaé bhéaḡaé
 aḡ teacḡ of a cómair.

Tucfaíó rriomao na láime cléite
 aḡur laḡmódaíó ré gan don fáiteoir,
 "mómán do minne ré dañ-ra ar an traoḡal,
 inḡ ḡaé nio ó'ar éuir ré moime.
 O gclaoir túra air.
 anoir, a mic Dé, ir dañ-ra féin fearḡa ir cóir é."

'S ann rin a ḡlaóḡar mac Dé
 ar ainḡeal ḡléḡeal na láime veire,
 "innir anoir dañ-ra ḡaé nio
 ó'á nveairnaíó an éolann ariam do'n anam
 nuair do bí ré ar an traoḡal."

[An t-Ainḡeal].

"laḡaircaíó ré uinnuḡte béil ar a ḡlúnaíó,
 ceiréao ré go h-aifmionn an dómnaiḡ
 aḡ éirteaét leir an naoim-íubairḡ ar an alḡóir
 beircaíó ré véirice uair i n-ainm Dé
 aḡur tuḡaíó lóirvín na h-oioce do fearḡ an leac-éirim,

Is it not alas for me who came into the world !
 For sure the anger of God is before us,
 And all the anger that we have made God angry with ;
 With our heart and with our mouth !

When the Death shall come our hearts to cleave
 He shall not leave us time to speak,
 He shall swamp our life with floods of groans
 And leave our bones as water weak

He shall break the sight in our two 'eyes,
 Our ears, sure he shall close them as a board,
 And then the soul will have to move,
 And to go at that hour into the presence of God
 It is then the anger shall burn in the face of the Son of God,
 When He shall see the lying sinner
 Coming before Him.

The Spirit of the Left Hand shall come
 And shall speak without any fear,
 " Much " [shall he say] " he has done for me in the world,
 In everything which he set before himself,
 Since thou calledst him
 Now, O Son of God, it is to me myself from henceforth he belongs
 of right "

It is then the Son of God shall call
 Upon the shining angel of the Right Hand,
 " Tell me now each thing
 Which the body has ever done for the soul
 When it was on the world.

[THE ANGEL].

" It used to speak mouth prayers on its knees,
 It used to go to Sunday Mass,
 Listening to the holy offering on the altar,
 It used to give forth alms in the name of God,
 And it used to give night-lodgings to the man who was ill-
 used [or badly off].

Ól a túsartha 7 a ríor-mic Dé,
 Ó ir tuar féin a bfuil agat an bheir
 ná leis an t-anam go h-irrionn i n-uaire
 agur é dá rluaróil in n-á teinrib."

Ír ann rin béitear an t-anam ar an rǵála
 agur é dá meathcan i n-agair a pécair,
 'S ann rin béarfar mac Dé bheiteamhar ríeannach
 gan don éascóir:
 "Cibé faotruig ré ar an traogal
 má 'ré flaitear Dé no irrionn [bíod aige]."

Ag ro dān āluinn t' oirde nollas do fuair mé
 ar lāim rǵrībinn do rinnead i n-ait éigin i leat Cuinn
 timéioll dá céad bliadān ó roin; do fuair mé i ar
 iardet ó'm éarair an blácad, lāim leir an eamhain.
 Ní fácaid mé i n-aon rǵrībinn eile é, agur ar easla
 go mbeir ré cailte tá ré com mair dān a cup ríor
 ann ro.

DĀN D'OIÐCE NOLLAS.

Dia do beata a naoiúe naoim
 'S an mainréar cib tá [tu] boet,
 meathrac faidbir atá tú,
 'S glórmair iú' úin féin apoet.

A naoiúe bis atá mór,
 A leinb* óis atá rean,
 [S]an mainréar níor éurif a lán [?] ²
 Cib naé bfuigeadú áit ar neam

* m'l i "leinb" áet don triolla amāin; b'éirir gur
 "leinbín" do bí ann ar uáir.

† "nir éurā lán." ms.

¹ Or "the north-side of hell."

² *Literally*—Hail [literally, "God thy life"] O holy babe | In the

O Lord and O true Son of God,
 Since it is Thou Thyself who hast the judgment,
 Let not the soul go to hell in the North,¹
 And it being shovelled into the fires."

Then the soul shall be in the scales,
 And it being weighed against its sin,
 And then the Son of God shall give righteous judgment,
 Without any injustice:
 "Whatsoever he earned on the world
 Whether it be the heaven of God or hell [let him have it]."

Here is a curious poem to Christmas night, which I got out of a MS. which was made in some place in Leath Chuinn, about two hundred years ago. I was lent it by my friend, Mr. Blake, near Navan. I never saw it in any other MS., and for fear it might be lost it is as well for me to put it down here.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hail to thee thou holy Babe
 In the manger now so poor,
 Yet so rich Thou art I ween,
 High within the highest door.²

Little babe who art so great,
 Child so young who art so old,
 In the manger small his room
 Whom not heaven itself could hold.³

manger though Thou art poor | Jubilant rich Thou art | And glorious
 in Thine own *dún* to-night.

³ O little babe who art great | O young child who art old | Who in
 the manger did not put its fill | Although he might not find place
 in heaven.

Oib gan [don] má'airi aríam
 Gan á'airi ar n'óig' anocht,
 Is' 'Dia aríam á'á t'ú
 'S do 'buine ar t'úr anocht.

ní ríne h-á'airi 'ná ríob,
 Óige an má'airi, a m'ic 'Dé,
 Is ríne 'r is óige an mac,
 Is* ríne 'r is óige í 'ná é.

As ro p'ann beas eile do fuairear ó 'Pádraig
 O 'Domnaill ó 'Baile-úí-í'ia'ó'áin, i n-iar'ear Con'rae
 m'uis' eó.

ó 'bun na croí'ce.

'ó 'bun na croí'ce fé'á'airi r'uar
 A íora ar 'ó'ig'earna cl'adon anuar.
 An'muigim† c'air'earm 'Dé 'so' r'íor
 Le 'grá'ó croí'ce á' r le 'ó'car r'íor.

As ro á'brán beas binn i n-on'óir do 'Naom' 'Pádraig
 do fuaire mé ó'n 'b'Pádraig O 'Domnaill cé'ad'na. Ní
 éuim'igim 'sur éu'alar don p'ann eile aríam i n-on'óir
 'Pádraig amear' na n'rao'ine á'c' an ceann ro, r'uo
 éu'irear ion'gan'ar o'rim.

* Do 'gní'ó an "is" r'iol'la de 'bá'm, in ran line, ní r'air' r'é
 ann ar 'ó'úr, is 'ó'ig'

† 'Deir r'ia'ó "am'muigim" i 'sCon'rae m'uis' eó.

'For Thee, without mother ever | Without Father surely to-night |
 God ever art Thou | And Man for the first time to-night.

Motherless, with mother here,
 Fatherless, a tiny span,
 Ever God in heaven's height,
 First to-night becoming man.¹

Father—not more old than thou ?
 Mother—younger, can it be !
 Older, younger is the Son,
 Younger, older, she than he.²

Here is another small verse which I got from Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile-an-Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the west of the county Mayo.

FROM THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

From the foot of the Cross I look up to Thee,
 O Jesus Lord bow down to me.
 For I stand in the faith of my God to-day,
 Put love in my heart and hope away.³

Here is another melodious little song in honour of St. Patrick, which I got from the same Patrick O'Donnell. I do not remember that I ever heard any other verses in honour of St. Patrick amongst the people except this one—a thing which surprises me.

² Not older Thy Father than thou | Younger Thy mother, O Son of God | Older and younger is the son | Older and younger she than He.

³ *Literally* —From the foot of the Cross I look up | O Jesus our Lord, bow down | I acknowledge truly the religion of God | With love of heart and with lasting hope.

DO NAOMH PÁDRAIS.

A pádrais atá i bparáir
 m'ic Dé san loct,
 'Beir pláinte le do shárpa
 'Do'n té díor boct,
 Céinís mé ann do látaim-re
 A'r mé las san lút,
 * Tabair ásur dam i bparáir
 'N áit a bfeicfid mé tú.

Adt má tá dánta i n-onóir n. pádrais gan, tá
 rḡalta d'á caoiḃ iomaḃamail go leór. Cuirfid mé
 ríor rḡéilín searri ann ro, a bfuil tráct ar
 pádrais ann, óir cuirpeann pé i gcéill dúinn sur
 cuir pádrais an oiread rin ruime i n-innrint na
 fírinne sur pás pé de buaid as leic ar ar érom pé
 a glúna, naḃ bréadpad duine bréas innrint or a
 cionn. Do cuir na rean-ḡaeḃil ruim an-mór in ran
 b'fírinne. Nuair d'iair pádrais ar Oirín ann rna
 rean-dántaib cionnar do rinne fionn asur an fíann
 a mór-ḡníomairḃa, d'freadair Oirín é.

fírinne na féinne.

ní éanamaoir, an fíann, ḡó,
 asur bréas leó níor tairnig ruam,
 le fírinne a'r le neart ar lám
 'Do tairmír plán ar ḡac ḡliad.*

* *Aliter* i lám-rḡríḃinn eile —

ní éanamaoir-ne an fíann ḡó,
 bréas ruam níor ramluigeas leó,
 adt ar fírinne 'r ar neart ái lám
 'Do tairmír plán ar ḡac ḡleó.

TO SAINT PATRICK.

O Patrick in the Paradise
 Of God on high,
 Who lookest on the poor man
 With a gracious eye.
 See me come before thee
 Who am weak and bare,
 O help me into Paradise
 To find thee there.¹

But if poems in honour of Saint Patrick seem rare, stories about him are numerous enough. I shall set down one short one here in which mention is made of Patrick, for it gives us to understand that Patrick set so much store by the telling of truth that he left it as a virtue in the flag on which he bowed his knees that nobody should be able to tell a lie above it. The ancient Gaels set very great store by truth. When Patrick asked Oisín in the ancient poems how Finn and the Fenians performed their great deeds, Oisín answered him.

THE TRUTH OF THE FENIANS.

Our word we Fenians never broke,
 No lie we spoke since we were born,
 By TRUTH it was and strength of hand
 We saved our land and selves from scorn.²

¹ *Literally*.—O Patrick who art in the Paradise | Of the Son of God without fault | Who givest help with thy grace | Unto him who is poor | I have come into thy presence | And I weak without activity | Give me a dwelling in Paradise | Where I shall see thee

² *Literally*.—We the Fenians used never to utter a lie | And a falsehood never pleased them | By truth and by the strength of our hands | We used to come safe out of every danger.

níor fúro cléiread i gcill
 Cú binn mar canaid na raim,
 Do b' fírinne 'ná rinn-ne an fíann
 Fí nár lagaid i ngliaó gair.

níor geinead don nead ariam,
 A páirais éadom ir binne glóir,
 Do b'fírinne na fionn na bfiann,
 Fear éar óam do bionnadh óir.

Níl an cáil ar muinntir na h-Éireann inoíú go bfuil
 ríad tugta go rpeirialta do'n fírinne, aet do bí ríad
 tugta go móir dí rad ó; agus an tuine atá réir le
 milleán do cup oíra anoir, buó cóir dó a cuimniúad
 gur fulaing ríad beag-nae dá éad bliadán 'rá a
 leitéir rin de tligtib rianamla, agus o' páspáó
 rpiórad na bpeige plannduigte agus leatnuigte 'na
 meárg, dá mbuó aingle féin do bí ionnta.

Fuar mé an rgeal ro ó ppoimriar O Concubair i
 mD'l'atluain, agus níor aetuis mé aet cúpla focal
 ann. Ir piú an rgeal do rábail, ar an áobair eile reo;
 go otugann ré cuntar dúinn do réir mar bí an rgeal
 amearg na nadoine, ar bun-áobair Cpoire Conga.

clóe na fírinne no ceannuib na seact
 mála.

Bí fear ann, na céadta agus na céadta bliadán ó
 foim, dar b' ainm do páirín O Claióáin, agus do bí
 ré 'na cómnuige i ngar do Conga i n-lar-Connaetair.
 D'airtead an fear páirín, níor éiret ré i nDia ná
 i n-don nio d'á éadib. Ir mimic do ráoil an ragar
 páirín do tabairt cum aipinn, aet ní raib don

A cleric who in church has stood
 (However good his psalms afar)
 More true than we, is yet to seek,
 True, but not weak in ways of war.

There never came, nor yet shall come,
 Patrick not dumb in chant and prayer,
 A man with truth upon his tongue,
 Like Finn—his gold did poets share.

The people of Ireland have not the character at the present day of being particularly given up to truth, but they were once greatly given to it, long ago ; and any person who is ready to blame them now, ought to remember that they suffered for almost two hundred years under such Penal Laws as would have left the spirit of the he planted and broadened in their midst, though it had been very angels that were in them.

I got this story from Francis O'Connor in Athlone, and I have only changed a couple of words in it. The story is worth saving for this other reason too, that it gives us an account—as the story ran among the people—of the origin of the Cross of Cong.

THE STONE OF TRUTH OR THE MERCHANT OF THE SEVEN BAGS.

THERE was 'a man in it, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, whose name was Páidin² O Ciarbháin [Keerwaun, or Kerwin] and he was living close to Cong in West Connacht.

¹There never sat cleric in church | Though it is melodious how they chant the psalms | Who was more true than we the Fenians | Men who never weakened in harsh conflict.

There was never anyone begotten | O gentle Patrick, of most melodious voice | Who was more true than Finn of the Fenians | A man who on poets used to bestow gold.

² Pronounced "Paud-yeen," a diminutive of Patrick.

maid' 'dó ann, mar nac' nglacfao páirín cómairle
raḡairt no earbois. Éireo ré go maid' an tuine mar
an beirídeac, aḡur éireo ré nuair ḡeoba' an tuine
bár nac' mbeir don focal eile 'd'á t'aoib'.

Éairt páirín 'nroc'-beata. 'Bíod' ré aḡ 'toul ó t'eac
go t'eac ran lá, aḡur aḡ goir ran oirde.

Anoir, nuair bí Naom' páirais i n-lar-Connaéctair
aḡ iarraid' Críostaid'e do 'béanam' de na páḡánaisḡ,
éuairt ré don lá amáin ar a ḡlúnaib' ar leic móir
éioice le urraist'e do páo', aḡur nuair 'éiríḡ ré
'o'fás ré loḡs a 'd'á ḡlúin in ran ḡcloic', aḡur 'o'fás
ré bríḡ móir inr an ḡcloic' éaona, óir tuine ar bit
do laib'eora' of cionn na cloice rin, b' éisín 'dó an
fírinne ḡlan 'o' innreac't, níor féad' ré bréas inn-
reac't, aḡur ar an á'ubair rin t'us na 'daoine Cloc' na
fírinne maid' ainm ar an leic rin.

'Bíod' faic'eior móir ar páirín i ḡcómnuid'e poim' an
ḡcloic' rin, aḡur ir minic éuir ré poim'e i do goir.
Don oirde amáin, nuair fuair ré faill, 'o'á'p'oisḡ ré
an éloc' ar a 'oruim, t'us ré leir í, aḡur éairt ré i fíor
i nḡleann móir ioir 'd'á énoc, reac't míle ó'n áit i
mbíod' rí: aḡur fáoil an bíteam'nac go maid' leir, ac't
bí an éloc' ar air in a rean-áit féin, an oirde rin,
a-ḡan-fíor 'dó!

Oirde eile 'na 'd'aisḡ rin, goir ré ḡéa'da an t'raḡairt
paráirte, aḡur mar bí am'pur aḡ na 'daoinib' air,
t'ubairt riad' go t'ciub'ra' riad' é go Cloc' na fírinne.
'Bí páirín aḡ ḡáiríde in a inntinn féin, óir bí fíor
aige go maid' an éloc' goirte aige, aḡur bu'd móir an
t-ionḡna' do bí air nuair éonnaire ré an éloc'
poim'e, in a h-áit féin. Nuair cuiread' é of cionn na

Páidin was a strange man ; he did not believe in God or in anything about Him. It's often the priest thought to bring him to Mass, but it was no use for him, for Páidin would not take the advice of priest or bishop. He believed that man was like the beast, and he believed that when man died there was no more about him.

Páidin lived an evil life ; he used to be going from house to house by day, and stealing in the night.

Now, at the time that St. Patrick was in West Connacht seeking to make Christians of the Pagans, he went down one day upon his knees on a great flag of stone to utter prayers, and he left after him a great virtue in the same stone, for anybody who might speak above that stone, it was necessary for him to tell the clear truth, he could not tell a lie, and for that reason the people gave the name to that flag of the Stone of Truth.

Páidin used always to have a great fear of this stone, and it's often he intended to steal it. One night when he found an opportunity he hoisted the stone on his back, took it away with him, and threw it down into a great valley between two hills seven miles from the place where it used to be, and the rogue thought that he was all right ; but the stone was back in its old place that same night without his knowing.

Another night after that he stole the geese of the parish priest, and as the people doubted him, they said that they would bring him to the Stone of Truth. Páidin was laughing in his own mind, for he knew that he had the stone stolen ; but great was the surprise that was on him when he saw the stone before him in its own place. When he was put above the stone he was obliged to tell that he had

cloíde b'éigín uó innreacét gur goir ré na géada, agus fuair ré bualaú móir ó'n t-*ragairt*. Rinne ré rún daingíonn, ann rin, uá b'ádaú ré faill ar an gcloíde arís go gcuirfead ré i i n-áit naó tuicfaó rí ar air ar.

Cúpla oirde 'na diais rin fuair ré faill arís, agus goir ré an cloí an uara h-uair. Cailt ré ríor i bpoll móir doimín i, agus u' imtíg ré a-baile, as déan-am lutháire leir féin. Acét ní deacáir ré ceatramá míle ó'n áit, gur éualair ré toran móir as teacét 'na diais. O'feuc ré taob ríar dé, agus connairc ré theam de daoine beaga, agus iad gléarta i n-éadaí comh geal leir an t-rneacéta. Táinig an oiread rin faicéir an páirín nár féad ré coircéim do ríubal, go dtáinig na daoine beaga ruar leir, agus iad as iomcár cloíde na ríinne leó. Labhair tuine aca leir agus duhairt:—"A páirín malluigte, beir an cloí ro ar air cum na h-áite a bfuair tú i, no íocfaid tú ar go cruaid."

"Déarfad, agus fáilte," ar reirean.

Cuirfeadar an cloí ar a dhruim, agus u' filleadar ar air ar an mbótar do t-angadar. Acét mar do bí an diaðal as cur caúigte ar páirín u' imtíg ré agus cailt ré an cloí irteac i bpoll buí doimhne 'nā an céad poll, poll do rinne na daoine le dul i bpolac ann nuair beic an cozaó as teacét.

O'fan an cloí annsan bpoll rin níor mó 'nā reacét mbliadna, agus ní raib ríor as tuine ar bit cía an áit a raib rí acét as páirín amáin.

I gceann na h-aimpíe rin bí páirín as dul le taob na cille nuair o'feuc ré ruar ar éirí do bí

stolen the geese, and he got a great beating from the priest. He made a firm resolution then that if he got an opportunity at the stone again, he would put it in a place that it would never come out of.

A couple of nights after that he got his opportunity again, and stole the stone a second time. He threw it down into a great deep hole, and he went home rejoicing in himself. But he did not go a quarter of a mile from the place until he heard a great noise coming after him. He looked behind him and he saw a lot of little people, and they dressed in clothes as white as the snow. There came such fear over Páidin that he was not able to walk one step, until the little people came up with him, and they carrying the Stone of Truth with them. A man of them spoke to him and said: "O accursed Páidin, carry this stone back to the place where you got it, or you shall pay dearly for it."

"I will and welcome," said Páidin.

They put the stone upon his back and they returned the road on which they had come. But as the devil was putting temptation upon Páidin, he went and threw the stone into a hole that was deeper than the first hole, a hole which the people made to go hiding in when the war would be coming. The stone remained in that hole for more than seven years, and no one knew where it was but Páidin only.

At the end of that time Páidin was going by the side of the churchyard, when he looked up at a cross that was standing there, and he fell into a faint. When he came to himself, there was a man before him and he clothed as white

'na fearaí ann rin, agus tuit ré i laige. Nuair é táinig ré cuige féin bí fear in a látair agus é gleurta coimh seal leir an tréadta. Labhair ré le páirín agus dubhairt ré, "a páirín malluighe, tá tú cionntaó in rna reáct breacaíó marbtha, agus muna ngníó tú aithiúge naíó tú go h-irruonn. Is aingeal ó 'Día mife, agus cuipríó mé bheiteamhar aithiúge oir: cuipríó mé reáct málaíó oir agus caipríó tú iad o' iomáar bliadain agus ríce. Tar éir an ama rin teirig i látair cpoire móire béróear i mbaile Cóna agus abair trí h-uair "M'anam do 'Día agus do mhuir." Cair beata diazanta [diaua] go dtí rin, agus naíó tú go plaítear. Teirig cum do fagaíre anoir, má tá tú úmal le mo cómairle do glacaó."

"Tá mé úmal," arpa páirín, "aéct béró na daoine as déanamh magaró fúm."

"Ná bac leir an magaró, ní mairpíó ré i bfaó," ar ran t-aingeal.

Tar éir an cómpáiró reó táinig tróm-cóulaó ar páirín, agus nuair dúirig ré bí reáct málaíó air, agus bí an t-aingeal iméighe. Bí dá mála ar a taobh deir, dá mála ar a taobh clé, agus bí trí cinn eile ar a dhruim, agus bí ríad greamuighe coimh cruairó rin air gur íaoil ré gur as fár air do bí ríad. Bí ríad ar dá a éroicinn féin, agus bí éroicinn oirpa. An lá ar n-a máraó nuair cuairó páirín amearg na ndaoine cuir ré iongantur oirpa, agus tug ríad "Ceannuioe na Seáct Mála" air, agus do lean an t-ainm rin do go bfuair ré báp.

Toraig páirín ar beata nuairó anoir. Cuairó ré

as the snow. He spoke to him and said: "O accursed Páidin, you are guilty of the seven deadly sins, and unless you do penance you shall go to hell. I am an angel from God, and I will put a penance on you. I will put seven bags upon you and you must carry them for one and twenty years. After that time go before the great cross that shall be in the town of Cong, and say three times, 'My soul to God and Mary,' spend a pious life until then, and you will go to heaven. Go to the priest now, if you are obedient (and ready) to receive my counsel."

"I am obedient," said Páidin, "but the people will be making a mock of me."

"Never mind the mock, it won't last long," said the angel.

After this conversation a deep sleep fell upon Páidin, and when he awoke there were seven bags upon him, and the angel was gone away. There were two bags on his right side, two bags on his left side, and three others on his back, and they were stuck so hard upon him that he thought that it was growing on him they were. They were the colour of his own skin, and there was skin on them. Next day when Páidin went among the people he put wonder on them, and they called him the Merchant of the Seven Bags, and that name stuck to him until he died.

Páidin began a new life now. He went to the priest, and he showed him the seven bags that were on him, and he told him the reason that they were put on him. The priest gave him good advice, and a great coat to cover the seven

cum an trasaire agus cairbeán ré úd na reáct málairí do bí air, agus d'innir ré úd an fáil ar cuireadh, air, iad. Tug an ragaire deas-ómhairle úd agus tug ré úd cóta-mór le foladh do cup ar na reáct málairí; agus do bíod páirín 'na díaró rin as dul ó teadh go teadh agus ó baile go baile, as iarrairí déirce, agus ní bíod Dómnadh no lá rairie naé mbíod ré as an airíonn, agus bíod fáilte poime inr gach uile áit.

Timcioll reáct mbliadhna 'na díaró rin bí páirín as dul le taoib an puill ar éirí ré Cloch na Fírinne ann. Táinig ré go bpuadh an puill, cuairí ríor ar a d'á glúin, agus d'iarrí ré ar Dia an éloch do cup ruar éirge. Nuair bí críoch ar a pairí, éinnairé ré an éloch as reáct aníor, agus na ceudta de éolumairí bána timcioll uirí. Bí an éloch as éirge agus as ríor-éirge go dtáinig rí i láthair páirín ar an talamh, agus ann rin d'iméig na colum ar air airí. Lá ar n-a márad cuairí ré cum an trasaire agus d'innir do gach níl i dtaoib Cloiche na Fírinne, agus an éad a dtáinig rí aníor ar an bpoll. "Rachair mé leat," ar an ragaire, "go bpeirí mé an t-ionganantar mór ro." Cuairí an ragaire leir go dtí an poll agus éinnairé ré Cloch na Fírinne. Agus éinnairé ré ruo eile do cup ionganantar mór air—na mílte agus na mílte colum as eiril timcioll béil an puill, as dul ríor ann agus as reáct aníor ar. Tug an ragaire Poll na gColum ar an áit, agus tá an t-ainm rin uirí go dtí an lá inoiú. Tugadh an éloch beannuighe arthead go Conga, agus níor bfuada gur cuireadh ruar eirí mór or a cionn; agus

bags with ; and after that Páidin used to be going from house to house and from village to village asking alms, and there used never be a Sunday or holiday that he would not be at Mass, and there used to be a welcome before him in every place.

About seven years after that Páidin was going by the side of the hole into which he had thrown the Stone of Truth. He came to the brink of the hole, went down on his two knees and asked God to send him up the stone. When his prayer was ended he saw the stone coming up, and hundreds of white doves round about it. The stone was rising and ever rising until it came into Páidin's presence on the ground, and then the doves went back again. The next day he went to the priest and told him everything about the Stone of Truth, and the way it came up out of the hole. "I will go with you," said the priest, "until I see this great wonder." The priest went with him to the hole and he saw the Stone of Truth. And he saw another thing which put great wonder on him ; thousands and thousands of doves flying round about the mouth of the hole, going down into it and coming up again. The priest called the place Poll na gColum or the Doves' Hole, and that name is on it until the present day.¹ The blessed stone was brought into Cong, and it was not long until a grand cross was erected over it, and from that day to this, people come from every place to look at the Doves' Hole,

¹ Pronounced "Pull na gullum." For another derivation of this name, see the story of Paudyeen O'Kelly and the Weasel, in my "Beside the Fire," p. 88, and note, p. 189.

ó'n lá rin go dtí an lá inoiú tagann daoine ar gach uile áit le breahtuḡaḡ ar ḡoll na gColum, agus éireo na rean-daoine gur aingle naoim ḡáḡraig do bí ann rna columaib rin.

Bí Cloḡ na fírinne le bliadantaib na ḡiaib rin i gConga, agus ir cinnte go nḡearnaib rí maic mḡr, óir congḡaig rí go leor daoine ó coipeadḡa do ḡéanam. Aḡt goḡeab i ra ḡeḡig, agus ni'l cuntaḡ uirri ó roin.

Mair ḡároin go raib ré ceitḡe ríḡo bliadḡan ḡ' aoir, agus ḡ' iomḡar ré a ḡuio aicḡiḡe go cḡaibḡeac. Nuair bí an bliadḡain agus ríḡe do ḡuḡ an t-aingḡal ḡó cḡioḡnuigḡe, agus é aḡ iomḡar na reacḡ mála ar feab na h-aimpḡe rin, táinig teacḡaḡe ḡuigḡe, i n-aipḡing, le ríḡ leir go raib a beacḡa ar an tḡaogal ro cḡioḡnuigḡe, agus go gcaicḡeab ré ḡul an lá ar n-a máraḡ i láḡair Cḡoipe Conga, agus é féin do ḡabairḡ ruar do ḡia agus do mḡuḡe. Ar maidin go moḡ ḡuair ré ḡuig an raḡairḡ, agus ḡ'innir ḡó an ruagḡaḡ do ruair ré inḡ an oioḡe. Deir daoine náir éireo an raḡairḡ é, aḡt ar ḡaoi ar biḡ ḡuḡairḡ ré le ḡároin ḡéanaim mar ḡuḡairḡ an teacḡaḡe leir.

ḡ'imḡig ḡároin agus ḡ'fás ré a beannaḡt aḡ a ḡómarḡannaib agus a ḡaoimib muinnḡipeacḡa, agus nuair bí an cloḡ aḡ bualaḡ an ḡó-ḡeas agus na daoine aḡ ríḡ fáilte an aingil, táinig ḡároin i láḡair na cḡoipe agus ḡuḡairḡ tḡi h-uairḡ " m'anam do ḡia agus do mḡuḡe," agus an an mball ḡuit ré marib.

Bí an cḡoir rin i mbaile Conga le bliadantaib. ḡuair earḡos de ḡloinneab ḡuḡaig ḡum na Róma agus ruair ré píoḡa de'n fíor-cḡoir agus ḡuḡ ré

and the old people believed that they were St. Patrick's angels who were in those doves.

The Stone of Truth was for years after that in Cong, and it is certain that it did great good, for it kept many people from committing crimes. But it was stolen at last, and there is no account of it from that out.

Páidin lived until he was four score years of age, and bore his share of penance piously. When the one and twenty years that the angel gave him were finished, and he carrying the seven bags throughout that time, there came a messenger in a dream to say to him that his life in this world was finished, and that he must go the next day before the Cross of Cong and give himself up to God and Mary. Early in the morning he went to the priest and told him the summons he had got in the night. People say that the priest did not believe him, but at all events he told Páidin to do as the messenger had bidden him.

Páidin departed, and left his blessing with his neighbours and relations, and when the clock was striking twelve, and the people saying the Angelical Salutation, Páidin came before the cross and said three times, "My soul to God and to Mary," and on the spot he fell dead.

That cross was in the town of Cong for years. A bishop, one of the O'Duffys, went to Rome, and he got a bit of the true Cross and put it into the Cross of Cong.¹ It was there

¹ The Cross of Cong, now in the National Museum in Dublin, is of the most exquisite workmanship. It is about thirty inches high, covered with an elaborate Celtic ornamentation, and inscriptions in Irish along its sides. It was originally made for the Church of Tuam, to the order of Turloch O'Connor, King of Connacht. The Archbishop of Tuam at that time was, as the story says, really an O'Duffy. The artist was an O'Ifechan.

irtead i gCnoir Conga é. Bí pé ann rin go dtáinig na Saille agus sup leagadair go talam é. Tá Cnoir Conga i n-Éirinn fóir, agus tá tuarim as na daoine go mbéir sí árouighe ruar i mbaile Conga arís le congnam Dé.

Do fuair mé i leabair beas eile, ríobhda leir an Seágan O Máthairna céana ari ar labair mé ceana, ar oileán ann ran tSionnainn, timcioll ceithe rícto bliadán ó fóin, fóir liodáin no oirige i n-onóir do'n máigheoin múire, a bfuil blar fóir-šaebealaó ar cúro dé, óir tá cúro déi béarpuigheáó agus cúro déi bpiór, agus ní cinnte sup airtmušáó é,—an béarpuigheáó ar móó ar bit. Ní fácaó mé riam don cóir eile dé, 7 beirim ann ro é le n-a fábaíl. Toraišeann an píora ro le paióir, agus ó am go h-am tagann arteaó na briatna aít-ráíóte arís agus arís eile,

“O a baintišeanna deónaig teáó le cabair

Cum mé o' fóiréoraint ar mo námaio.

Šlóir do'n átair don mác agus don Špioraó naomh.”

Agus an raiinnín ;

O a Šišeanna éir le m' uiraiše,

Agus go raóaió m'orina i o' látair,

molamaoio an Šišeanna,

buióeáó le Dia.

Agus an ruan ríoruióe tré érócaire dé

go bfuigio anam na bpiéan.

Agus ann rin tagann na focla “o a naomh m. a mátair ar oŠišeann. 1. C., 7c.” Ir iao ro na céufocla de'n uiraiše atá ríobhda i oúir na h-oirige mar leanar :—

O a naomh-múire, a mátair ar oŠišeanna fóra Šríort, a bairiošan na bplaitear, a baintišeanna an domain uile na(é) tréišeann agus na(é) tarciuirnišeann don nead, feud oim go

until the foreigners came and threw it to the ground. The Cross of Cong is still in Ireland, and the people have an idea that it will yet be raised up in the town of Cong with the help of God.

I found in another little book of mine written by the same John O'Mahon of whom I spoke before, on an island in the Shannon, about eighty years ago, a sort of litany or office in honour of the Virgin Mary, on part of which there is a truly Gaelic *blas*, for some of it is in verse and some of it in prose, and it is not certain that the verse, at all events, is a translation. I have never seen another copy of it, so give it here to save it. This piece begins with a prayer, and from time to time these words come in, repeated again and again:—

O Queen, vouchsafe to come with help
To truly protect me from my enemy.
Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

and the versicle—

O Lord, listen to my prayer,
And may my sigh go before thee,
We praise the Lord,
Thanks be to God.
And the eternal slumber, through the mercy of God,
May the soul of the righteous obtain.

And then come the words, "O holy Mary, Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ," etc. Here are the first words of the prayer that are written at the commencement of the Office, as follows:—

O holy Mary, O Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, O Queen of the heavens, O Queen of all the world, who forsakest not and despisest not any one, mercifully look upon me with eye of compassion, and gain for me from thy beloved Son pardon for all my sins . . . through

τρώσαιμεσὲς le fúil truaighméile ašur raotémaidž óam ó o' m'ac
múirneac pároun i n-íomlán mo péacaiúe* tre
šmárta ašur τρώσαιμε áh o' tígearna íora Críost vo euz tura
a mairgean ó o' bhoinn, an té mairhear ašur mairgear
mar don leir an ádair ašur leir an Spioraid Naomh, don Dia
amáin, i o' t'pionóio mó naomta, le raogal na raogal. Amen.

Ann rin tagann na paimníní, ašur pice line de
íórt b'earruigeaceta aš toružad

páilte móma a óiž ciallta

a t'eaž ouine vo dia an t-ápo-tígearna,

acēt ní cuirim ann ro iad mar ní ro foilleir iad. Tar
eir rin tagann na paimníní, ašur tar eir na paimnín
an cuir eile de'n liosán mar leanar:—

šo mbeannuigtear ouit a airc an meacta,

a ádair míožda šolaimh mic dáidi,

a boža bairte foillireac na b'laitear,

a éor an tiorpona vo ptiúmaidž maoire,

a lompa miorbuilleac šiveon éróda,

a rlat blátmair ašion cómacetais,

a m'íl cúdarca šampion mópda,

ašur a beag-šeompa an tšlánuigteópa,

buó nio oipeamnac šo raóálpad

mac šo p'ior-uapal,†

ó'n ule‡ o'páz clann éada,

paol buaiream.

an mairgean mó naomta,

vo tož pé mar mádair,

ionnur nac mbairpead

aicio an péacaiú,

ná truaill'ead šo b'rác ói,

Cómnuige[ann] [ré] ann ran b'laiteior ir doirpe,

ašur ir é mo p'iočán míožda

* Leanann ann ro na b'riačpa "ionur šo b'puižinri noč vo
molač inir šo p'ioiomópac le žean diamotac vo šabail naomta
na óiais ro mar žualšur an šlóipe p'ioimuiže," acēt ní léiri
óam cau ir ciall uóib.

† "vo ní oipioibneac šo ramailac mac co p'ioruapal," ms.

‡ ní léiri an focal ro.

the grace and mercy of Our Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou hast brought, O Virgin, from thy womb, He who liveth and ruleth together with the Father and Holy Spirit, one God, in a Trinity very holy, for ever and ever. Amen.

Then come the versicles and twenty lines of a sort of versification, beginning

Welcome to thee, O prudent Virgin,
O human house (!) for God the High Lord ;

but I do not give these verses here, as they are not very clear. After that came the versicles, and after the versicles the rest of the Litany as follows :—

Ark of the Law, we hail thee there,¹
And Solomon's, son of David's chair,
And the bow baptismal in Heaven's pure air.
O tower who once did Moses guide,
Marvellous fleece by Gideon's side,
Blossoming rod of Aaron's pride,
Honeycomb sweet which Samson tried,
Room where the Saviour did once abido.

It were meet she should save
A Son so noble
From the children of Eve,
Their sin-stain and trouble.
The most Holy Virgin
He chose as His mother,
That no spot or stain
Of sin might remain
Her brightness to smother.

¹ *Literally.*—Hail to thee, O Ark of the law | O royal throne of Solomon, son of David | O shining baptismal bow of the heavens | O tower of the tabernacle (?) which guided Moses | O miraculous fleece of valiant Gideon | O blossoming rod of powerful Aaron | And O little-chamber of the Saviour | It was a fitting thing that she should save | [Her] Son truly noble | From the evil that left the children of Eve | under trouble | the maiden very holy | He chose as mother | In order that the disease of sin or corruption might not touch her for ever | He dwelleth in the highest heaven | And He is my royal peace | a Pillar of the Clouds.

pìoláir na rḡamlla.
 Δ δαιντιḡεαḡna ḡo mbuò veónac leat,
 Teac̃t le caḡair,
 Cum mé u'fíor-ḡoraint ar mo námao.*

ḡo mbeannuḡtear úuit
 Δ mátair aḡur Δ mairḡean,
 Δ teampuil na ḡmonóue,
 Ir tu luacḡair† na n-ainḡeal,
 Δ pálair na fíor-óḡeac̃t',
 Δ ḡompóro na noóḡmónac̃,
 Δ ḡrainn ḡráraḡail na foḡue,
 Δ ḡáiruin an trólair,
 An óir-ḡirce na mairḡean,
 Ir itir na talair rḡarḡaḡail (sic) tu
 Uo rḡor iomlán i n-éireac̃t ‡
 Δ'r ó peac̃o an tririr,
 ḡur rḡoraò tu ḡo haonua
 Δ ḡeata na ḡlaircear,
 Δ éatair na ḡmonóue,
 Δ péarla óirḡeirc na mairḡean
 lán uo'n uile ḡrára ḡan teóma
 mar an lile mearḡ na noḡairceannḡ
 ar an meoḡan rin, rin mo ḡráo amearḡ inḡean áoair:
 O a naom̃ m̃uirce, Δ mátair ar uḡḡeḡna iora ḡríor.

Δ δαιντιḡεḡna ḡo mbuò veónac̃ leat
 Teac̃t le caḡair
 Cum mé u'fíor-ḡoraint ar mo námao, ḡc.

ḡo mbeannuḡtear úuit
 Δ éatair na coimircce,
 Δ tuir úáidi || an m̃is
 Coranta ḡo coḡac̃taõ,
 Le ar̃m an áir̃o-m̃is,

* ḡarann na r̃ainníñu ḡ an p̃air̃ir ann ro.

† "luac̃air," ms.

‡ "áeoair iomlán an aoḡac̃t," ms. u'éir̃ir "áat̃ir iomlán
 1 naom̃taõ."

§ "na noḡioneḡa," ms.

She dwelleth to-day in the heavens above,
For me a royal place of love,

A Pillar of cloud.

O Queen, mayest thou consent
To come with help
To truly protect me from mine enemy.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail to thee,
O Mother and Maiden,
O Church of the Trinity,
Thou art the rejoicing of the angels,
O Palace of the true Virginity,
O comfort of the sorrowful,
O gracious tree of patience,
O garden of pleasure,
O golden-treasury of the virgins,
Thou art the soil of the priestly ground,
Who hast saved all effectually,
And from the sin of the ancestor (original sin),
Sure thou wast saved completely (!)
O gate of the heavens,
O chair of the Trinity,
O noble pearl of the maidens,
Full of every grace without limits,
Like the lily amongst the thorns,
In that respect, that is my love amongst the daughters of Adam,
O holy Mary, Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

O Queen, mayest thou deign
To come with help
And truly protect me from my enemy.

Hail to thee,
Throne of protection,
Tower of King David,
Protected powerfully
By the weapons of the High King

|| "Ὁάιτ," MS., λαδαιρετάρ Ὁάιθι μαρ "Ὁάιτ" no "Ὁάιτε" 50
minic.

Ann do gádháil naóiméa,
 Do bí an éaréanaéct ar íora,
 Agus [do h-írligeadó] lucifer an uair
 Go bfuair ré tríot marla.
 Ir tu iadit neamh-élaoidé
 Do rinne móir-ghíom le n-a h-aim,
 No aibíraiz, méir mar ríghíobéar,*
 Le n-a bfuair deaghuiz iur a tapa (?)
 Ioirer mac Raécil
 Do lion égypt le beata,
 A' r go ruz muipe ó na bhoinn
 An té tuill dúinn na flaitir.
 Ir mo áluinn† éu go hiomlán, o mo gháú,
 Agus ríota de péacaó an trínir
 Ní maib maib ionat.

Go mbeannuigítear uuit -
 A ghianáin glóimuir,
 Ir ionat iompuidéar an ghian ear air
 Deic gcéim o'á cúirra,
 Agus sur faoi do bhoinn
 Do tuirling mac dé 'n ár mear.
 Ionnuir go n-éireócaó an cine daonna
 Go flaitéar ó iríonn na brian.
 Cio sur móir é ear na h-ainzil‡
 Sur iugadó é i rtabla folam§ san biaó
 Duó minic an ghian ro
 [Ag] foillriugadó ar muipe.
 Iró do rinne a gádháil naóiméa,
 Mar gluinne|| na maione.
 Ir tu an lile mo áluinn amearg na noimaiéan¶

* "Ere mar ríghíobéar," ms.

† "aa." ms.

‡ hair na éainzil, ms.

§ ollam ms.

|| Do ríghíobéar amac an focal ro agus ríghíob láim eile ann
 a áit "glonean."

In thy holy conception,
 The friendship was on Jesus,
 And Lucifer [was humbled] in the hour
 That he found through thee reproach.
 Thou art the unconquered Judith
 Who performed the great feat with her weapon,
 Or Abishag, as is written,
 By whom a good king found his activity (?)
 Joseph, son of Rachel,
 Who filled Israel with food,
 And sure Mary has brought forth from her womb
 Him who earned the heavens for us.
 It is very beautiful entirely thou art, O my love,
 And one spot of ancestral sin
 There was in thee never.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail unto thee,
 O glorious *grianan* [sunny-house].
 It is in thee the sun turneth backwards
 Ten degrees of its course.¹

And sure beneath thy womb
 The Son of God descended into our midst,
 So that the human race might rise
 To heaven from hell of the pains.
 Although He is great beyond the angels
 And though He was born in an empty stable without food,
 Often was this sun
 Shining upon Mary,
 A thing which made her holy conception
 Like the clearness of the morning.
 Thou art the most beautiful lily amongst the thorns,

Ἡ νή λείπῃ σὺν ἀν ποταμὸν πο. ἡ νή-λῆϊστε ἐ, ἀπὸ πρῶτον
 ἐ μὰρ "ὡμαίγειν."

¹ Cf. verse 7 of the poem above, "παίτε ἡ μάταιη," "Welcome,
 O Mother."

na naitheada nime go dtéidís rian mórdó-rá
 ann ran doicéadur,
 ir tu an raé glan eólaí
 do'n té díor ar reathán.
 ir tu an foillireán 'ran lócmann.
 ann ran bplaitear do éirí mé
 solur ríomhuide ar bun,
 asur o'foluis mé an domhan uile
 mar deó bmaonach.

O a naomh-mhuir, 7c.

O [a] baintigeirina go mbuó deónaí leo' inac ar dtigeirina
 iora criorc tme t' impire-re beir ríotcánta linn, rinn do
 congbáil ar ríad na ngráir[a] asur [a] feara o' iompóo
 uainn.

O [a] baintigeirina go mbuó deónaí leat teact le cabair
 cum mé o'ríor-corpaint ar mo námaio.

Go mbeannuigítear úit
 a mairgean nó feunmair,
 a deag-cáil na geannnuigeadt',
 a bainríogán na trócaire
 atá ciónuigíte le meultuib.
 ir gloine tu 'ná na h-ainzil
 as amair ar do mair glóimair,
 do fuid ar a dear-láim.
 ir tu toga na h-oiigheacta,*
 a máir na ngráir,
 a dóicair na breacaí,
 a meultóig foilliread na bóina,
 do forur ar an noimig le barad.
 Deónaig geata na bplaitear
 do beir orgailte mómainn-ne.
 ionnur, leir an gcualact beannuigíte,
 go realbócamaoir do mair múinead,
 i ruaimnear na glóime.
 ir ola naomta t'ainn asainn a mhuir,
 ir móir an gean atá as do feimhig úit.
 A Naomh-Mhuir, 7c., 7c.

* "Tobta an oigheact," ms.

The serpents sure they go before thee
 In the darkness.
 Thou art the clear moon of guidance
 To him who is astray,
 Thou art the torch and the lamp.

In the heavens have I set
 An eternal light,
 And I have covered the entire world
 Like a dripping mist.

O Holy Mary, etc.

O Queen, may thy Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, consent, through thy request, to be at peace with us, to keep us in the state of grace, and to turn away His anger from us.

O Queen, mayest thou consent to come with help to truly protect me from my enemy.

[*Versicle and prayer as before.*]

Hail to thee,
 O maiden very prosperous,
 O good-fame of chastity,
 O queen of mercy,
 Who art crowned with stars,
 Thou art purer than the angels,
 Looking on thy glorious Son
 Sitting on His right hand,
 Thou art the choice of the inheritance (?)
 O Mother of the graces,
 O hope of the sinners,
 O little shining star of the ocean,
 Refuge (?) of those being destroyed.
 Consent that the gate of the heavens
 May be opened before us,
 So that with the blessed company
 We might inherit thy beloved Son
 In the quiet of glory.
 Thy name to us, O Mary, is an holy oil.
 Great is the love thy servants have for thee.

O Holy Mary, etc.

Dhiannamaoio go li-úháil tuir
 A máighean mío éháibteá
 Na tráta canonta ro
 Duðiamar le ghláó tuir.

Stiúbais rin[n] oileimís
 Go uatamaoio le Cúirta,
 A'p ar uair ár mbáir
 A dhainmogan na ngrár
 Guit oimainn i látaim íora.

'Sí reó an bhainne
 Naé * fuamar inni maí
 Smál peacaió an trinnir,
 Ná cori† peacaió an ghníom'.

An tan vo ginead éu
 i mbionn vo mítear ó mairin,
 Vo bí tu san ppoa
 Na rmól ar bit peacaió,
 Guit éum an aear fíorimíde ar ár ron‡

O! (a) Óia noé d'ollmuis § ionao cóimuisíte doo' mías, tpe
 gadáil || neam-émuailiíte na máighe beannuigte, tpe poim-
 feicrint ¶ báir a h-aon míc gur fábáil tú í ó ppoa ar bit
 peacaió, go mbuó deónaé leat tpe n-a h-impíde-pe ** ar an móu
 gcéadna rinne vo fáomaó ó peacaióib, ionnur go realdamaoir
 tú féin, tpe ár uatigearna íora Cúirt vo mías, vo mairmar agur
 vo maígaluigear mar aon leat, agur leir an spioimí naom, an
 aon óia amáin, i uatimóio mo naomta, le raogal na raogal.
 Amen.

.

* "na fuamar maí nē," MS.

† ní léir an focal ro, ir corimíil le "cori" é.

‡ Tá líne eile annro aet ní léir tam í: "ion utas tú amac
 ó vo dhionn"

§ "Dollais," MS.

|| "Gail," MS.

¶ "seo tpe meimeirint báir ahaon míc," MS. agur focal eile
 naé léir tam rghíobta of cionn an "tpe."

** "himpírin," MS

W. humbly present thee
 O Maiden most holy
 These prayers and devotions
 With service most lowly.¹

Steer us poor pilgrims
 To Christ on our way,
 And when Death shall face us,
 O Queen of the graces,
 To Him for us pray.

For this is the branch
 In whom never was known
 One sin-spot ancestral
 Or crime of His own.

For Thou wast conceived
 In the womb of Thy mother,
 Sinless and stainless
 As never another.

Pray to the eternal Father for us.

O God, who didst prepare a resting place for Thy Son through the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, through the foreseeing of the death of her only Son, so that Thou didst save her from any spot of sin, that it may please thee, through her petition, in like manner to save us from sins, so that we may possess Thyself; through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth along with Thee and with the Holy Spirit, one God only, in a very holy Trinity, for ever and ever.

• • • • •

¹*Literally.*—We bestow on thee humbly | O maiden very pious—These canonical services ["hours" or "times"] | Which we have spoken with love for thee | Steer us pilgrims | That we may come with Christ | And at the hour of our death | O Queen of the Graces | Pray for us in the presence of Jesus | This one is the branch | In which was never found | A blot of the sin of the elder [original sin] | Or the crime of the sin of the deed [actual sin] | When thou wast begotten | In the womb of thy Mother from morning | Thou wast without spot | Or any stain of sin.

As ro oirca anaíró na nDaoine maite do fuair mé
óm' éapairt Una ní Ósáin i gConradé Port-Laioigire,
nó Conradé na Bainríogha, do fuair é ó Dóinnall
O Fótarta i gConamara.

ORTA ANAÍRÓ NA NDAOINE MAITE.

A mhic Dé an gcluin tú an gleo éugainn
Go móji ran ngleann?
Cluinim, a mhátair. Ná bíod eagla ort.
Go rabálaró an t-átair beannaigíte rinn,
Go mbuó tóin daingionn, an tóin a bfuilimid ann.
Go mbuó pluag dall an pluag ro éugainn.
O a íora Cníort, a mháighean glóimáir,
a éidear áir nrochar agur áir noíogbáir
Go rgarairó tú do doéall beannaigíte taprainn. Amen.

As ro paitir beag eile do fuairéar óm' éapairt an
t-átair O Flanagáin atá ran scoláirte i Sligeach.
Fuair reiréan ó béal rean-níná é:

TEACHTAIRE Ó DÍA.

Teachtairé ó Día nóimam,
Aingeal Dé or mo éionn,
Ola Cníort ar mo éorp,
Día nóimam agur liom.

Muiré mátair [Dé]
[Muiré] agur a mac,
Go nroéanairó ríao * mo leap
éuar agur eall.

Náir leigiró ríð in'anam uaim i brian, 7 nuair béiréar ré réiró
le cuairtugadó an traoigáil, go uirgairó tú [é a Dé] ar vo
éear-láim féin go bráic. Amen.

* "Síð" a duháirt reiréan.

¹ Literally.—A messenger from God before me | An angel of God

Here is a charm against the good people or fairies that I got from my friend, Miss Young, in the County of Port-Leix, or Queen's County, who got it from Daniel O'Faherty of Connemara :—

CHARM AGAINST THE GOOD PEOPLE.

O Son of God ! dost thou hear this confused noise [coming] towards us
Loudly in the glen ?

I hear, O Mother. Let there be no fear on you.

May the Blessed Father save us.

May it be a firm fortress, the fortress in which we are.

May they be a blind host, this host that is coming towards us.

O Jesus Christ, O glorious Virgin,

Who seest our harm and our hurt,

Mayest thou spread thy blessed cowl across us. Amen.

Here is another little prayer that I got from my friend, Father O'Flanagan of the college in Sligo. He got it from the mouth of some old woman.

A MESSENGER FROM GOD.

A messenger from God before me,
An angel of God above my head,
The oil of Christ upon my body,
And God before me where I am led.¹

May Mary, Mother of God,
And her Son in endless bliss,
Do with me what is best
On that side and on this.²

That ye may not let my soul from me into pain. and when it shall
be done with the visiting of the world, mayest thou take it, O God,
upon Thine own right hand for ever. Amen.

above my head | The oil of Christ upon my body | God before me and
with me.

² Mary, Mother of God | Mary and her Son | May they do what-is-
best | Over and beyond.

As ro ceathraí eile do fuair an t-Ádair O Flan-
asáin ó'n mhnaoi céadna:

Ó a tigeanna do pianaó.*

Ó! a tigeanna do pianaó ⁊ t'pulaing an páir
do o' ríallao le h-iarann ó mullaó go páil,
a tigeanna fuair na cairngiúe in do coir a'r do láim*
a tigeanna † ir as iarrairó do doimire cáim.

As ro gíota beas eile aót ní cuimníom cía an áit
a bfuairéar é:

sláinte.

Sláinte an tsáir-fir
do leat a ghéag
ar éiann na páire
as rábáil an éine daonna,
asur pláinte na mná mánla
do rug a mac san céile,
asur pláinte naoim páirais
do beannuig éire.

As ro rann beas eile, aót cpeirim sur i gcúige
ulaó fuairéar é:

ná h-amarc.

ná h-amarc go minic ar do dhóig
asur ná déan ríó ar do dhíat,
síúbal go h-úiríolli i móo
asur beannuig fá óó do'n ouine boet. ‡

Ui caint ar Solaim inran liodaín do tug mé fuar;
asur inran d'án "páilte, a m'áir" do tug mé
póime reo, tugtar "a cátaoir Solaim an rug," ar an
maigoin muir. Cualaó mé níor mó 'ná don rgeal

* "a tigeanna i nuaio rin fuair tiaraoar(?) na epóim uile
ar do láim" buairte ré

† "a tigeanna ⁊ a tigeanna," buairte ré.

‡ Labairtear "boet" i gcúige ulaó toir, beas-naó mar
"batl"

Here is another stanza that Father O'Flanagan got from the same woman :—

O LORD, WHO DIDST SUFFER.

O Lord, who didst suffer Thy tortures for me,
Torn with iron from the head to the knee,
Whose feet and whose hands were nailed to the tree,
Help, Lord ! I come seeking protection of Thee ¹

Here is another little piece, but I do not remember where I got it.

THE HEALTH.

The health of the Excelling-Man
Who stretched wide His limbs
Upon the tree of the passion,
Saving the human race.
And the health of the gentle woman
Who bore her Son without a consort,
And the health of St. Patrick,
Who blessed Ireland.

Here is another little *rann*, but I think it was in Ulster I got it.

LOOK NOT.

Look not with pride at thy polished shoe,
Be not proud, too, of thy cloak so nice,
In humility walk the road afoot,
And always salute the poor man twice.²

Solomon was mentioned in the Litany above ; and in the poem which I gave before, the "Welcome, Mother," the Virgin Mary is called, "O chair of Solomon the King." I have heard more than one story about this Solomon ; but I think

¹ *Literally*.—O Lord, who wast pained and didst suffer the passion | Rent with iron from top to heel | O Lord, who didst get the nails in Thy foot and Thy hand | O Lord, it is seeking Thy protection I am

² *Literally*.—Do not look often on thy shoe | And do not not make [conceiv'o] pride out of thy mantle | Walk very humbly on the road | And salute twice the poor man.

aitháin ar an Solaim ro, aót mespaim sup i tacaib
 daoine eile do h-innpeaó iad ar tóir, agus sup
 leagaó ar Solaim cuio aca náir bain leir ó ceapc.
 Ar cúma ar bit, as ro pgeul do rghíob mé focal ar
 focal ó innpint íllídeáil íllíe Ruairíuís ó iaptarí Contae
 ílluíg. Eó oót mbliana ó roim. Níor cúipear focal
 leir 7 ní bainim focal de. Ir píor go bfuil blar an
 domáin-fóir ar an rgeul ro, 7 níl mé 'ráó nac ó'n
 oiréior éáimís ré.

SEANAÓAS AR SOLAIM

Nuair bí mátaí Solaim* tinn, cúipeaó Solaim fear
 ar an mbaile a raib ré ann, o'á faipe 'é uile oiré'.
 Agus 'é uile fear do bíod o'á faipe, éirífead ré
 tigeaót poim éiríge na spéine ar maidin le rgeul
 éuis Solaim cao é an caoi a raib a mátaí. Agus an
 éao fear a déiríad go raib a mátaí maib bí a
 éloigionn† le baint de, 7 a érocaó ar pleis bí or
 cionn an doirir móir. Agus éirífead ríao, fear ar
 fear, gac don oiréce ar a túir. Agus cúis púnta an
 luac raotair a o'págaó‡ ríao gac don oiréce. Bí go
 maic agus ní raib go dona go tóaimís ré ar túirís
 mic baintríeabáige dul as faipe mátaí Solaim. Agus
 an oiréce bí ré as dul o'á faipe bí rí an-las claoiróte
 7 tugta ruar do'n bár.

Nuair éáimís cuntaí as mac na baintríeabáige le
 dul as faipe mátaí Solaim éáimís laige agus allur
 an báir air, 7 éorais a mátaí o'á éaoinead maí nac
 raib aici aót é. Agus as tigeaót a-baile uó ó'n

* Labair ré an t-ainm reo maí "Solaim."

† "Claoigionn," duibairt ré.

‡ = do gairífead ríao.

it likely that it was about other people these stories were first told, and that some were left on, or ascribed to, Solomon, that did not of right belong to him. At all events, here is a story which I wrote down eight years ago, word for word, from the telling of Michael Mac Rury, or Rogers, of the County Mayo, near Killalla. I have not added a word to it, nor do I take a word from it. Undoubtedly there is a flavour of the Eastern world about this story, and I do not say that it may not have come from there.

STORY OF SOLOMON.

When Solomon's mother was sick, Solomon used to send a man from the village in which he was to watch her every night; and every man who used to be watching her had to come before sunrise next morning with word to Solomon of how his mother was, and the first man who would say that his mother was dead, his head was to be whipt off him, and hung upon a spear that was above the Great Door. And they used to go, man after man, each night in their turn, and five pounds was the reward for their work, which they used to get each night. It was well, and it was not ill, until it came to the turn of a widow's son to go to watch the mother of Solomon; and the night that he was going to watch her, she was very weak and overcome, and given up for death.

When the account came to the widow's son to go and watch Solomon's mother, there came the weakness and the sweat of death upon him, and his mother began to keeno for him, because she had no one but him. And as he was

obair laé do bí aige, an triathnóna rin, bí ré aḡ ceoin-
easó so buairdearta, aḡur capas leat-páit [leat-
amiasán] air, 7 o'fiarpuig ré de mac na baintreabaiḡe
cas é an t-árbair bí ré 'caoineas, 7 o'innir mac na
baintreabaiḡe óó mar tá mire ó'áinnreacét daoib-re.

"Cia an luac-raotair ḡeobar tu?" ar ran leat-
páit, le mac na baintreabaiḡe.

"Cúis púnta," ar reirean leir.

"m'anam do 'Dia na nḡiárta," ar ran leat-páit,
"má tḡsann tú na cúis púnta óam-ra, so raóair
mire i o'áit anocht."

"Déarparó mé cúis púnta aḡur aḡuirín duit,"
arra mac na baintreabaiḡe, "má téirdeann tu ann."

b'fíor an rḡeul. Cuair an leat-páit [aḡ] fairre
mácar Solaim an oiróce rin. Aḡur bí rí inran n-eaḡlac
óeiríó nuair cuair ré arteaó inran reompa; aḡur bí
ré ó'á fairre so oti léir* uair an óó-déas ran oiróce.
Aḡur maóitig† ré toran aḡ an doirur móir aḡur
ó'eirig ré ar a óorair, aḡur fiúbair ré so oti an
doirur móir. Aḡur bí fear aḡ an doirur móir aḡur é
[aḡ] fairre arteaó ar fuinneóis do bí ar an doirur
móir. Aḡur buó é an fear do bí ann fearórfóḡanta-
cuirp do bí aḡ Solaim, aḡur bí an-óionn aḡ Solaim ar
an bfeair ro, aḡur cuireasó ré an fear ro 'ac uile
oiróce le rḡeul do tabairt faoi láim [=or írioll]
cuige aḡ páó——an fear do bí aḡ tabairt aipe ó'á
mácar an raib ré aḡ deunam a ḡnaóaiḡ [ḡnóó] ceairt.
Aḡur ní raib aon fear de na fíir do bí 'fairre a mácar
ar fearó bliathna óom cóir-bfairreacó leir an leat-páit
bí ó'á fairre an oiróce rin. Níor maóitig aon fear an
fear do bí aḡ an doirur móir, aon oiróce, acó é.

going home from the day's work that he had, that evening, he was weeping and troubled; and there met him a half-fool, and he asked the widow's son for what cause was he weeping, and the widow's son told him as I am telling it to you.

"What is the reward that you will get?" said the half-fool to the widow's son.

"Five pounds," says he to him.

"My soul to God of the graces," says the half-fool, "but I'll go in your place to night, if you give me the five pounds."

"I'll give you five pounds, and something over," says the widow's son, "if you go there."

True was the story. The half-fool went to watch Solomon's mother that night, and she was in the last agony when he went into the room, and he was watching her until after the hour of twelve at night; and he heard a noise at the big door, and he rose up on his feet and walked to the big door; and there was a man at the big door, and he watching in, on a window that was in the big door. And the man who was in it was a body-servant of Solomon; and Solomon had a great regard for this man, and he used to send this man every night to bring him word privately—to tell him if the man who was taking care of his mother was doing his business right. Now there was none of the men who were watching his mother for a year so keenly-watchful as the half-fool who was watching her that night. No man of them heard the man who was at the big door any night except him.

* = "ἡ ἐρ," "ταρ ἐρ." † = μοταῖς ἢ ἐυαλαῖς.

D'fórsaíl an leat-páit an doimur móir ann sin, agus bí sean-claiúeamh* croícta or cionn an doimur mhóir. Agus nuair bí an doimur mhóir fórsaílte faoi an fearb-fóganra-cuirp do tigeaórt arteaó, agus tarrmáing an leat-páit an claiúeam agus cait ré an ceann dé. D'fás ré ann sin é, 7 éiríod ré arteaó san reompa-codaita, 'n áit a faib mátair Solaimh, 7 ní faib ré i bpaó artaig go bfuair mátair Solaimh báp.

Bí Solaimh as éiríge an mh-ruaimhneac faoi n-a fearb-fóganra, cao é an fáit naó faib ré tigeaórt éiríge le rgeul, mar tigeaó ré gac uile oíóde eile. Aó ce-ba-rin-toé [ar cúma ar bit] níor fás Solaimh an teaó go maroin, 7 ní deaóairó ré o'á éileamh. Aó ní táinig ré. Agus nuair éiríng an lá ní faib mac na baintreabáige as Solaimh ionn éiríge na gréine mar bí na fir eile. Ní deaóairó Solaimh faoi éomhuíóe, aó é dóláimh as faire [=as ríor-faire] amac tóio an bfuinneóis, agus, ar deireaó fíar, éomhaic ré mac na baintreabáige—mar faoi ré gur b' é bí ann—as tigeaórt éiríng an gacáir. Agus nuair táinig ré arteaó éiríng Solaimh beannuig ríao o'á éile. Agus, ar' an leat-páit—ir é bí ann—le Solaimh, “Tá mé 's iarrairó do pároúin oir, a iúg 'r a ppuonra.”

“Cia fáit deir tú sin?” arpa Solaimh.

“Cait mé an hata de do fearb-fóganra-cuirp inoé,” ar' an leat-páit.

“Tá do pároúin fásailte [fáigte] asao,” arpa Solaimh.

“Aó, a iúg do b'fearr de na rígtib,” ar san leat-páit, “bí an cloigíonn leir an hata.” Agus mar bí

* Labairtear “claiúeam” mar “claiúe” i gConnacáirib.

The half-fool opened the big door then, and there was an old sword hung up over the big door. When the big door was opened the body-servant thought to come in, but the half-fool drew the sword, and threw the head off him. He left him there and went to the sleeping-room where Solomon's mother was, and he was not long in it until Solomon's mother died.

Solomon was getting very uneasy about his servant, as to what was the reason that he was not coming to him with tidings, as he used to come every other night. But, howsoever, Solomon did not leave the house till morning, and he did not go to look for him. [He waited], but he did not come. And when the day came, the widow's son was not with Solomon before the rising of the sun, as the other men had been. Solomon did not go to rest, but he ever looking out through the window, and at long last he saw the widow's son—for he thought it was he was in it—coming to the palace. And when he came in to Solomon they saluted one another. And, says the half-fool—it was he was in it—to Solomon, "I am asking pardon of you, O king and prince."

"Why say you that?" said Solomon.

"I knocked the hat off your body-servant yesterday," said the half-fool.

"You have your pardon got," said Solomon.

"But, O thou best king of the kings," said the half-fool, "the head was with the hat." And as Solomon was after giving him his pardon, he could not go back of his word.

Solam tár éir an páirtúin tábairt do, níor féad ré dul ar air-focal.

“Ófuil don rgeal eile nuad leat?” arsa Solam leir.

“Tá,” ar reirean.

“Airrúg [= airtir] é,” arsa Solam.

“Tá roille de ar an talamh,” ar reirean.

“Tá an grian ’na ruidhe,” arsa Solam.

“Tá,” ar ran leat-páit.

“Na clocha bí i n-uachtar in de,” ar reirean, “tá riad dul i n-íochtair anoir.”

“Tá an céad ag treabhad mar rin,” arsa Solam.

“Tá,” ar reirean, “agur an céad tead ar oilead tura ann, tá ré ar lár.”

“Tá mo mádar marb mar rin,” arsa Solam.

“Tá,” ar ran leat-páit.

“Déir do ceann agam ar an trleig,” arsa Solam.

“Ní déir, a rúg macánta uairil,” ar ran leat-páit, “tú féin an céad-fead adubairt é.”

• “Ar m’ónóir,” arsa Solam, “ir mé.”

Feicir rib anoir, com cionna agur bí Solam, go bfuair an leat-páit an buair ar le cionnact. Bíonn ad ar amadán.

• • • • •
Tá rean-focal ann, i nGaedeilg, aoir, “bíonn uair na h-atcuinge ann.” In ran rgeul rin ar “Éirge Cuinn faoi na Gaedail,” rgeul do cuir mé i gcló im’ Sgeulruid Gaedealac, do tug bean-an-tige a mal-lact do’n té rin do blappad an céad gheim de’n feoil; “Go taactar e,” ar ríre. Buir i féin o’ic an céad gheim dí, 7 do taactad i féin, óir, a-dubairt an rgeulruid, “bíonn uair na h-atcuinge ann.” Do

"Have you any other tidings with you?" said Solomon.

"I have," said he.

"Tell them," said Solomon.

"God's brightness is on the earth," said he.

"The sun is risen," said Solomon.

"It is," said the half-fool.

"The stones that were above yesterday," said he, "they are going below now."

"The plough is ploughing, then," said Solomon.

"It is," said he, "and the first house in which you were reared, it is overthrown."

"Then my mother is dead," said Solomon.

"She is," said the half-fool.

"I shall have your head on the spear," said Solomon.

"You shall not, O honest noble king," said the half-fool, "you yourself were the first man who said it."

"By my honour," said Solomon, "it was I."

Ye see now, that, as wise as Solomon was, the half-fool got the victory over him in wisdom. "There be's luck on a fool."¹

There is an old word in Irish which says, "There be's in it the time of the petition." In that story "The Outrising of Conn amongst the Goats"—a story which I printed in my *Sgeuluidhe Gaedhealach*—the woman of the house gave her curse to that person who should eat the first mouthful of the meat—"May he be choked," said she. It was herself who ate the first mouthful of it, and she herself was choked; for, as the story-teller said, "the hour of the

¹ A common Irish proverb.

féir mar éalairé mé, bíonn móimio amáin in rna ceitne uairibí píceao—móimio na h-actéuige—7 guróe ar bit, beannaet nó mallact, má veirtear é go tóitnaetac, asur go vípeac ar an móimio rin, cóimhiontar é. Ir róit guróe, mallact; ir tóit-guróe í. Ní eus mé go tóit reó rompla ar bit orra rin. Act ir píu cuio beas tóit do éur ríor, asur—go méadairíó Dia an máit 7 go lagtuiríó Sé an t-olc—ní ar tóit-píun atá mé ó'a véanam, act amáin le rompla do fábail ar gac uile róit. Ní veit an leabair ro iomlán san ceann nó do aca do veit ann. Ní na mallacta iomadaimail. Nuair cumann tuine uruige óó péin, as guróe Dé 7 Muiré, bíonn rí foileamnac do na míltib daoine eile; act ní mar rin do'n mallact, ní bainneann rípe act do'n tuine do éap í, 7 do'n tuine faoi a rgaoltear í. Bainneann an uruige leir an gcoitciontact, ní bainneann an mallact act leir an bpearrain rpeirialta. Ní éalairé mé amáin mallact i bpoim dain, ar véal na ndaoine, mallact as gabail na típe, mar véartá, 7 í péir le n-a rgaolteao fa námar ar bit. Ní meapaim go bfuil a leitéir ann. Act as ro rompla no do, mar do éap daoine mallact, tóit péin, nuair tóirar ríao a n-eapgcáirde do élaoré.

Bí dall boet as iarraró véirce i gConradé na Gallime, 7 táimis pé go dorur tíge móir 7 tóirar pé deoc. Bean Gallua do bí i mbean-an-tíge, 7 ó nár

¹ I read somewhere in Irish, I forget where, of an old woman who determined to pray steadily for twenty-four hours on end that her grand-child who was in the cradle might become King of Ireland, hoping that she must hit the moment when her petition would be

petition be's in it " According to what I have heard about this, there is one moment—the moment of the petition—in every twenty-four hours, and any prayer, either blessing or curse, that is fervently uttered precisely at that moment is accomplished.¹ A curse is a sort of prayer also; it is an evil prayer. I have not up to this given any example of these; but it is worth while to put down a few of them, and—"may God increase the good, and diminish the evil"²—it is out of no bad intention I am doing it, but only to preserve a specimen of every kind. This book would not be complete without one or two of them being in it. Curses are not numerous. When a person frames a prayer for himself, praying to God and Mary, his prayer is suitable for thousands of other people; but it is not so with the curse. It only appertains to the person who shaped it, and the person against whom it is loosed. The prayer suits the public; the curse concerns only the special person. I never heard any rhymed curse in the mouths of the people—a curse going the country, so to speak, and it ready to be launched at any enemy. I do not think there is such a thing. But here is an example or two of how people composed their own curses for themselves, when they sought to overthrow their opponents.

There was a poor blind man seeking alms in the County Galway, and he came to the door of a big house, and asked for a drink. The woman of the house was an English [or

granted. When it was near the end of the time a drop of soot fell from above on the child's face. She wiped it off with an imprecation on the soot, when the whole roof went off in a blaze of fire.

¹ A common Irish saving clause.

tuig sí é d'iarraí sí de'n treabhbóiganta ceirto do
bí an dall iarraí. Dubhairt an fearhbóiganta go
maib ré ag iarraí toige. "Water is good enough for
the blind beggar," ar rípe. Do tuig an dall an puo
a-dubhairt sí, agus d'fheadaigh ré.

MALLAÉT AN DALL.

Im ná maib ar do bainne,
Clúmh ná maib ar do laéain,
Siubal ná maib ag do leanb,
Agus feannaib ar do bó.

'Sgo mbuó mó 'r go mbuó leicne an laraí
A béal ag dul tise d'anam
Ná síleibte Conamara,
Agus iad do beir dá n-óigib.

Ag ro ceathraína ar abhán do punne tuine éigin
i gCondae Mhuig-Eó i n-aghaid "rúipeirí" éigin do
bíod ag iarraí na daoine d'iompóid leó. Cuallaid
mé é óm' éaraid Doctúirí Concúbair Maíuibí i gClár
Clóinne Muirí.

Go h-irionn má éirí, a n-ic-adam, ná veaímao Sam
bíod leat an píeacheir, ó 'ré píeopear na boilg go teann,
béir Séamar agus a póirta d'á n-óibí go 'meicá 'honn
béir mac adam d'á éoraí agus na b-óinte a' meilt of a éionn.

Ag ro cuir de mallaét do rgaoil Raifteirí ra
Seágan a Búica, róit file, námao do féin, do bíod
ag cur 'na aghaid. Sgíob mé ríor é ó tuine dar
b'ainm Máirtain Ruad O Giollaínnáit ag Muine-Mleada
i gCondae na Gaillime. Ní maib don béal aige.

¹ *Literally.*—Butter may there not be on your milk, down may
there not be on your ducks, power-of-walking may there not be for

English-speaking [?] woman, and since she did not understand him, she asked the servant what was the blind man asking for. The servant told her that he was asking for a drink. "*Water is good enough for the blind beggar,*" said she. The blind man understood the thing she said, and answered :—

A BLIND MAN'S CURSE.

Your milk may no butter crown,
On your ducks may there come no down,
May your child never walk the ground,
Be your cows where the flayer flays.
May more hot be the flames that shall roll
One day through your wicked soul
Than the mountains of Connemara
And they to be in one blaze.¹

Here is a stanza out of a song which some one in the County Mayo made against certain "souters" who were trying to turn the people with them. I heard it from my friend, Dr. Conor Maguire of Claremorris :—

To hell if you go, MacAdam, do not forget Sam,
Let you have the preacher with you, since it is he will powerfully blow
the bellows.

James and his race shall be banished across to America,
MacAdam shall be being-waked, and the mill-stones grinding above
his head.

Here is a part of a curse that Raftery once loosed at Shaun a Burca, a sort of poet, and an enemy of his own, who used to be opposing him. I wrote it down from a man called Martain Ruadh O Gillarna (Forde!) near Moniven in the County Galway. He had no English. The curse

your child, and a flaying upon your cow. And may g eater and may broader be the flame that shall be going through your soul than the mountains of Connemara and they all to be burning

Tugann an mallaéct ainmneada an oipio rin o' aicéioib
 dúinn i nGaeoileis sup riú i do fábaíl. Ní mearaim
 sup oá níuib ar fadó do bí Raipcepi aét sup róit comóir-
 tair as iannuisgeaét do bí roir é féin 7 an fear eile

mallaeét raipcepi.

na cora go scaillió tú ó na glúnaib,
 Raopaic na rúl 7 lúe na lám,
 loibhe íób go roigib anuar oir
 aéma, muab, 7 earbuib bpiágo.

riabhar cpeataé, rail, ar roét-puail oir,
 sin go luac, 7 galari an báir,
 do sruas go roitib de o' mála sruama,
 a'f ná raib don éluar oir, aét ahiáin a n-áit

Spián asur beacairi, bacáil* a'f trucaill oir,
 rit 7 ruais, 7 fuat as do váin,
 Sganataé ionganf asur galari rúl oir
 asur rmiop ná rúg ná raib in do énáin.

Beapraó cpoacé, asur lomaó luain† oir,
 náin téirú tú i n-uais ná i gcónra§ cláir,
 aét an gaot as péiréat go géarí ó tuair oir,
 ari éúinne puar, 'f tú do éuaille páil.

* Dubairt uaine eile "bail asur trucaill oir" "Deir mo éara
 Docúir Mac Coirveala liom sup ionnan "bail" asur "a back-
 ward thrust with the elbow or the arm given in contempt or disre-
 spect." † Labair fé an focal ro mar "Sgarac-ógan," aét
 veir muinntir na-tíre rin "ceasal," "ioḡa," "ceasḡa," 7c, i
 leabair "ceangail," "ionḡa," "ceangḡa."

‡ Ir mi-ádhmaíl é do sruas do baint róit Dia luain.

§ =cónra.

¹ My friend, Dr. Costello, of Tuam, who explained all these diseases
 to me, says that this means a certain strumous disease of the glands
 of the neck. Earbuib round Tuam is used for any scrofulous
 disease.

gives us the names of so many diseases in Irish that it is worth while to save it. I do not believe that Raftery was wholly in earnest, but that it was a sort of rivalry in versification between him and the other man :—

RAFTERY'S CURSE.

The feet may you lose from the knees down,
 The sight of the eyes and the movement of the hands,
 The leprosy of Job may it come down upon you,
 Farcy, erysipelas, and king's evil in the neck.¹

A shaking ague,² hiccough, and gravel on you,
 May that come quick, and the disease of death,
 May your hair fall off from your sullen forehead,
 And may there be no ear on you, but only the place of them.

Disgust and hardship, lameness³ and corruption on you,
 Running and rout and hatred [for you] amongst your kin,
 Whitlow under the nails, and disease of the eyes upon you,
 And neither marrow nor sap may there be in your bones.

A shaving with gashes,⁴ and a Monday hair-cutting⁵ on you,
 May you never go into a grave or into a coffin of board,
 But the wind blowing cuttingly from the north upon you,
 In a cold corner, and you [stuck as] a wattle of a hedge.

¹ Not an uncommon disease in Raftery's day, says Dr. Costello ; the harvestmen who went to England frequently got ague in the Fen districts. The Fens were called by them *na Fionna*.

² According to another reciter, for "lameness" was substituted a word meaning a contemptuous thrust of the elbow, given in disrespect.

⁴ *Literally*.—"A gapped shaving" such as a man would give himself with a shaving haud from drink or other causes.

⁵ It was considered unlucky to cut hair on a Monday. *Lomaó* means a shearing, but here a hair-cutting.

níoréidí cléide agus fiolún fuar oir,
 Criotán, múcaú, agus reile ríadán,
 'Domblar d'iasúin agus níh t'íto, ruaidéte,
 Go mbuó í veod do fuain í ar uair do báir.

bháirte balla 7 buin na c'ruaidé,
 na coille ruaidé, 7 báile-an-éiláir,
 A noiombuair* uile [go léir] anuar oir,
 agus breic ó'n t'ruaig oir murt b'fuil tú fácaé.

Ác't ní éuinniúim go b'facaíó mé ná go scuallaió
 mé don mallac't, as teac't amac' com' fearú ar c. cal
 an éioirde-'rtis, le mallac't do fuair an t-ácair
 O Duinnín i láim'-r'gribinn le Mac Uí B'roín, i gCairleán
 Énua. Cuip ré i gcló í, i n-íurleabair na Gaedheilge,
 gan airt'ruigad, ác't beirim ann ro arís é. I r' dóig
 nac' ró-fada ó ceapaó í, ó tá caint innici ar "peeler"
 Ní cormúil gur pine í 'ná t'ri píeio bliadán no deic
 mbliadán agus t'ri píeio. Ác't file fíor-ealaóenta
 do bí in ran b'fear do pinne é. Tabair fá deapa
 com' clirte 7 fígeann ré ainmneaca a t'riúr námao
 t'íto-a-éile, B'ruadar Smiot 7 Glinn, Glinn B'ruadar
 7 Smiot, Smiot Glinn 7 B'ruadar, agus com' d'útmac'
 tac' agus as'pánn ré Dia fá gac' ainm d'á otus na
 Gaedil Dó, An Mac, Rí na n-Áingeal, Rí na Síle,
 Rí an Dóimnaig, Mac na n-Óige, gc. I r' páganta
 7 fíor-páganta an síota ro ó t'úr go veiréad, i
 n-ainmdeóin na n-ainm reo.

* Labairteair mar "uimú" é. † = muna

¹ "An internal boil on the chest," says Dr. Costello, "ceapic arcail
 is always applied to an abscess in the armpit."

² fiolún, Dr. Costello tells me, means "a necrotic periostitis in any
 place, but usually on the shin bone. It is a disease which begins with
 a painful swelling, and when it bursts it continues to discharge
 matter for years, until finally pieces of the bone are discharged and

A chest-boil¹ and a cold "felon"² on you,
 A wheezing,³ a smothering, and a seile-siadhain,⁴
 Dragons' gall and poison mixed through it,
 May that be your sleeping'draught at the hour of your death.

The friars of Balla, of the foot of the Reek,
 Of the Coill Ruadh, and of Baile an Chlair,
 Their curse altogether be upon you,
 And judgment from the public if you are not satisfied.

But I do not remember that I have seen or heard any curse coming as bitter, out of the cockles⁵ of the inner heart, as a curse which Father Dinneen found in a manuscript belonging to Mr. O'Byrne, of Castleknock. He printed it without a translation in *Irisleabhar na Gaedheilge*, but I give it here again. It is apparently not very long since it was composed, since there is talk in it of a "peeler." It is not likely that it is more than sixty or seventy years old. But a true poetic artist was the man who made it. Observe how cleverly he intertwines the names of his three enemies Bruadar, Smith and Glinn, Glinn, Bruadar and Smith, Smith, Glun and Bruadar, and how fervently he appeals to God under each name the Gaels have given the Deity, The Son, The King of the Angels, The King of Brightness, the Son of the Virgin, The King of Sunday, etc. Pagan, and truly pagan is this piece from beginning to end in spite of these names :—

healing takes place slowly after years of suffering. The onifice is called *voipur*."

³ In asthma, says, Dr. Costello, there is both *cmioctán*, which is noisy, and *múctao*, which is dyspnoea.

⁴ This is the Irish name for a falling of the uvula, called *teanga beag* in Irish.

⁵ "The cockles of the heart" is a common expression amongst most English speakers in Ireland. It is really Irish from the word *coéal*,

bruaḁar smiot a's ḡlin.
[mallaḁt.]

ḁruaḁair, smiot a'r ḡlin,
amén a nlic,—an tḡhúr—
nára cian ḡo maḁair fé* leacaib,
ḡo maḁb, laḡ, fuair 'ran úir.
Amén!

ḁruaḁair, smiot, a'r ḡlin,
ḡo pánaḁ, ringil, fuair,
amén, a riḡ na n-aingéal,
a'r ḡo tḡéit-laḡ tḡuicill tḡuaḡ.
Amén!

ḁruaḁair, smiot a'r ḡlin,
fa ḡlar,† aḡ lic na ḁrian,
Cúir caoi aḡur ríle deór
ḡo maib ḡao ló aḡ an tḡriar.
Amén!

Dallaḁ aḡ smiot ḡo ḡhoo,
laḡuḡaḁ aḡ ḡeugair ḁruaḁair,
amén, a riḡ na ḡile,
a'r ḡlin aḡ earḁair luḁair.
Amén!

Smiot i ḡcarḁair pian,
ḁruaḁair ḡan pian ḡan maḁ,
Amén! a riḡ na noúl,
a'r ḡlin ḡan lút i meḁ.
Amén!

* = "fa," no "faoi." i ḡConnaḁé Ciarrairḁe do pírneaḁ an
láim-ḡḡhúinn. "nára" = "náir ab" + "ḡlar." ms.

† i.e. Probably "Broder (in Connacht always translated "Broder-
erick") and Smith and Glynn," in English.

²Literally —Broder, Smith and Glynn, Amen, O Son! tho three,
may it not be long till they are under flags, dead, feeble, cold in
the clay. Amen.

Broder, Smith and Glynn, straying, single, cold, Amen, O King of
the Angels, and weakly-feeble, consumptive, pitiable Amen, -

BRUADAR AND SMITH AND GLINN.

A CURSE.

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn.¹

Amen, dear God, I pray,
May they lie low in waves of woe,
And tortures slow each day !²
Amen !

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn

Helpless and cold, I pray,
Amen ! I pray, O King,
To see them pine away.
Amen !

Bruadar and Smith and Glinn

May flails of sorrow flay !
Cause for lamenting, snares and cares
Be theirs by night and day !
Amen !

Blindness come down on Smith,

Palsy on Bruadar come,
Amen, O King of Brightness ! Smite
Glinn in his members numb,
Amen !

Smith in the pangs of pain,

Stumbling on Bruadar's path,
King of the Elements, Oh, Amen !
Let loose on Glinn Thy Wrath.
Amen !

Broder, Smith and Glynn, looked in upon the flag of pains, cause of lamenting and shedding of tears, may the three have every day, Amen.

Blinding on Smith soon, weakening on the limbs of Broder, Amen, O King of the Brightness, and Glynn in want of movement. Amen.

Smith in a prison of pain, Broder without a path, without prosperity, Amen, O King of the Elements, and Glynn without power-to-move, decaying. Amen.

bhuadaíri go gmoó ran uais,
 Glín go fuair 'na éirí, ^o
 Amén, a Rí an Dóinnais,
 A' r Smiot fá fíadhaib an Diabail.
 Amén!

Díte-éiríle ar bhuadaíri élaon,
 pian ar muin péine ar Glín,
 Amén, a Rí na Reann[a] *
 an Diabail as caobair ar Smiot.
 Amén!

Glín i bfiadhar creata,
 cancair i oteangain bhuadaíri,
 Amén! a Rí na bfiadear,
 A' r Smiot a meafz na gceuaítan.
 Amén!

Glín fé tairt gan doct,
 Smiot go doct fé b'íón,
 Amén! a Rí na naom,
 A' r bhuadaíri go faon as omeós'.
 Amén!

Smiot gan neac ar a flioc,
 bhuadaíri gan bun gan ríóir,
 Amén! a Rí na h-aoine,
 A' r Glín gan bhuí 'na glóir.
 Amén!

bhuadaíri gan bhuí 'na ballaib,
 Glín o'á taéatá i gcnáib,
 Amén! a Rí an troluir;
 A' r Smiot i nglotar báir.
 Amén!

* "mann" MS

Broder shortly in the tomb, Glynn cold in the clay, Amen, O King of the Sunday, and Smith beneath the devil's chains. Amen.

Senselessness on crooked Broder, pain upon top of pain on Glynn, Amen, O King of the Stars; the devil helping Smith. Amen.

Glynn in a shaking fever, a cancer on Broder's tongue, Amen, O King of the Heavens. And Smith amongst the hardships. Amen.

For Bruadar gape the grave,
 Up-shovel for Smith the mould,
 Amen, O King of the Sunday ! Leave
 Glinn in the devil's hold.

Amen !

Terrors on Bruadar rain,
 And pain upon pain on Glinn,
 Amen, O King of the Stars ! And Smith
 May the devil be loking him.

Amen !

Glinn in a shaking ague,
 Cancer on Bruadar's tongue,
 Amen, O King of the Heavens ! and Smith
 For ever stricken dumb.

Amen !

Thirst but no drink for Glinn,
 Smith in a cloud of grief,
 Amen ! O King of the Saints ; and rout
 Bruadar without relief.

Amen !

Smith without child or heir,
 And Bruadar bare of store,
 Amen, O King of the Friday ! Tear
 For Glinn his black heart's core.

Amen

Bruadar with nerveless limbs,
 Hemp straugling Glinn's last breath,
 Amen, O King of the World's Light !
 And Smith in grips with death.

Amen !

Glynn in thirst without a drink, Smith tight-bound under grief.
 Amen, O King of the Saints, and Broder feebly decaying.

Smith without a person of his posterity [surviving], Broder without
 a root, without store [or without capital or profits], Amen, O King
 of the Friday, and Glynn without power in his voice. Amen.

Broder without power in his limbs, Glynn strangling in hemp,
 Amen, O King of the light, and Smith in the ruckle of death Amen

Glin go fuair 'na rualca,
 Smiot go cheadaé truaill,
 Amén! a Rí na bpeair,
 a' bhuadair go beaét 'na éruaš.
 Amén!

Smiot 'na éruašair poll,
 bhuadair aš lobad 'na goile,
 Amén! a Rí na n-óro,
 a' Glin 'na boc-reó ar buile.
 Amén!

Chead-muašair gan moill ar Smiot,
 Glin fa éoir* a érocta,
 Amén! a Rí an Luain,
 a' bhuadair ran uais go lobca.
 Amén!

mo mallaét go buan do Glin,
 mallušao a' meac ar bhuadair,
 Amén! a Rí na bflaítear,
 ašur Smiot i scapcair truaš laš.
 Amén!

mí-áó ar an tpeirí, 'na ceadaiš,
 marlaó, mí-mac, a' mácaíl,
 náire faošalta veairš,
 Amén! a Rí na nšiar ngeal.
 Amén!

léiršmior a' leašao go h-obann
 i noáil an tridair aoubair,
 bhuadair Smiot a' Glin,
 gan mac gan míc gan lúe.
 Amén!

* b'éoir "fa éómar a érocta."

Glynn cold, in a hard-stiffening, Smith shaking carcase-like (?)
 Amen, O King of the miracles, and Broder a very pity. Amen.

Smith a sieve of holes, Broder rotting in his stomach, Amen, O
 King of the Orders, and Glynn, a buck-show, gone mad. Amen.

A destructive rout without delay on Smith, Glynn prepared for his
 hanging, Amen, O King of the Monday, and Broder rotten in the
 grave. Amen.

Glinn stiffening for the tomb,
 Smith wasting to decay,
 Amen, O King of the Thunder's gloom,
 And Bruadar sick alway.
 Amen !

Smith like a sieve of holes,
 Bruadar with throat decay,
 Amen, O King of the Orders ! Glinn
 A buck-slow every day
 Amen !

Hell-hounds to hunt for Smith,
 Glinn led to hang on high,
 Amen, O King of the Judgment Day !
 And Bruadar rotting by.
 Amen !

Curses on Glinn, I cry,
 My curse on Bruadar be,
 Amen, O King of the Heaven's high !
 Let Smith in bondage be.
 Amen !

Showers of want and blame,
 Reproach, and shame of face,
 Smite them all three, and smite again,
 Amen, O King of Grace !
 Amen !

Melt, may the three, away,
 Bruadar and Smith and Glinn,
 Fall in a swift and sure decay
 And lose, but never win.
 Amen !

My curse lastingly to Glynn, cursing and withering on Broder.
 Amen, O King of the Heavens, and Smith in a prison, pitiable and
 weak. Amen.

Ill-luck upon the three in showers, reproach, misfortune and bodily
 hurt, and worldly shame assured, Amen, O King of the bright graces.
 Amen.

Utter destruction and melting-away suddenly, be for the three I have
 spoken of. For Broder and Smith and Glynn, without luck, without
 power-to-run, without power-to move. Amen.

Smeim nime tpiot-ra, a Smiot!
 A'r náir imzigio mo fuit le gaoit,
 fuit do éiríde fé bliadain ó 'nóir
 So maib 'na rruet le 'u' taid.
 Amén!

San tigi san áit do Smiot!
 fán fada ar bhuadair!
 An Diabail ar deap-láim glin
 Sác maiuin as ceangail ruar de.
 Amén!

Oic a'r ár-goin ór sác áirio
 So breicead-ra i nóir an tpiar,
 A'r rin fé bliadain ó inoiú,
 i gcaicair óuib san pian.
 Amén!

bpiread a'r bpiúgao ar glin!
 fuit a'r incinn le bhuadair clao!
 Amén, a íopal éirt le m' fuit.
 A'r Smiot sác lá so féig.
 Amén!

Gearánaim glin a'r bhuadair,
 A'r Smiot, so cruaid le Dia,
 bapao a'r beapnao ar an tpiar,
 A'r mo mallact so olút 'na noiaio.
 Amén!

Sác n-aon do éirí ionnainn lám,
 ar beapna a n-aimlir dóib!
 Cpeac-puatar anuar ó neam
 So tpiaró rpiar 'na meapz aon-lá.
 Amén

A venomous stitch [go] through thee Smith, and may my voice
 not go with [*i.e.* be swept away by] the wind. The blood of thy heart
 before a year from to-day, may it be in a stream by thy side. Amen.

Without house, without place, for Smith, a long wandering - n
 Broder, the devil on the right hand of Glynn, every morning getting
 clung up to him. Amen.

Evil and slaughter-wounds from every quarter of the compass may
 I see for the three, and that before a year from to-day, in a black
 prison without power. Amen.

May pangs pass through thee Smith,
 (Let the wind not take my prayer),
 May I see before the year is out
 Thy heart's blood flowing there.

Amen !

Leave Smith no place nor land,
 Let Bruadar wander wide,
 May the Devil stand at Glinn's right hand,
 And Glinn to him be tied.

Amen !

All ill from every airt
 Come down upon tho three,
 And blast them ere the year be out
 In rout and misery.

Amen !

Glinn let misfortune bruise,
 Bruadar lose blood and brains,
 Amen, O Jesus ! hear my voice,
 Let Smith be bent in chains.

Amen !

I accuse both Glinn and Bruadar,
 And Smith I accuse to God,
 May a breach and a gap be upon the three,
 And the Lord's avenging rod.

Amen !

Each one of the wicked three
 Who raised against me their hand,
 May fire from heaven come down and slay
 This day their perjured band,

Amen !

Breaking and bruising on Glinn, blood and brains [running] down crooked Broder. Amen, O Jesus, listen to my voice, and Smith every day too-weak-to-move.

I complain of Glynn and Broder and of Smith hardily to God: destruction and a breach be on the three, and my curse close behind them. Amen.

Each one who put a hand into [i.e., against] us, into the gap of their misfortune with them, may a spoiling-rout down from heaven bring destruction into their midst in one day. Amen.

Gan rliocht of cionn a mbáir,
 Cé b' obann a dtáirg 'ran tirlóg,
 Gac eargaine i sailm na b'fáir
 Go b'picead 'na noáil ar rós.
 Amén!

Gan cluair, gan cpoiceann a b'laerz,
 Gan éirteacht, gan maóaire, gan glóir,
 Sul a mbéir an bliadain reo arciú,
 Agus amén! a míc na h-óige.
 Amén!

.
 ní veimead do'n víoghar, trick of the loop,
 níh gac a nuobair, maille le cáic,
 Go dtuitir ar an "b'ceeler" ciar,
 A'r amén! a Dia, gac lá.
 Amén!

Bí dá rlioge eile go coitcheonta aca i gConnactair
 le mallacht do cup ar duine, tar abhán do déanam
 air. Do bain rlioge aca ro leir an gCpiorcuigeacht
 agus an rlioge eile leir an b'páigantacht. Is é "An
 Turur Tuachtal" (nó "tuachtal" mar labhairtear é i
 gConnactair) do táinig ó'n gCpiorcuigeacht, agus
 "Mallacht na hInneóine" do bain leir an b'páigán-
 tacht. Is amháir déantar an "Turur Tuachtal," duine
 do bual go dtí an réipéal agus turur na cpioice do
 déanam i n-aghaid a cúil, is é rin an turur do coruú
 as an b'pictiúr veimé, agus a cpiochnuú as an
 gcéad-b'pictiúr, agus é as aghairt an Diaibail ar fear
 an ama rin, as iarrair air, víogbáil no vpoic-pat
 éigin do cup ar a námaro. Duobairt mo cara Doctúir

Without posterity [to keen] above their death, though sudden was
 their fame in the past [i.e., they suddenly came into public notoriety],
 every curio in the psalms of the prophets, may I see beside them with
 delight.

May none of their race survive,
 May God destroy them all,
 Each curse of the psalms in the holy books
 Of the prophets upon them fall.
 Amen !

Blight skull, and ear, and skin,
 And hearing, and voice, and sight,
 Amen ! before the year be out,
 Blight, Son of the Virgin, blight.
 Amen !

May my curses hot and red
 And all I have said this day,
 Strike the Black Peeler too,
 Amen, dear God, I pray !
 Amen

There were two other common ways in Connacht for cursing a person besides making a rhyme on him. One of these belongs to Christianity, the other to Paganism. The "Reversed Journey" it is that had a Christian origin, and the "Curse of the Anvil" belonged to Paganism. This is the way in which the "Reversed Journey" is carried out, —a person to go to the chapel and him to make the journey, *i.e.*, the Stations of the Cross, backwards ; that is to begin the "journey" at the last picture and to finish with the first picture, and he invoking the Devil all that time and asking him to send some misfortune or bad luck upon his

Without an ear, without the skin of their skulls, without hearing, without sight, without voice, before this year is finished [may they be] and Amen, O Son of the Virgin. Amen.

Trick-of-the-loop is not the end of the . . . ? The venom of all that I have said along with each, may it fall upon the black peeler and amen, O God, each day. Amen.

Concúbair Magsuidir liom an lá ceana “naó raiḃ ré áct ácar* beas ó foin ó cuaid rean-bean cuig rás-
aric agus dubairt rí leir go nḃearnaḃ a leitéir reo
o’ eugcḃir uirri, agus, ar ríre, naḃaḃ cum an team-
poill go nḃéanaḃ “tupur tuaral” oó. Míniḡ an
rásaric oí go mbuḃ mór an peacaḃ mallaḃt de’n
tróirt rin oó ḃéanaḃ, agus bí obair mór aige rui
ruair ré ḡéilleaḃ uaiḃi naḃ nḃéanaḃaḃ rí é.”

Ann ran oán rin oó leaḡaḃ ar Naom páorais a
oḃuḡtar “Lúineac páorais” nó an “faeḃ fiaḃa,”
air, címiḃ páorais aḡ ḡlaḃaḃ ar “neart De, cúmaḃ-
ta De, ciall De, porc De, cluar De, briaḃar De, lám
De, rḡiaḃ De,” 7c., o’á corḃaḃ féin ar “briḃti ban
ocur ḡobanḃo agus oḃuaḃ,” ir é rin an oḃtaib ban,
ḡaḃa, agus oḃuaḃ. Nuair ruair oaoine (naḃ raiḃ
aca áct an ūma no an pḃár moime rin) eḃlur ar an
iarann ar oḃúr, oó cuir ré ionḡantur oḃra, niḃ
nár ionḡnaḃ, 7 cḃeir fiaḃ go raiḃ briḡ oó-féicḃionnaḃ
ann. Ir oḃiḡ ḡur cḃeir fiaḃ ‘na ḃiaḡ rin go raiḃ
cuir de’n briḡ ionḡantaḡ ro agus de’n buaid oó bí
inran iarann, inran ḡaḃa o’ oibriḡ an t-iarann, agus
oó mair an cḃeirḃeaḃ ro ó aimir páorais go oḃi an
lá inoiú. Mar rin de, má ‘r mian le duine mallaḃt
oó cur ar duine eile téirḃeaḃ ré go oḃi. an ḡaḃa
agus iarann ré ar an ḡaḃa “an inneḃin oó áraḃ”
ar a námaḃ, i moḃt go oḃiuḃaḃ leaḡaḃ agus ḡaḃ
uile fóirt mi-áḃ air. Oó tairḡeḃaḃ ré aḡḡioḃ oó’n
ḡaḃa ar fon rin oó ḃéanaḃ, agus oá mbuḃ oḃioḃ-
féar oó bí inran ḡaḃa oó ḡlacḃaḃ ré an t-aḡḡioḃ
agus cuirḃeaḃ ré (ḃeir Concúbair Magsuidir liom)

*=tamall.

enemy. My friend, Dr. Conor Maguire, told me the other day "that it was only a little while ago an old woman went to a priest, and told him that such and such an injustice had been done her, 'and,' says she, 'I'll go to the church till I make a "Reversed Journey" for him.' The priest explained to her that it was a great sin to make a curse of that kind, but he had great work before he got her to submit [and promise] that she would not do it."

In that poem that was ascribed to St. Patrick, which is called "Patrick's Lorica" or the "Faed Fiada," we find Patrick calling on "the Might of God, the power of God, the wisdom of God, the eye of God, the ear of God, the word of God, the hand of God, the shield of God," etc., to protect him against the "spells of women and of SMITHS and of Druids." When people, who had only bronze or brass before, first got to know of iron, they naturally enough marvelled at it, and believed there was an invisible virtue in it. Probably they afterwards got to believe that some of this wonderful power and virtue that was in the iron was also in the smith who worked the iron, and this belief has lasted from the time of Patrick down to our own day. Accordingly if a person desires to put a curse upon another person he goes to the smith and asks him "to turn the anvil" on his enemy, so that a melting and every kind of misfortune may come upon him. He would offer money to the smith for doing that, and if the smith was a bad man he would accept the money "and he would put," says Conor Maguire, "'the *cor chip*,' that is the horn of the anvil, facing backwards,¹ and he would request the devil to do his utmost

¹ Literally "westwards."

“aḡair̃ riar̃ ar̃ an ḡcor̃ c̃ip,” ir̃ é riñ ar̃ aḡair̃c na h-inneóine, aḡur̃ “c̃uir̃fead̃ ré im̃p̃ĩõe ar̃ an D̃iab̃al a d̃ic̃c̃ioll oile aḡur̃ m̃i-á̃õ do c̃ur̃ ar̃ an t̃uine eile.” Ní r̃aib̃ don m̃allãc̃t eile ann c̃om̃ dona leir̃ an mallãc̃t ro, do r̃éir̃ b̃ar̃amla na ñoaoine, no mar̃ deir̃ Conc̃ub̃ar̃ M̃aḡuir̃oir̃ “ní beir̃ luac̃ leir̃-p̃ing̃ine aḡaḡ f̃aor̃ c̃eann b̃liaḡna d̃á m̃beir̃ don m̃ait̃ leir̃ an nḡaḡa, aḡur̃ ní beir̃ don lá de’n á̃õ oir̃ ar̃ir̃ ḡo ḡc̃uir̃fead̃ an ḡaḡa an inneóin c̃ar̃t d̃uit ar̃ir̃, ir̃ é riñ cap̃aḡ-c̃ar̃it-tim̃c̃ioll do b̃aint̃ air̃t̃i ar̃ f̃aḡ, aḡur̃ a r̃á̃õ ‘c̃por̃aim mo m̃allãc̃t ḡ m̃ait̃im do ḡac̃ a ñoear̃naid̃ ré ar̃’” Deir̃ na ñoaoine ḡur̃ ab̃ é an m̃allãc̃t ro an ḡaḡa, an m̃allãc̃t buḡ meara ar̃ b̃ir̃, ḡo r̃aib̃ ré c̃om̃ mill̃teac̃ riñ “ḡur̃ anam̃ aḡur̃ ḡur̃ r̃i-anam̃ do riñnead̃ é.”

Nuair̃ riñne na ñoaoine up̃nuig̃te anaḡair̃ na ñoaoine m̃ait̃, no’na r̃iḡeóḡ, aḡ r̃á̃õ :

“A m̃ic̃ D̃é an ḡcluiñ tu an ḡleó c̃uḡainn ḡo m̃oir̃ ran nḡleann!”

Aḡur̃ ar̃ir̃ :

“ḡo m̃buḡ d̃ún d̃aing̃ionn an d̃ún a b̃p̃uil̃m̃iḡ ann, ḡo m̃buḡ r̃luag̃ d̃all an r̃luag̃ ro c̃uḡainn,” do c̃r̃eir̃dear̃ ḡo dear̃b̃c̃a ḡo r̃aib̃ r̃luag̃ do-f̃aic̃r̃ionnac̃ ’na t̃tim̃c̃ioll, r̃éir̃ le n-a nḡor̃tuḡaḡ d̃á leir̃f̃ĩõe d̃óir̃. Aḡ ro c̃untar̃ beaḡ ar̃ c̃uair̃t̃ ó n-a leir̃c̃eir̃o riñ de r̃luag̃ do r̃ḡr̃iob̃ mé r̃ior̃ tim̃c̃ioll c̃uig̃ b̃liaḡna ó roiñ ó b̃éal m̃ár̃tain Uí B̃raonáin anaice le Cill-aoḡáin t̃r̃i m̃ile ó C̃oil̃te-mac̃ i ḡConḡae m̃uig̃-eó. Aḡ ro a c̃untar̃ r̃éin ḡo d̃íreac̃ mar̃ do l̃ab̃air̃ ré é, ḡ buḡ r̃ear̃ é nár̃ innir̃ r̃iam̃ r̃uḡ nac̃ r̃aib̃ r̃ior̃. R̃araor̃! r̃uair̃ ré b̃ár̃ ó roiñ.

for putting evil and ill-luck upon the other mán." There was no curse so noxious as this, in the opinion of the people, or as Conor Maguire puts it, " You wouldn't have a ha'porth at the end of the year, if there was any good at all in the smith, and there wouldn't be one day's luck on you until the smith would put the anvil round again for you, that is, would take a complete turn right round out of it, and say, " I cross my curse, and I forgive —— for all he did to ——." The people say that this " Smith's curse " was the worst curse at all, and that it was so venomous " that it was seldom and very seldom it was done."

.

When the people composed prayers against the Good People or Fairies, saying :—

O Son of God, hearest thou this confused noise
Coming towards us loudly in the glen.

and again

May it be a strong fortress the fortress in which we are,
May it be a blind host this host that is coming to us,

they believed firmly that there was an invisible host around them ready to hurt them if it were allowed. Here is a brief account of a visit from such a host, which I wrote down about five years ago from the mouth of Martin Brennan, near Killeaden, three miles from Coilltemach (Kiltimagh !) in the county Mayo. Here is his own account exactly as he spoke it, and he was a man who never told a thing that was not true. Alas ! he has died since.

SGÉILÍN AR NA DAOINIB MAITE.

Bí mé roimh dá bliadain agus trí bliadna déag do daoir an t-am rin. Cuaidh mé mar cūmlódaí [com-luadair] éirigh mo deirbhíur. Ní raib don duine aici mar cūmlódaí 'ran oirdé.

Cuaidh muid a cōtlaib timcioll a dō-déag a élog ran oirdé.

D'airigh muid mar beic pionnán mór gaoite ag tigeaict or cionn an tige, agus mar beic páirte ós ag daoinead taid-amuigh.

Táinig ré,—an tuaim [i.e., fuaim]—sur éirigh ré arteaib an dá dōir, sur buail ré ar a céile iad.

Saoil muid sur airigh muid na roitige bainne d'a nōdōrtaib agus nac raib ceo na ffigio ran teac nac raib bairte.

D'airigh mé an toir an ag tigeaict anior 'un na teinead, go d'táinig ré le h-air mo leaptā agus éail mé mo meabair ann rin, agus nuair fuair mé i arir d'airigh mé mo deirbhíur a ráib éirigh agus an folur a lapaib. Nuair lap muid an folur fuair muid nac raib don fuid déanta, ceo na ffigio."

* * * * *

Ag ro adhainín beag binn do fuair mé óm' éraio Concuibair Maguibir ó'n gClár. Cuaidh reirpean é ó duine anaice leir an mbaile mór rin.

an bás.

nuair d'éirigh mé ar maidin
an ceatmaib lā de'n máir ro,
bí mé lútmair aigeanta
ag amair ar an áirnéir,

A STORY OF THE GOOD PEOPLE.

"I was between twelve and thirteen years of age at that time. I went for company to my sister. She had nobody for company in the night.

We went to sleep about twelve o'clock at night.

We heard, as it were, a great whirlblast of wind coming above the house, and as it were a young child crying outside.

It came—the noise—so that it drove in the two doors [one on each side of the house] so that it smashed them against one another.

We thought that we heard the vessels of milk being poured out, so that there wasn't a single thing in the house that wasn't broken.

I heard the noise coming down to the fire until it came beside my bed, and I lost my feeling [consciousness] then. When I got it again I heard my sister saying to get up and kindle the light. When we kindled the light we found that there was nothing [no harm] done, not the fog of a fleshworm."¹

* * * * *

Here is a melodious little song that I got from my friend Dr. Conor Maguire, of Claremorris. He heard it from some one near that town.

THE DEATH.

When I rose up in the morning
On the fourth day of this March,
I was active and spirited
Looking at the stock ;

¹ Literally "the fog of a fleshworm." i.e., the fog raised by the breath of a fleshworm. I heard a witty priest translate this idiom the other day by "the sneeze of a microbe," i.e., the smallest thing possible. The phrase is very common all over Connacht. Some translate it, "a fog or a fleshworm," as if the na were ná.

Aḡ uul amač an bealač uam
 Cia carpaioe ačt an báp liom,
 Bí mé uul a' blavaar leir,
 Píor* aḡam go maib ré láioir.
 "ḡluair oir, a séáḡain, aḡur bí liom."

Mairead! a máire, tá mé 'rḡaraio leat,
 mo míle ḡráio go veó tú,
 Ir maic do cuipinn pataio uuit,
 níor fearr do bainninn móin uuit.
 Ceannócainn [an] bó bainne uuit,
 aḡur véarfainn uuit an t-abrán,
 nuair luiofínn píor ar leabuir leat
 Ir clirte bainninn póg vóio.
 A máire, ná leis leir mé go fóill.

Tá 'Doimnic beaḡ 'na rean-uine,
 Ir beaḡ an maic níor mo é,
 ní'l maic amuig ná i mbailé ann,
 ar maoin nó trátuóna
 Tá'n bean 'r na páirtoe rḡriorta aige
 aḡ iarraió a beir o'á tóḡáil,
 'S an lá nač mbéio tabac aige
 Ir corruigíteac an cómarra é.
 Tabair leat é, aḡur fás mé go fóill.

Ir triaḡ nač bpuil an t-abrán ró ar fao aḡainn,
 ačt ní maib aige ačt na trí painn reo.

Aḡ ro paiuir atá an-cormúil leir an uara "Oirca
 míuire" do tug mé poime reó. Fuair mo cara
 Concubair Maguib i ó rean-fear uar ab ainm Mac
 Uí Éaḡartaig anaice le Clár-Cloinne-míuir. Níor
 duubairt Mac Uí Éaḡartaig mar duubairt an fear eile
 ḡur fpuč ar cuamba é, ačt do cuir ré leir an bpaioir

* b'éioir "bí'r aḡam."

As I was going out the way
 Who should meet me but the Death,
 I was going to flatter him
 Because I knew that he was strong,
"Hurry on, Shaun, and be with me."

O then, Manrya, I am parting from you,
 My thousand loves for ever you are,
 It was well I used to plant potatoes for you,
 And better still I used to cut the turf ;
 I used to buy you the milch cows,
 And I would repeat for you the song,
 When I used to lie down upon a couch beside you
 It is cloverly I would take from you a kiss,
O Maurya, do not let me with him yet.

Little Dominic is an old man ;
 He is little good any more,
 There's no use in him, abroad or at home
 Either morning or evening.
 He has the wife and the children perished
 Trying to be supporting him,
 And the day that he is without tobacco
 He is the contrary neighbour.
Take him with you and leave me yet.

It is a pity we have not the entire of this song, but he had only three verses of it.

Here is a prayer that is very like the second "Ortha Mhuire," or "Mary's Prayer," that I gave before. My friend, Conor Maguire, got it from an old man named Hegarty near Claremorris. Hegarty did not say—as the other did—that it was found upon a tomb, but he added to

na briaḁḁra ro, am̃ail aḁur d̃a mbuḁ c̃uro d̃e'n p̃aiḁir
f̃eḁn iad :

"Seo p̃aiḁir an-beannuig̃ṁte. Duine ar biṁ a d̃eap̃ar é reo 'c̃
uile lá geḁḁaḁó f̃e oipead f̃áḁair ó 'ḁia 'r go b̃reic̃p̃ó f̃e m̃áṁair
d̃é or a c̃oinne f̃ul m̃á c̃ail̃l̃tear é."

Tar éir an roim-f̃áḁ ro do t̃orais Mac Uí Éad̃ar-
tais an p̃aiḁir leir na briaḁḁraib̃ reo, naḁ mbaineann
léi ó c̃earṁ, mar f̃aoilim, aḁt le p̃aiḁir eile :

"A éig̃earna mó-m̃il̃ir, íora C̃ríor̃, a don mic d̃é, aṁair d̃é (*sic*)
na n-aing̃eal, 'don m̃ic na m̃aig̃oine gl̃óim̃air' cuḁis̃iḁ leir an
b̃reac̃ac̃ boḁt, f̃aor̃ r̃inn ar ḁac c̃ruad̃-c̃ár d̃á b̃ruil̃m̃io in a
láṁair."

Tar éir r̃in, c̃us f̃e an "Or̃ta c̃um na m̃aig̃oine,"
aḁt f̃uair̃ mé a b̃raḁ níor f̃ear̃i í i leab̃ar ál̃uinn
láim-r̃ḁríḁḁta do b̃i aḁ Seḁ̃ir̃e Mac ḁiolla an
c̃lois, i ḁCl̃ár-Cloinne-M̃uir̃ir, aḁur do c̃us Doḁt̃úir
m̃aḁur̃ir go han-c̃ineá̃l̃ta d̃am̃-ra ó roin. Do
r̃ḁríḁḁḁ an leab̃ar ro le h-Éḁmoño Ó Conḁub̃air
éig̃in fan mb̃iaḁḁain 1740. Cuḁim̃ r̃ior an p̃aiḁir go
d̃ipeac̃ mar̃ do r̃ḁríḁḁ f̃eirean é, aḁur ó naḁ n-aṁ-
ruig̃im̃ don ñiḁ inran liṁruḁḁó nó oipead aḁur ponc
f̃eḁn, c̃iḁp̃ó an léig̃ṁteoir̃ c̃om̃ m̃aṁ aḁur c̃om̃ beac̃t
aḁur aṁa an leab̃ar.

ORR̃TA DO CHUM NA MAIG̃OINE MUIRE.

A m̃aig̃oean gl̃óim̃air a m̃áṁair d̃é, a bean* or c̃ionn ḁac̃a
céime ; aṁa ionm̃ol̃ta† ioñn ḁac̃ m̃ol̃aḁ d̃a m̃eas, d̃ean ead̃ar-
ḁur̃e ar mo r̃on-ra c̃um d̃'aoim̃-m̃ic ḁr̃áḁuig̃ f̃eḁn. A bean
oñóim̃ac̃, ar t̃ura m̃áṁair m̃iḁ na n-aing̃eal aḁur na naḁc̃aing̃eal,‡
f̃ur̃taig̃ or̃am̃ aḁur f̃aor̃ mé ó ḁac̃ c̃ruad̃-c̃ár aḁur ol̃c.

* "beannuig̃ṁte inṁ ḁac̃ céim."—Mac Uí Éad̃ar̃ta.

† 'ḁionḁḁá̃l̃ta do ḁac̃ m̃ol̃aḁ.—m̃ uí é.

‡ "na nveaḁ-aing̃eal."—Mac Uí Éig̃ear̃tais

the prayer these words, as though they were part of the prayer itself:—

This is a very blessed prayer: Anyone who shall say this every day, he shall obtain that much favour from God, that he shall see the Mother of God over against him before he dies.¹

After that preface Hegarty began the prayer with these words, words that do not, as I think, belong to it by right, but to another prayer.

O very-sweet Lord, Jesus Christ, One Son of God, O Father, God of the Angels, O One-Son of the Glorious Virgin, help ye the poor sinner, save us out of every hardship in whose presence we are.

After that he gave the "Prayer to the Virgin," but I got it a great deal better in a beautiful manuscript book that Seóirse Giolla an-Chloig, or Bell, had in Claremorris, and which Dr. Maguire has since very kindly given to me. This book was written by one Edmond O'Connor in the year 1740.² I put down here the prayer exactly as he wrote it, and since I am changing nothing in the orthography, not even a dot, the reader will see how excellent and exact the book is.

A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

O glorious Virgin, Mother of God, Woman above all rank, praiseworthy in all praising no matter how great, make intercession on my behalf to thine own beloved Only-Son. O honourable Woman, thou art the mother of the King of the Angels and of the Archangels relieve me and save me from every hardship and evil.

¹ This promise is attached to more than one prayer, See the "Article of the Cregil Crua" given already, where the repeater of the prayer is promised that he shall see the Virgin *three* times.

² This book contains also John Mór O Dubhagain's Poem on the Calendar, the Athanasian Creed and Nicene Creed, the Te Deum, the Song of the Three Children, the Seven Penitential Psalms, the "Psalter of Jesus," the "Litany of the Passion," the Office of the Immaculate Conception, and many other pieces of a like nature, all beautifully and correctly written.

A bláit na ppacthuairc, na n-óig, agus na n-aingiol, a dóctúir na glóire a máire na n-óig, a rmuaineas uachtaraic na n-aingiol agus na n-arc-aingiol cuinnis oram, agus suiríom tú san mo tmeigint ann aimir criteasluig mo báir. O a mealt na fairise, a doiruir párréair, a teampall dé, a pálaí íora chíoro, a éuan na rláinte, a bláit na huile éinióeac, a péarla na huile milreacá, a bainmógan tearmónaig na cciontaic, a dóctúir luéta an éireóim, a deaíu uachtaraic n-óig agus na n-aingial. Suiríab é do condearraio mair na h-aingil agus mair na h-arcaingeil ir ráraim dóib, va bíos san a mátaí na tócaíre cuirim ar cuimeirce do lám beannuigíte féin, mo dul amac, mo teac arteaic, mo luige m'éirge amairc mo rúl, glacaó mo lám, labairt mo deóil, eirteac mo cluar, iontur go tcaitneóir le o' mac grádaic féin. Amén.

Do cuir Mac Uí Éadairtaig leir an bpaíoir na briaíra eile reo, s'á chíochuigaó, mair tóraig ré í, le geallad :

"Tá de luairdeac inni, an té iomprócar [iomróir] í, an té a léigear í, agus an té éirtear léi o'á léigead, raogal fagail arí bair tobann [obann]. Tá leigear inni ar éine, ar uirge, ar fairise, agus ar earzan [earzanuie ?], a' rúl go breicimio í trí h-uairc rúl má geobamio bair. Mac Dé agus an maighean o'á éadairt dúinn."

Uirim ann ro píora filideacá atá fá mear móir i gcúige Múman agus i gcúige Connac ó dear. An céad uair amair o'á'í éualaid mé é buó é as fear dar b'ainm páraig O bmaonáin do bí as obair do Cúnt De Vartro, as Dúbror ar bhuach na fairise taob dear de Cinn-mara i gcondaic na Gaillime. Dubairt reiréan liom suri b'é maigirtir rgoile i gcondaic luimnis do pinne é. Táinig rean-cáilleac agus a mac arteaich as iarraid lóirtín na h-oirde ar an maigirtir rgoile, agus tug ré rin dóib, agus bíoc ré greann an domáin ar an ntiarpóieac do

O blossom of the patriarchs, of the Virgins and of the angels; O Hope of Glory, O beauty of the Virgins, O Higher Thought of the angels and of the archangels, remember me, and I pray thee not to forsake me in the fearsome time of my death. O star of the sea, O door of Paradise, O temple of God, O Palace of Jesus Christ, O Harbour of health, O blossom of all nations, O pearl of all sweetness. O Queen sheltering the guilty, O Hope of the Faithful, O upper Brightness of the Virgins and of the Angels; verily it is thy conversation with the angels and with the archangels that is for them a delight.

Therefore, O Mother of Mercy, I place in the protection of thy own blessed hands my going out and my coming in, my lying-down and my rising-up, the sight of my eyes, the touch of my hands, the speech of my mouth, the hearing of my ears, so that they may be pleasing to thine own beloved Son. Amen

Hegarty joined on to the prayer these other words, ending it, as he began it, with a promise :

There is this much reward in it that he who shall carry it [about him, written], that he who reads it, that he who listens to it being read, shall get a life free from sudden death. There is a cure in it for fire, for water, for the sea, and against *eels* [probably a mistake for earcaine *cursing*]; in hopes that we may see her three times before we die. The Son of God and the Virgin grant it to us!

I give here a piece of poetry that is in great esteem in South Connacht and Munster. The first time I ever heard it was from a man of the name of Martin Brennan, who was working for the Count De Bastro at Dubhros, on the brink of the sea, down from Kinvara, in the County Galway. He told me that it was a schoolmaster in the County Limerick who made it. An old hag and her son came in asking a night's lodging of the schoolmaster, and he gave them that; and he picked the fun of the world out of the dispute that started between the pair of them after they had their meal eaten, and he put it in the form of a poem

bí ar riuabál roir an mbeirt nuair bí a mbéile itte
aca, agus cuir ré i bpoim d'áin é. Fear de na
Coilleánaib' do bí ann ran máigirtir rgoile do réir
an Úraonánaig. 'Do cáil mé, go mi-ádhmáil, an
meas de'n d'án do rghriob mé ó béal an Úraonánaig,
aet fuair mé cóib eile de do pinne Seoirre Siolla-
an-Clóig i gCláir Clóinne Múirir i gconradé Múig Eó
ran mbliadain 1870. Ir dóig gur ó beul rean duine
éigin, mar pádraig O Úraonáin, do rghriob reirean
ríor é, óir ir pollurac náir tuig ré cuir d'á raib ré
'a rghriob.* Fuair ear 'na diaig rin cóip eile de'n
d'án rghriobta le Míceál O Loinnre éigin, Muimneac,†
agus do cuiread cóib eile de i gcló i n-íurleabair
na Saebelge ré bliadna ó roin, ó béal Éamuin Uí
Fógluza i gconradé Coricai. Ní raib ann ran d'án
mar bí ré de meabair ag Éamon O Fógluza aet 144
línte, aet tá 220 líne ann ran d'án mar beirim-re
ann ro é. Rinne mé an d'án com ro-tuigreannac
agus do b'éirir liom, ar na trí cóipeannaib' reo, tar
éir a gcur, go h-aipeach, i gcompráio le céile.
Tugaim ann rna nótaib' S, L., agus F., ar cóipeannaib'
Seoirre Mic Siolla-an-Clóig, Míceál Uí Loinnre,
agus Éamoin Uí Fógluza, ar leir.

AN SIOTA 'S A MĀČAIR.

'Do gluar éugam cúpla i rúir na h-oiúce,
aet-tuipreac, rúbac, ó riuabál na tíre,
ag iarraid' véirce, 'r ag éilíom cadairta,
'S ag gúide cum de ar gac aon d'á rtaabairad.

* Chruetugad eile gur ó béal duine do rghriob ré é, go ruzann
ré an roim Connacat ar roclai mar roighe i n-áit roirne, gc.
† ní'l ríor agam car d' ar do'n Loinnreac ro. Ceannuig mé

A man of the Collinses, the schoolmaster was, according to Brennan. I lost, unfortunately, all of this poem that I wrote down from his mouth, but I got another copy of it that Seoirse Giolla-an-chloig, or Bell, wrote down in Claremorris, in the County Mayo, in the year 1870. No doubt it was from the mouth of some old person like Brennan he wrote it down, for it is evident he did not understand a portion of what he was writing. I got afterwards another copy of the poem written by one Michael Lynch, a Munsterman, and yet another copy of it was printed in the *Gaelic Journal* six years ago from the dictation of Edmund Foley, in the County Cork. There were only 144 lines in the poem, as Edmund Foley had it by heart, but there are 220 lines in the poem as I give it here. I have out of these three copies made the poem as intelligible as I was able, after carefully comparing them together. I call, in the notes, the copies of Seoirse MacGiolla-an-chloig, Michael Lynch, and Edmund Foley, G., L., and F., respectively.

THE LOUT¹ AND HIS MOTHER

There came to me, *right* as the *night* was falling,
In very poor *plight*, a couple calling,
They were looking for *alms* and help to save them,
And praying their *psalms* for whoever gave them.²

A lúin-rghribinn ó sean-pear i gConnacht Coircaiz. Do cuirfeadh cóib eile san nGaothál i nAmérica timchioll ríce bliadhán ó foin, áctíní meapaim go maib an t-iomlán ann.

¹ Siota is the word in the written copies, except *ḡ*. Sotač, however, is the word that I have always heard. It does not appear to be known in North Connacht, but Brennan explained it to me to be the same as Stócač, or a grown-up lad. I have translated it "lout," but I think it hardly conveys so disparaging a meaning.

² This is something like the metre of the original.

bean móir éoranta murranta* blácmair,
 'S a mac, 'na ríota de romacán vána,
 bí an cáilleach go garramail† blárnamail‡ bréagach
 luirneamail§ vántamail páigeamail faobhach.

bí an ríota|| go rhuacac buaióearra brónac,
 faoi dóitceall 'r faoi ghuaim gur óuaid ré a dóctain,
 do éagair faoi luatar nuair uaid ré a béile,
 cá maib a óuair cum gluaireadct léite.

“Cá bfuil mo rtor de bó 'r de éarac,
 Cá bfuil mo lón do ló 'gur v'oióce,
 Cá bfuil mo cáil, ció náir liom innirnt,
 áct ag rodar le v'rálaib a'r málair im' éiméiol?”

staodar féin go ciúin 'r ní úubhar déin-niú,
 do leagar mo fúile go olút le céile,
 mar ip minic ar fán gan fát fear méigte,
 do minnear mo-íóire 'r do íagair fá céile iao.

bí an uiar ní b'réar na pairir ar aerop,¶
 do corruig rí ruar go buacac bríogmair,
 do tocár a ghuas 'r do éait uaité a príora,
 do éarraig rí anuar a cuio vánta vóigáitair,**
 agur an-cuio móir nac féadaim cuimniú§' air.

An Cáilleach:

maroir le uair ná luaid é ar déin éor,
 ó v' ádair ní bruarpear uair ná béile,††
 ná vauaid de'n áir do náire faogáilta,
 ag rágairt 'r ag bráitirib dom' cráo 'r dom' éarad.

An Siota.

Súo é an fát do éráo 'r do éar tu,
 mar bíor a-lán de mnáib vité-céille,
 ag gabail le fear gan ceao gan cómairle,
 a impear a éleap‡ gan meap gan pórad.

* bhoranta (S.). † geocamail. ‡ blarnamail (S.).
 § flurzac (S.).

|| Sgríobann mac Siolla-an-Éoir “puttach,” agur ip é
 “Siota” atá ann rna cóipeannair eile. Duairt an bharánac
 liom gur buacail móir nó “rtóac” é. ¶ Tare ar aerop (L.).

A big . . . ? . . . ? mealy-monthead (?) woman
 And her son, a lump of a bold lout-of-a-fellow,
 The hag was indecent-spoken, carneying, lying,
 Plausible (?) full-of-poems and prophecies and sharp-edged.

The lout was surly, troubled, grieved,
 Discontented¹ and gloomy until he had eaten his enough
 He disputed in haste when he had eaten his meal,
 Where was his reward for travelling with her.

Where is my store of cows and sheep,
 Where is my provision by day and night,
 Where is my character—though I am ashamed to tell it,
 But trotting at your heels and bags round about me.

I remained quiet myself and did not say anything,
 I closed my eyes tightly together,
 For it is often a man who-goes-to-settle a quarrel [goes] astray
 without cause.
 I had my laugh, and I set them at one another.

The pair were better than Aesops ?
 She stirred herself up ? powerfully,
 She scratched her hair, and flung from her her pipe,
 She drew down all her poems of vengeance,
 And a great many more things that I cannot remember.

THE HAG :

As for reward, do not mention it on any account,
 From your father I never got a reward or a meal,
 Or anything of what-was-honourable, but only worldly shame,
 From priests and friars ruining me and torturing me.

THE LOU :

That is the cause that ruined and tortured you,
 As be's [the way with] a number of silly women,
 Going with a man without leave or counsel,
 Who plays his game without respect, without marriage.

** Do tagair ar luathar cum buanta violtuir (L).
 †† Cúigear (L). ‡‡ Do buairear a óigear (L).

¹ Literally "under niggardliness."

Cailleach:

1 gcúrraib an éair rin rás tair éir é,*
 ná cluineadh a-lán o'á ráib, tú, ar aén-éor.
 'S a liaéda bean óg, póirta ar aonta,
 le dúil ran gcleap, gnióear beairt buó élaoine.

Siota:

maoir le clonadh† 'r é buó éoir úuit,
 as asallam déirce ar éad na mbóirce,
 go beairt beirín muna brait mé fóirgint
 go raéad do'n éill le dian-éadócar.

Cailleach:

Seacham an nio rin éiríche, a élaóirce,
 aérat go rnuáinte a'r gair an mairghean,
 atá aici rtor go leóir a'r roinnirí,
 'S nioir beairt rí raím choir na foirghe.‡

Siota:

tá m'foirghe ró fáda, 'r ní beairt éam mar tá mé,
 ó réada mo hata, 'r ó rtaíad mo cáda,
 tá mo bhoída caíte 'r ní'l rnaíte ar mo fálaib,
 asur ní'l aét masad 'n a n-abriann tu, a mairce.

Cailleach:

a élaóirce mairghe, ó caíte mé innirce,
 diaó nioir aetuis tú maoin ná oirce,
 ní abriann tú paorir, a'r gearriann tú§ íora,
 ir é fáe t'anacra olcar do gnióirce.

Siota:

maire! ní'l don maoin tair 'r mian liom dúirce,
 nac bráíam tú caíte coir enairce nó cúinne,
 as ráib do paoríada gur at do glúna, ||
 'S nac breicim o'á báir asad aét rairí gan annlan,
 asur feóil dá h-alrad as bacat na dúirce. ¶

* ar iarrair é (S.).

† cleadh (S.) ní léir éam ciall na líne reo.

‡ foirghe (L.). § gearm tú (L.).

|| "ar enar do glúine," buairt an bmaonánach. "Cairghe
 do cúnca" (L.). ¶ as luét dancat 'r dúirce (S.).

HAG:

As for that case, leave it after you,
Let not on any account many hear you say it,
And such numbers of young women, married and single,
With liking for the game who do a turn more crooked.

LOUT

As for crookedness, it was that was your right,
Asking for alms on the side of the roads,
For sure and certain unless I got some relief
But I shall go to the churchyard with very-despair.

HAG:

Avoid that thing for ever, you coward,
Change your thoughts and pray to the Virgin,
She has store enough, and she will distribute it,
And she never yet forgot the heart of patience.¹

LOUT:

My patience is too long, and it is none the better for me as I am,
Since my hat was rent and my cape was torn,
My brogues are worn, and there's not a thread [of a stocking] on
my heels,
And there is nothing but mockery in all you say, mother.

HAG:

You cursed villain, since I must tell it,
You never said a grace for your food, morning or night,
You never say a prayer, and you blaspheme² Jesus,
The wickedness of your deeds is the cause of your misery.

LOUT:

Musha! there's never a morning when I desire to awake,
That I don't find you thrown beside a bed post or some corner,
Saying your prayers until your knees swelled,
And sure I don't see that you have anything on the head of it
but potatoes without any "kitchen,"
While the [other] beggars of the country have meat to gobble.

¹ i.e. The heart that is patient.

² Literally. "cut."

Cailleach :

a méirliḡ mallaiḡte, mallac̃t mo éiríde oir,
 Do liaiḡ ná ragar̃t ní meapann tú r̃ríocac̃;
 'S go bfuil na naoim̃ a' r̃ an eaglaíḡ as teagair̃ na nuaíne,
 Sur̃ uo na boic̃t ceapac̃ na flaiḡir̃ mar̃ r̃aoir̃re.

Siota :

má' r̃ uo na boic̃t ceapac̃ na flaiḡir̃ mar̃ r̃aoir̃re,
 'S sur̃ áit é bfuil r̃air̃rinḡe beac̃a 'sur̃ oíḡe ann,
 náir̃ éóma t̃uirt p̃reabac̃ go tapa uo r̃ḡíor̃o ann,
 ná beic̃ as r̃iubal baile, loir̃ḡ eir̃tior̃(?) na h-oir̃de?*

Cailleach :

a élaóaire mallaiḡte, mallac̃t mo éleib̃ oir̃,†
 nó an niõ é uo meapair̃ uam,‡ p̃reabac̃ uo léim ann.
 na naoim̃ a' r̃ na h-abroail 'r̃ an eaglaíḡ naoim̃ta,
 ní mac̃aro i r̃eib̃ na b̃flaiḡear̃ go n-eag̃rao.

Siota :

má' r̃ áit éom̃ uainḡion r̃in, sur̃ geata sur̃ céim, é,
 'S nac̃ b̃ruig̃reac̃ uaine cap̃o 'ḡc̃ionn r̃eac̃t̃h̃ain' nó lae ar̃,
 ar̃ eagla eap̃nam̃ nó eap̃bar̃o mo béile,§
 Do b'feap̃r̃ liom̃ beic̃ as baile as r̃teallac̃|| na uéir̃ce.

Cailleach :

'Sé áro-r̃íoc̃ac̃t na b̃flaiḡear̃ an r̃eap̃ant̃ar̃ naoim̃ta,
 ó nac̃ ḡcap̃ann aon neac̃ ar̃ cap̃aro ná ar̃ éile,
 ní' l̃ ceó, ní' l̃ peac̃ac̃, ní' l̃ aiñóeir̃ ar̃ aon ann,
 ac̃t ḡlóir̃ asur̃ átar̃ 'r̃ ní r̃aoa leó a laete.

Siota :

má' r̃ áit éom̃ maic̃ r̃in sur̃ obair̃ sur̃ ḡnó é,
 'S go b̃raiḡinn-re com̃rom, a' r̃ coulac̃ mo uóct̃ain,
 'S go bfuil biaḡ 'sur̃ bainne 'sur̃ r̃air̃rinḡe móir̃ ann,
 Do mac̃ainn r̃na flaiḡir̃ go uir̃ḡeac̃ an r̃óḡmar̃.

* na beic̃ i ḡcuinne cap̃ta sur̃ cap̃ac̃ uo éúnce (ḡ).

† leag̃ac̃ na t̃raoi oir̃ (l). ‡ an aiñlaic̃ uo meapair̃ uam.

§ ar̃ eagla mo mar̃luḡac̃ mar̃ ḡeall ar̃ mo béilide (ḡ).

|| "ar̃teall̃a" (l). "as r̃eall̃aiñ" (ḡ).

HAG :

Accursed rebel, the curse of my heart upon you,
 To physician or priest you never think to submit,
 And sure the saints and the church are teaching the people
 That for the poor were the heavens framed, for liberty.

LOUT :

If it was for the poor the heavens were framed, for liberty,
 And, that it is a place where there is plenty of food and drink
 in it,
 Wasn't it better for you to hurry quickly to visit (?) it,
 Than to be travelling townlands seeking food (?) for the night.

HAG :

You cursed villain, the curse of my bosom on you,
 Or is it a thing that you thought for me to skip into it of one
 leap.
 The Saints and the Apostles and the Holy clergy,
 They will not go into the possession of the heavens till they die.

LOUT :

If it is a place so fenced, without a gate or a step,
 And that a person shall not find [himself able] to return at the
 end of a week or a day,
 For fear of want or lack of any meals,
 I would sooner be at home squirting (?) alms.

HAG :

The high kingdom of the heavens is the holy territory,
 Since no one meets [there] his friend or consort,
 There is no fog, there is no sin, there is no ill-plight on anyone
 in it,
 But glory and joy, and they do not think their days long.

LOUT :

If it is a place so good, without work, without business,
 And that I would get fair play and my enough of sleep,
 And that there is food and milk and great plenty in it,
 I would go into the heavens until the harvest would come.

Cailleach :

ní'l gileó ann ná obair, ná cogadó, ná cómhac,
 ní'l bhuio, ná torán, ná coúlao, ná gno ann,
 ní'l ceó, ní'l peacáo, ní'l larrmaéa 'oó' ann,
 áct ceóla aš aingil a'r iomóao gíóie.

Siota :

muna bfuil [in] do beata rna flaitir áct ceóla,*
 ní bpaigeadó [an] bolg boét ocmaé ppórt ann,
 'ná naoim a'r 'ná h-aingil aš gneadaó a gcuio ceóla,
 ba binne liom toran an pota 'mbeit ppól ann,
 ná uoim de bocannaó gorma pórta, †
 coúail, a éailliš, ‡ 'r ná h-abair níor mó liom,
 'S nuair maéair rna flaitir nár éadaíó tú beó ar.

Cailleach :

má'r beó nó maib óam, malláct mo émoíoe oit,
 do liaiž ná ragaite ní meapann tú rtríocao,§
 áct móioe mallaižte, peacáo a'r uaoim-éoir,
 ní maéao miam go pámpar fear do gnióm-ra,
 'S go bpaigeadó do éoiréada i n-irmuonn ríor tú.

Siota :

muna uéio don pacaé go pámpar éioíoe
 áct an té éoar beannaižte, béio fairpinge rliže ann,
 má'r uaoim a'r má'r uamanta|| an té leannar mo rliže-pe,
 tá bliadóain a'r ríoe ó bíT irmuonn líonta,
 'S ní glacfaíoe [ann] mipe, le h-uimearbuio rliže ann.

Cailleach :

an trá bí na h-abroal aš teagart na noimaíoe
 'San peacémaó caibioil, 'r é peaoar do rtríob é,
 gur b'é uubairt an leand do éannuiž na mílte
 an té féanpao ar éalam é, naé flaitear buo óion nó.

* Both L. and G. seem ungrammatical here, the one reading muna bfuil do beata . . . áct an rórt ran, the other maib bfuil do beata . . . áct ceóla.

† This line occurs only in L. I don't know what bocannaó is.

‡ All three make (wrongly, I think) the vocative of cailleach "a éailliš," but G. also has a cailleach. § Only in L.

HAG :

There is no quarrelling in it, nor work, nor war, nor fight,
 There is no captivity, nor noise, nor sleep, nor business in it,
 There is no fog, there is no sin, there are no flames burning in it,
 But music with the angels, and much of glory.

LOUT :

If there is nothing in your life in the heavens but music,
 The poor hungry belly would not get much spirit in it ;
 The saints and the angels hammering at their musics,
 I'd sooner be listening to the noise of a pot that there'd be
 a joint in
 Or a fistful of blue roasted (?)
 Go to sleep, you hag, and say no more to me,
 And when you go to heaven may you never come back alive out it!

HAG :

Whether I am alive or dead, the curse of my heart upon you ;
 To physician or priest you never think to submit,
 But cursed oaths, sin, and wicked crime.
 A man of your deeds shall never go to Paradise ;
 For sure your crimes shall leave you down in hell.

LOUT :

If no sinner ever goes to Paradise
 But [only] he who is blessed, there will be plenty of room in it.
 If condemned and if damned is he who follows my way,
 Then it's a year and twenty since hell was full,
 And I would not be received in it for want of space.

HAG :

When the Apostles were teaching the Druids,
 In the seventh chapter—it is Peter who wrote it—
 Sure it is what the Child said who redeemed the thousands ;
 He who would deny Him on earth that heaven would not be his
 protection.

Siotá :

níorí pínáin * uó p̃easair ladhairt uanair̃ta ar aén neac̃,
 's gur gearr an cailmairt uo p̃earraín ré péin ann,
 uá mbuó plé uó le cailiis san earraó san éasach
 san cóir san com̃t̃nom ac̃ coislaó 'r gac̃ aén t̃is̃,
 míola uá p̃riocaó f̃aoi g̃iobail† na uéir̃ce,
 buó r̃tuasac̃ an uine é, 'r uo éoir̃feac̃ an r̃aois̃al é.

Cailleach :

Sul ar buaileac̃ tura oim̃ ir̃ minic̃ uo léis̃ mé
 ar iób̃ a u'p̃ulaing̃ an iomaic̃uic̃ péine,
 uí míola 'r gearra ari, carra, gur loib̃ne,
 asur f̃uair̃ ré na f̃laic̃ir̃ uo uárr̃a na fois̃ue,
 an t-áir̃ur b̃reac̃s̃ beannuis̃c̃e mearaim̃ nac̃ b̃raic̃ir̃-re

Siotá :

éir̃e, a cailiis̃! leis̃ p̃earra uo' u g̃leó liom,
 baic̃is̃ uo uéir̃ce, ó ir̃ é buó cóir̃ uúir̃,
 no cuir̃ir̃ mé f̃út-ra cúrr̃a f̃all̃ra‡
 mar̃ uo cuir̃ lúir̃er̃ tuir̃ce§ ran b̃p̃ára,

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Cailleach :

* * * * *
 ir̃ niõ é b̃ruil̃ f̃úil̃ a' r̃ uúil̃ g̃ac̃ aenne ann,
 ir̃ meara go móir̃ uo g̃nócaic̃ péineac̃,||
 uéir̃ as̃ p̃eanaó C̃ríor̃ta a' r̃ uis̃e na cl̃éir̃e.

Siotá :

éir̃e, a cailiis̃¶ na bac̃ liom ar̃ aoñ cóir̃,
 an té cuair̃ceócaó u'ais̃ne, 'r meara t̃ú péineac̃,

* níorí gáó uó (f. and l.). † p̃acair̃e (l.), pucca (S.)

‡ Thus S. cuir̃feac̃-ra aish̃ ar̃ r̃cuir̃ir̃ no nair̃each (l.)

§ Thus S. l. has r̃unnc̃ (p) f. omits.

|| It is curious to find this Munsterism reproduced in Siolla-an-Clois's copy, but the rhyme requires a dissyllable. Another Munster form is péiñis̃.

¶ "Stop, a cailleach" (S) I have noticed that this voc. is sometimes but not often used in S

LOUT :

Peter should have been in no hurry to speak roughly of anyone,
For sure it was short the struggle himself stood !
If he had to be arguing with a hag and he without means or
clothes,
Without right or fair play, but sleeping in every house,
Lice pricking him under the rags of poverty,
He'd be a surly man, and the world would hear him [yelling].

HAG :

Before you were struck on me,¹ it is often I read
Of Job, who suffered excess of pain,
There were lice and sores on him, scab and leprosy,
And he got the heavens on the head of his patience—
The fine blessed dwelling which I'm thinking you will not get !

LOUT :

Listen, you hag ; let be your quarrelling any more ;
Collect your alms, for it's it was your right,
Or I will put a false course (?) under you,
As Luther put . . . (?) in the Pope,

* * * * *

HAG :

* * * * *

It is a thing which everyone's expectation and desire is in,²
But far worse are your own doings,
To be denying Christ and the law of the clergy.

LOUT :

Listen, you hag, and don't mind me at all.
Whoever would search your mind [would find] that you are
worse yourself.

¹ i.e., before I met you to my cost.

² In S. she argues, in two lines which I omit as they are not in the other versions, that her own sinning is only natural. She is an Antinomian, and the poet means to expose her as such.

Críorta * ní glacann ré blaoar ó aen neac
 aet méir tola an aear ran bplaitear, vo déanam.
 'S go bfeicim-re† paearr 'na pearam 'na léine
 a gníom 'r a teagarz react n-acra ó céile.

Cailleach :

na bac leir na paearr, tabair aige ouit péineach
 'S é maoir vo ceap iao 'r tug aiteanta Dé úúinn, ‡
 Críorta 'r na h-abrtail a o' aetuiſ iao na véiz rin,
 az rtiúrao an paeacais cum 'anam vo déanam,
 Cum pórao a'r baiteao a'r airmionn vo léizeao úúinn.

Siota :

maoir le pórao ir gnó mó úaoi é,
 Trí guinea óir azur c'róin vo'n éléineach,
 Glaoútar go h-ápo ar éairuib an cúpla,
 Cum airmio o'páſail bíonn pláta ar rtiúir ann,
 'S muna n-iocann tú láiteaeac táir vo brúta. §
 Till the bishop is paid ní léiztear Nobis,
 'S, a éailliſ, nae uaoi é an tEgo Vobis.
 'S gur b'é veir ſac aon tar éir na ngnóite
 Gur b'é an mamriam (p) pego vo gníoea an pórao. ||

Cailleach

ir aet ran tír 'gur ir vliſe mó éoiri é,
 'S ir uaine ſan cmoide nae mbíonn i ſcóir leir,
 Ó éúr an traoſail tá vliſe azur óro leir,
 'Dáidi a'r maoire bíotar póra,
 a'r ve'n uirſe vo gníoea Críort fíon ar éoiri ¶
 'S ir anam vo bíon i vtiſear ** neam-éorach.

* Críort and Críorta are both used as nominatives.

† 'S go bfeicinn ré (L.).

‡ feuc maoir vo ceapao cum atanta Dé o'páſail (L.).

§ This is what I heard verbally. ſ. has mar ttiſe tú ion látaeac
 táir vo brúta. L. omits this line and p. the next four as well.

|| An Matterapeak a mioran pórao —ſ. Both lines are corrupt
 and unintelligible. ¶ Don cómarraim. —ſ.

** A m'ic aiz oír —ſ.

Christ does not accept blather or flattery from anyone,
 But to do according to the will of the Father who is in heaven.
 And sure I see the priest standing in his vestments,
 And his actions and his teaching are seven acres apart.

HAG :

Never mind the priests, take heed to yourself.
 It is Moses who established them and gave us God's command-
 ments,
 Christ and the Apostles who afterwards appointed them by act,
 Guiding the sinner to make his soul,
 To read us [the services of] Marriage and Baptism and Mass.

LOUT :

As for marriage it is too dear a business,
 Three gold guineas and a crown to the clerk.
 The friends of the couple are loudly called upon,
 To get money a plate is sent steering,
 And unless you pay on the spot you are a brute.
*Till the Bishop is paid*¹ the "Nobis" is not read,
 And, you hag, isn't it a dear business the Ego Vos,
 And sure what everyone says after all the business
 Is, that it is the mamram² pego (?) which makes the marriage.

HAG :

It (i. e. Marriage) is a statute in the country, and it is a very just
 law,
 And it is a heartless person who does not consent to it (?),
 From the beginning of the world there is law and ordinance
 for it,
 David and Moses were married,
 And it is of water Christ used to make wine at the marriage
 feast,
 And it is seldom he used to be in a disgraceful house.

¹ These words are in English.

² It is hard to say what Latin word the Lout means here.

SIOTA :

ir baot, a éailliḡ, 'r ir leamh vo mairte,
'S dá mbeiteá-ra marb ar maidin amárach
'S go mbéarfaínn éum ragaírt tú, ceangailte i mála,
ní léisfeadh duit airmionn gan airmgeao láime.
'S i gcúirraíde an Cartanaíir ir fearb leir tráct air

Cailleach :

Gan congnam na ragaírt buo doiligh ár raosaó,
mar ir mó-áir an t-ainm [ag] fear ionaid Dé agaim,*
ir nio é go maiteann pé peasaó a'r daor-éoir,
'S ir cinnte gur ceapao rlige beata dá méir vó.

SIOTA :

Éirt, a éailliḡ, nó caitefeao tú áitiom†
Cao é an rlige beata tug peasaí vo'n pára,
act fearantair rleíbe agur méim na vútaiḡ‡
'S gur fiosaó an raosaí gur Dé buo éionntaiḡe
an beata go léir beir ag préim-rlioct lútar.

Cailleach.

ir duine gan céill tú, 'r ir bréag a vóirraí,
nó neac cuirfeadh § rréir i mbréirib lútar,
Racaíó fear ar an scoill go mbairíó pé rziúrra
go mbuailíó a leand ag cur rmaóct agur rziúir air,
ir zairíó aniaíḡ an fearḡ vo múcaó
Gur míle meara leir an leand ná an rziúrra.
ir zairíó an cúrra an cúig le cómaíream||
maítear an éoir ir beíó an rziúrra vóigte,
fearantair rleíbe 'gur méim na h-áite
ag eaglaíir Dé a'r an béarla cailte.

SIOTA :

ná tráct liom, a éailliḡ, ar bata ná ar rziúrra,
ir mitor vóib beir caíte ó bairra go rziúrra,
'mar a bfaíḡ an t-atair an leand le múnáó
vo beir pé a mallact vo 'r leigeann éum ríúbaí é.

* "fearr ionna neiveao"—ḡ

† ḡ. omits this line, probably not understanding áitiom, which is not a Connacht word. ‡ fearan ir glebe ir méim coige.—l.

§ doinne—l. "Cé cuirfeach.—ḡ.

|| ir zairíó an compa an cúig le compaím (ḡ), which alone gives this line, and l. the next three.

LOUT :

Silly, you hag, and foolish are your sayings;
 Sure if you were dead to-morrow morning
 And I were to bring you to a priest tied up in a bag
 He would not read a Mass for you without hand-money,
 And as for charity,¹ the name of it is bitter to him.

HAG :

Without the help of the priests it were hard to save us,
 For it is very high is the name that God's representative has,
 It is a thing that he forgives sin and evil crime,
 And it is certain that a way of living was planned for him
 accordingly.

LOUT :

Listen, you hag, or I must convict (?) you,
 What is the way of living Peter gave the Pope,
 But mountain territory and the rule of the country,
 And sure the world knows that it is he who was most guilty
 For all the means of life going to the descendants of Luther.

HAG :

You are a person of no sense, and it is a lie you have spoken,
 Or anyone who would have liking for the words of Luther.
 A man will go to the wood till he cut a scourge
 Till he beat his child to put manners and decency on him,
 But it is a short time after quenching his anger
 Till he thinks a thousand times more of the child than of the rod,
 It is a short space of time it takes to count "Five," -
 The fault will be forgiven ere it is counted and the rod burned.
 Mountain territory and the sway of the place
 Be to the Church of God and the English language lost.

LOUT :

Don't talk to me, you hag, of stick or of scourge,
 They ought to be worn out [by this time] from the top to the stump.
 Unless the father gets the child taught
 He gives him his curse and he lets him go.

¹ This seems to be the Southern meaning of *Capitanar*, literally
 "friendship."

Cailleach:

An té u'imeig ó'n ádair le fearg san méirteach,
 i gceantais na nannarta a b'aró ó na gaoitais,
 San rúil le carad nó i gceiteam a laéte,*
 nuair táinig ré a-baile tar éir a téarma,
 'Do éir ré a beannact nó, 'r marb ré laos nó,
 'S an té u'fan san mbaile níor marb ré gé nó

Siota:

'Do b' an-fada an fearg é, 'r níor bfuir a méirteach
 'S buó m'itio nó carad ná gceirte ré ar don cor,
 'S go bfuil ré ruithe beirthe ag giatin^(?) an b'arla[†]
 nac bfuil orcam ar an talamh ip meara ná Papists
 'S an té díol Críost ná díol réin é?[‡]

Cailleach:

Créad tá aca réin le léigead ná innrint
 act an muo a u'pág Calbin an clampadóir r'griotha, §
 'S go bfuil oet gcead oet noic agur oet naoite ||
 'Do litheadaib cam-réal a'r b'réag 'na m'bioblaib.
 Cá 'uile an té ip mó do léig de úgair
 'Connaic naomh no páig de p'réim-flioc lútar?[¶]
 Cá 'uile an té connair Críost ná maor na teampoll,
 ná pobal na diaoacta teact 'na gcampa?^{**}
 ní leanann Críost act binn an teampoll^{††}
 'S tá damanta na mílte ar an m'biobla Galloa.

Siota

Sgumamair u' ádmann ip fearr uíinn méirteach
 ag críot na beata náir damantair don neach,^{‡‡}
 'S ar minnead de péacad ag Clann ádair a'r eba, §§

* §. alone has this also.

† ag Sapanais leabtais (§.).

‡ 'Do b'aró réin é, §., which alone has this line, but I have heard or seen it elsewhere.

§ Camden an clampadóir (L.). || Oet n-don ruithe (L.).

¶ 'Do tainic naomh na páig oir p'réim-flioc Luther, §, which alone has this line which I have edited as above

** no abpobal mar don ip an eagluir Galloa (L.).

†† ní baineann do Críost act mian an teampall (§) Neither version is clear to me. p. omits a great deal of the end of the poem.

HAG :

He who went from his father with anger without making-it-up
 Into wild foreign parts, far from his kindred,
 Without hope of ever returning throughout his days,
 When he did come home after his term
 He (the father) gave him his blessing and killed a calf for him,
 And he who remained at home he did not kill him (even) a goose.

LOUT :

It must have been a very long anger, and it must have been
 hard to settle it,
 And it was time for him to return if he were to return at all,
 And sure it is settled and proved by the English-speaking
 rabble (?)
 That there is no people in the world more evil than "Papists,"
 And he who sold Christ was not he one of them himself ?

HAG :

What have they themselves to read or to tell,
 Except what Calvin, the disturber, left written,
 And sure there are eight hundreds, eight tens, and eight nines
 Of letters of crooked import and of lies in their bibles.
 Where is he who has most read authors
 Who ever saw a saint or a prophet amongst the root-stock of
 Luther ?
 Where is he who ever saw a Christ or a Moses in their church,
 Or the people of godliness coming into their camp ?
 Christ only follows the gable of the Church,
 And the thousands are damned through the foreign bible.

LOUT .

Let us leave off disputing, it's best for us to settle it,
 At the end of his life may there be no one damned ;
 Sure after all the sin that was committed by the children of
 Adam and Eve

†† San daon-coir malllaigta ní damnoirítear don neach (§.)
 §§ Only in L.

Σὲ τοῦδαίητ ἀν λεανθὸ το ἑαυνουῖς σο ναορ πινν
 'Σ το ὀόητ Ἀ εἰυτο πολὰ 'ρ το ερωτάθ τὰ'η παομαθ
 Τά μβεῖτ ἀν τυινε ἐοή τοῦθ λειρ να ναολεταῖθ
 Πίλλ οημ φεαρτα ἀ'ρ πλάνφαῖθ μέ φέιν ριβ. *
 Σῖδεαθ, † τοειρ παζαίητ βηαίητε ἀ'ρ κλέητε
 Σπιάθ 'Ὁ εἰγυρ εαρεῖθαναρ ῖλανφαρ ῖαε ἀον νεαε,
 Τέηης ἀμ μαῖοιν ἀ'ρ εαυνουῖς ναμ λέινε,
 Ρόρφαθ μέ φεαρτα 'ρ νι ῖανφαθ μέ ἀς πλέ λεατ.

Σιν εαέτρα na cailliḡe 'r an dailtín tḡeíctis
 Sḡríoḡta ríor i ḡríor 'r i n-éiteac†
 léiḡ ḡo ráim ó ḡárr ḡo cúl i,
 á'r ríorruḡ ḡe éac cia 'ca b'ḡearr ḡe'n éúpla.ḡ
 má tá baoir ann, Cḡíort dá méiḡteach, ||
 tḡócairre ó 'ḡia orraimn 'r iarraḡ ḡac ḡon é.

Amén.

Connamair in ran rgeul rin, "Déiric na Noctas,"
mar do táinig ríata d'ar d'aoi amach ar béal na t'roch-
mhá do bí ag fáigil báir. Duó iad rin na t'roch-
ríoraid do bí ag teacht amach airtí. no b'éiríu gur
b'iad na diaibail féin do bí ag fanamaint i n'odur
an béal, leir an anam do teacht amach ar an gcioróe,
go mbéarfaodair airt. Ag ro rgeal an-iongantach ar
an n'ó rin, do fuair mé ar sean-láimh-ríobinn do
ceannuis mé ó fearu gCondae na Míde. I Leir Cuinn
do ríobad i, aet ní féadaim a ríad an ríobinn
Connachtach i. Ir dóig liom go bfuil an leabhar roir
d'á céad 7 tu céad bliadán d'aoir, aet ir rine go mór
an caint atá ann 'n'á an ríobinn féin, mar ir follur
ó na sean-foirmib atá innití, mar "táinigret," etc.

* Cór [car] oimpe agus gearrad me fein tu (S).

‡ Thus I read the contraction in L, which appears like $\zeta\iota\epsilon\alpha\theta$. S. reads " $\pi\iota\iota\upsilon\alpha\iota\tau\iota\alpha\varsigma\upsilon\tau\epsilon\alpha\theta$ $\rho\alpha\varsigma\alpha\iota\tau\epsilon\alpha\varsigma\upsilon\tau\epsilon\alpha\theta$," which seems to be misplaced.

It was what the Child said who bought us dearly,
 Who poured out his blood and who was crucified to save us,
 That if a man were as black as the beetles
 Return to me henceforth and I myself shall make you whole.
 Howsoever, priests and friars and clergy say
 That it is love of God and charity that shall save every one.
 Go to-morrow morning and buy me a shirt,
 I'll marry after this and I wont remain arguing with you.

There are the Adventures of the Hag and the accomplished
 Youngster
 Written down, both truth and lies,
 Read it quietly from end to end¹
 And enquire of each, which was the best of the pair.
 If there is folly in it—Christ make it right!
 Mercy from God on us, and let each one ask it.

We have seen in the story of Christmas Alms how a flock of *dardheels* came out of the mouth of the evil woman who was dying. These were the bad spirits that were coming out of her, or, perhaps, they were the devils themselves who were waiting at the door of the mouth for the soul to come out of the heart that they might seize it. Here is a very wonderful story about this that I got in an old manuscript that I bought from a man in the Co. Meath. It was written in Leath Chuinn, but I cannot say whether it is a Connacht writing or not. This MS. appears to be between two and three hundred years old, but the language that is in it is much older than the manuscript itself, as is evident from the old forms that are in it, such as *tainigset* [for *thangadar*], etc.

‡A b'fíóu agus an eacáise (S.) le b'fíó 7 le h-éipeáct (P.).
 L. omits the summing up.

§ These two lines occur only in P.

|| Thus I edit S., which runs *ma tú baorígnean C'piora óa peataáct*. L. has none of the last six lines.

¹ Literally "from top to back."

Ní méaraim go bfuil don éóip eile o' Airling Naomh Pól cormúil leir an gcóip seo. Is dóig gur i nGnéisir do cumaó i ar dtúr, agus tá cóip eile de i teangaid na Sipa, 7 ceann eile i Laidion. Tá an rgeat ro le págail i rean-ápo-geapmáinir, i Loc-lannair, i bfhaincír, 7 i Slabair. Tá an éóip Laidne ir fearr 7 ir fuide de, le págail inran mBibliothèque Nationale as Papir. Aét níl focal innti (ná inran nGnéisir ná inran Sipiúir) ar imtead an anma ar an gcorp,* ná ar Naomh Miceál as déanam an eólar do Naomh Pól go leabaid an tuine do bí as págail báir. Ní féidir a ráó, inoiú, an é ar a ceann féin do cum Gaedéal éigin an méad rin, no an airtmuíad é ar éóip Laidne eile atá cailte anoir. Is cormúil an píopa ro leir an "Teanga Bit-Nuad," no le "h-Airling Cundail," do cuipead ir dóig, i nGaedeilz ó'n Laidion. Níor fuit aiam don rgeibinn Laidne de'n "Teanga Bit-Nuad." Má bí a leicéir aiam ann—agus ir cinnte go raib—ir cormúil naé bfuil ré ar págail anoir. Is dóig go bfuil giotaid eile ann de fhean-litirdeact

* The nearest approach to the awful scene of the hunting out of the poor soul as described by the Irishman is as follows—I have reduced the spelling to the ordinary Latin standard—"Et iterum respexi, et vidi omnem contemptum peccatoris, et omnia quae egit, et in unum asteterunt ante eum in hora necessitatis: et factum est ei in illa hora quae minabatur de corpore ejus, ad iudicium, et dixi, melius erat ei si non fuisset natus. Et post haec venterunt simul sancti angeli et maligni, et anima peccatoris. Et sancti angeli locum non invenerunt in ea. Maligni autem angeli comminati sunt ipsius; qui cum educerent eam de corpore commonuerunt eam angeli tercio, dicentes. O misera anima, prospice carnem tuam unde existi? Necesse est enim te revertere in carne tua in diem resurrectionis, ut recipias peccatis tuis condignum et impietatum tuarum. Et cum produxissent praecessit eam consuetus angelus et

I do not think that there is any other version of St. Paul's vision that is like this one. It was, probably, first composed in Greek¹, and there is another version of it in Syriac, and another in Latin. This story is also to be found in old High German, in Danish, French, and Slavonic. The best and longest Latin version² of it is to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, but there is not a word in it—nor in the Greek nor in the Syriac—of the going of the soul out of the body, or the angel Michael's guiding St. Paul to the bed of the man who was dying. It is impossible to say now whether it was out of his own head some Gael composed that, or whether it is a translation of some other Latin copy that is now lost. This piece is like the "Ever New Tongue," or the "Vision of Tundal," which were, probably, translated into Irish from the Latin. But no Latin original of the "Ever New Tongue" has been found. If such ever existed—and it is certain that it did—it is likely that it is lost now. No doubt there are other pieces of the ancient literature of Christendom as well as the "Ever New Tongue" that would now be entirely lost but that the Gaels saved them, and the bulk of this story belongs to such a

ait ad illam : O misera anima, ego sum angelus adhaerens tibi, referens quotidie ad dominum opera tua maligna quaecunque egisti per noctem vel diem, etc.

It will be seen from this that the Irish composition bears only the smallest possible resemblance to the Latin, until the description of hell is arrived at. The Latin contains 51 chapters or sections, and deals with St. Paul's account of Paradise and other wanderings as well as with his description of the infernal regions. It is to be found in *Apocrypha Anecdota*, by Montague Rhodes James. Cambridge, 1893.

¹ See Tischendorf, "*Apocalypses Apocryphæ*," 34 69.

² Hermann Brandes published three abbreviated Latin versions of it at Halle in 1885.

na Cníortuigheachta, taob-amuig de'n "Teanga
Díct-Nua," do beit caillte ar fad anois, aet
sur fábáil na Gaedil iad, 7 sur díob rin an cúro
ir mo de'n rgeal ro. Tá "Páir Naomh Pól" inran
leabair bpeac, aet ní'l focal ann ar an aipling reo.
Aet tá dá bpoct-cóip eile dí le págail ran Acadaimh
Ríogamhail, nac bfuil comh maic, comh lán, ná comh
h-aorta le mo cóip-re.* Ar an áobair rin beirim mo
cóip-re péin ann ro, le n-a fábáil ó'n mbár, 7 cuirim
le na h-air nótaib ar an dá cóip eile.

Az ro cuntar ar lámh-risibinn Gaedheilge eile †
ar Naomh Pól: "Duine beag deapóil an t-aprtal Pól.
Slíneáin leatna aige. Aghair † bán, go h-ioncáir
popurda † aige. A ceann beag. Súile geanaíla
slinne aige. Malaird|| fada, ríon rearamac, 7 feurós
fada, 7 beagán do shuaidh liat."

Ní aetruigim don focal inran rgeul ro, aet rsiob-
aim "ea" i leabair "e" azur i leabair "io," 7
ceartuigim anois 7 arís lictuigad focal, 7 cuirim
rínead fada oipa.

CRÍOCHA DEIGEANNAÇA AN DUINE AZ A MBÍ DROG-BEACHA.

Tápla Pól Earball i n-am áiríoe i gcáitir dar
ba ainm Smirná i gcric na Síria, 7 ir amla do dí Pól

* San Acadaimh Ríogamhail, .7. $\frac{23}{1.17}$ azur $\frac{23}{1.4}$ tuigim A azur
B oipa inra nótaib reo. Cníocnuigheair A mar ro, "cníoc air
épníoc deigíonac an duine le Domnall mac Sheehy, an 9th Lá do
Novr, san teannta bóirto na binnre a mbairle fíecapda taob le

as eadap'gairde Dé uile*-cúimactais fa nro éigin do
 pianais ipinn do tairbeánad do, ionnup go [mbuó]
 móire † a déanfaó toil Dé é, 7 do beapfaó teasars
 dona puible an tairbeánad rin' fášail. Agus ar
 mbeir do as gairde Dé amlaio, tigh óglac o'a ionn-
 ruide, 7 o'iarri† air'bul leir, a neaptušad § tuine in
 a éreiccam do bí i bpuinc a' báir. Do glúair pól
 leir an óglac cum na h-áite a paib an tuine tinn; 7
 do fuair é [as] rparin leir an mbár, pompa. So an
 móó a ršarann an t-anam leir an gcorp (mar aoir
 S. Bernaro, don do' áro-Doctúir na Tríonóide).
 Aoir ré go ois an bár 'na deilb fuair anaitne oó-
 fulaing as gabail do beaprais || 7: do faoisioib' ran
 gcorp; 7 tigh ar oúir inna buill foimileada, mar
 atá i gcroide† na mbonn 7 na mbar, inna cuir-
 leanais 7 in šac ball eile do'n corp,** no go fuaisgeann
 an t-anam uaral poime ar šac ball do'n corp, mar a
 fuaisgear an t-iaršaire an [t-i]ar[š] fo cuapais na
 babanne†† (?) gur an anac a mbi an lion na ruide cum
 a ngabal. Mar rin do gaird an bár a' fuasgaó an
 anam poime gur an croide††—an céad·ball beó asur
 an ball déisgeannac do šeib bár do'n tuine. Ac
 cio tráct, ar tighac do pól asur do'n teactaire
 gur an tuine tinn [tušadap fa beap], mar a paib
 réin asur an bár a' gleic le céile, 7 go paib an bár
 noeir reilb an cuirp uile a glacac, ac go paib an

* uile repeated twice in MS. † innuršam moroe, MS.

‡ "io iar," MS. § "neaptuio," MS. || "beapra," MS.

¶ "croi," MS. ** gcorp, MS.

†† b'éoiri="habainne"="h-amainne" no "h-aišne," "mar
 foisgear an iaršaire iarš fa cuapais ionnbair meap a abion an

this is how Paul was, namely, making intercession with God, the all-powerful, to reveal to him something of the pains of Hell, so that all the more for receiving that revolution, he might perform the will of God, and give instruction to the congregations. And, as he was beseeching God in this wise, there cometh unto him a youth, and he asketh Paul to go with him, to confirm in his faith a man who was at the point of death. Paul departed along with the youth to the place where was the sick man, and him they found before them struggling with the Death. Now this is the manner wherein the soul parteth from the body—as saith St. Bernard, one of the arch-doctors of the Trinity. He saith that the Death cometh in a cold, unrecognisable, insufferable shape, stabbing the body with spits and arrows. And first it cometh into the outer members, namely the centre of the soles of the feet, and of the palms of the hands, in the veins, and in every other member of the body, until it hunt the noble soul before it out of every member of the body, even as the fisherman routeth the fish (?) under the hollows of the banks (?) to the weedy-place (?) in which the net is set to catch them. Even so doth the Death, routing before it the soul into the heart—the first member of a person to be alive, and the last member to die.

But howsoever, upon the coming of Paul and of the messenger to the sick man, they perceived how he himself and the Death were struggling with one another, and that the Death was after taking possession of all the body, except that

lion ruige, supab murrin do roigheas an báir an tanam," 23 L. 17
 "Amair roigheas iarsuile an tiarís ar rochapaib an innbuir,"
 23 L. 4. ‡‡ "an c'p'oi, ' MS.

τ-ανам ι ρεομια ιοϋταρμιας αν ϋροιϋε ας ιαρμιαϋ ε
 ρειν α ρολαϋ* ο'ν μβάρ. Αςυρ бууϋ ϋιαμμοин το ρин,
 οи an uair ϋάινις an бάρ сур an ϋροιϋе, то сав а'
 тρεαδαϋ αςυρ а' tollaϋ an ϋροιϋе, οи то бi α ϋειμιν
 αιςе сур ab ann то бi an τ-анам. Μαρ то ιμοϋαиς
 an τ-анам α нάμια αςυρ α еарсара .ι. an бάρ, ι ссoм-
 ρосур то, то ραοил† an corp ράςβάил, αςυρ тигеаϋт
 амаϋ ар an мbeул, о нaϋ ρуаи ιонаϋ cόμнuиϋе нā
 uion ρan ссoрр. Αςυρ 'ρε сeиϋ ρе ροиме ann, ρлуаς
 амурараϋ‡ (sic) аϋ-uаϋρan то ϋιαβλαиϋ ouба uаϋ-
 срāнна, αςυρ ларараϋа тиннτιςе лāн то брeантар, 7
 урoϋ-булаϋ§ срāннаmail то-ρulainς ар α мbeалаиϋ
 амаϋ; αςυρ сaϋ аон аса ρеиϋеам le брoϋ** ар an аnam
 [то тeаϋт] ар an мbeул αςυρ ар an ссoрр амаϋ.—
 Οи ар ρτāиϋ ϋаманта сan аиϋиςе ρуаи an ρеаϋϋ
 ρо бār. Αςυρ ар ρаиϋринт an сāρта ϋιαβлаиϋе ρо то'н
 аnam боϋт ροиме, то ρил an τ-анам со сeиρиςеаϋ
 ϋиϋеаςлаϋ, 7 тис со ρиςе на ρрoна, αςυρ ρаοил то
 тигеаϋт амаϋ ann. Αςυρ то ϋиϋ an ρлуаς сeаϋна
 ροиме. ρилл ρāн ϋ'аϋϋиρре 7 то ϋруаиςбeиϋ 7 тeиϋ
 сур на ρiиϋе, 7 'ре сeиϋ ροиме ann, ιонаϋ то ϋιαβлаиϋ
 ouба uаϋ-срāнна, ларараϋ[а] тиннτιςе ар α мbeулаиϋ
 7 ар α мbrāиςиϋ, 7 сaϋ аон аса ϋ'а ρāϋ “сoϋе an
 cόμнuиϋе ρеo ар an мbār сan an τ-анам ϋаманта ρо
 α ρуаςаϋ амаϋ ϋуаинн ар an ссollainн ϋρaοиρиς in
 α брuil, со мbeармaмaοиρ линн uā аиϋρeаϋ|| ρειн е, аиϋ
 α брuil uορϋаuοуρ 7 ρian ρiοиρиϋе тре ρаoςal на

* “α ραλλαϋ,” MS.

† “ριλл,” MS. § б'еиϋи “амараϋ” ?

‡ “уρoϋ-буллаϋ,” MS. ** б'еиϋи сурι ab ε “brеиϋ” an ρocal.

|| “α нaиϋиeи,” MS.

the soul was in the lower chamber of the heart, striving to conceal itself from the Death. But that was in vain for it, for when Death came to the heart, he began ploughing and boring the heart, for he felt certain that it was there the soul was. But when the soul felt its enemy and adversary the Death close to it, it thought to leave the body and to come forth out of the mouth, since it found no dwelling place nor shelter in the body. But it is what it finds before itself there, a frightful fearsome host of black, ugly-coloured devils, and fiery flames full of stench, and a loathsome, insufferable, evil smell coming forth out of their mouths, and each one of them watching with fierceness for the soul to come forth out of the mouth and out of the body, for it was in a state of damnation, without repentance, that this sinner was dying.¹ And when the poor soul beheld this devilish guard in front of it, the soul returned fearful (!) and quaking, and cometh into the passage of the nose and thought to come out there. But it beholds the same host before it. It returneth full of weariness and misery and goeth to the eyes, but it is what it findeth there before it—many black, ugly-coloured devils with fiery flames out of their mouths and gullets, and each of them saying, “What is this delay of Death’s that he routeth not out to us this damned soul forth from the greedy body in which it is, till we bear it with us to its own abode—a place where there is darkness and eternal pain for ever and ever, as its evil deeds have deserved [that were wrought] during the time that it was its own master?” And on the poor

¹ Literally, “died.”

raoḡal, mar' do tuill a mí-ḡníoma an fear' b'í ar a cumar féin?" Ar éirí na mbriathra' ro' do'n anam boct do rḡnead 7 do éim go marb'-laḡ, 7 do éadai go deupac' do b'pónach ḡeap-tuipreac', óir do aicín ann rin' go fáib' rḡarṑa* leir an mbeac'a ríorruide le raoḡal na raoḡal, 7 iompuiḡiṑ† ré ar air go tollam na ḡcluar, mar' do fáoil rliḡe fáḡail am'ac, 7 'ré a ḡeib' ann rin' p'óime, an iomad do péirṑib' ḡránna, 7 do aic'neac'aib' nime do-ḡealb'ca ac'-ruac'tar[a] éaḡ-ran'ia. Mar' do connairc an t-anam rin' fillir t'ar a air ḡur an c'p'óide mar' do r'annṑuḡ, 'dar' leir féin, 'oul a b'polać. Aḡur do ruair' an b'ar' p'óime ann, a' t'reab'ad' 7 a' tollad' an' c'p'óide. Do meap an t-anam, ann rin', nac' fáib' 'oul ar aige do aon t'aob'. Téir i mí-dóc'ur† ar 'Óia 'r ar' an ḡCúirt-aingli'óde uile, aḡur do cuair' ruar go bá'tair an éinn. Fáḡbar an corp am'ac 7 ruir' ar mullać a' éinn. Féicir ríor an' tuamba rin' in a fáib' .i. a éollann, 7 'oubairc, "A 'Óia uile-cúmać'taiḡ! an féir'ir' ḡur ab i' reo an éollann in a' fáib' mire fear' doib'nir' ḡeapir, 7 in a' r' í, ca'ir' ḡab an p'orḡḡ ḡorm ḡlan-raḡar'ac' no an ḡruad' c'or'c'air'? 'Sé do éim [i] n-aic' na p'orḡ, cuara tolla tior'ma, ar na rliḡad' 'r'eać 'ran éloig'ionn||; an ḡruad' c'or'c'air' ḡeaḡ-mair'eać, i' anoir' do'p'ca¶ 'daol-ḡa'cać; an beal do b'í in'oiú 'deap'is deaḡ-cum'ta, é anoir' t'únta do-ḡorḡailte b'an-ḡorm bić-ḡránna, ḡan uirḡiall ḡan úr'laḡra, 7 a 'Óia uile-cúmać'taiḡ ir' mair'is a meallad'

* "rḡarṑa," MS. † "iompriṑ," MS.

‡ "a mí-dóc'ur," MS.; "anevoćuir," B.

§ "cair' ḡab in fáib' in p'arḡ," MS. || "élaḡan," MS.

¶ "daol-ḡa'cać," MS.; "daol' vaite," A; "daol'ḡa'cać," B.

soul's hearing these words it screamed and cried feebly¹ and wept tearfully, sorrowfully, and with bitter weariness, for it recognised then that it was parted from the eternal life for ever and ever, and it turns back again to the hollows of the ears, where it thought to find a way out, but it is what it finds there before it many loathly worms and evil-shaped terrific serpents of various kinds. When the soul saw that, it returned back to the heart, for it desired to go, as it seemed to it, into hiding, but it found Death before it there, ploughing and boring the heart. Then the soul considered that it had no escape on any side. It despaired of God and of the whole angelic court, and it went aloft to the crown of the head. It goes out and leaves the body and settles on the top of the head. It looks down at that tomb where it had been—namely, the body—and said, “ Oh ! all-powerful God ! is it possible that this is the body wherein I was for a brief [space of] happiness ; and if it is, where has gone the blue clear-seeing eye, or the crimson cheek ? 'Tis what I behold in place of the eyes—hollow dry cavities sucked back into the hollow of the skull ; the ruddy handsome cheek now dark and beetle-hued ; the mouth that was to-day red and shapely now closed, not to be opened, livid, hideous,² without talk, without speech ; and oh ! all-powerful God ! alas for him who was deceived by the companion at the raising (!) of the body's strength, power, pride, and spirit, which was begotten and which was alive, and whose share of gold and treasures was great ; but I do not see one thing of all that in his possession now, nor advantaging nor

¹ Literally, “ deadly-weakly.”

² Literally. “ white-blue, ever-ugly.”

leir an [g]compán*, fá tógball (?) neirte cumair uab-
air† ir aigne in cuirp, do seineadh, 7 do bí beó, 7
buó mór a cuirp óir 7 ionnnúir, 7 ní faicim don níó dé
rin uile ar fágaíl aige no dul i rochar no i rólar ar
bít dó. Aét éim sup ab oic do éairt ré na tiod-
laicctiú tús Dia dó, 7 dá bfuig rin sup damnaig mipe
so ríorruide.”

Do labhair an collann 7 dubairt, “Muna mbeir†
tura ní tiuicfair nárluagte diablaíde amurac’ ro do
m’éilugadh-faš anoir. Óir ir amlaíó do bí tura an
uair do ceanglaó díom-ra tu, do rrioparó lúctháir
lán-neartáir, lán do tuisre, do meabair 7 do glan-
inntleact, o’uairle 7 o’ondóir; aítne aghaó roir|| oic ‘r
maic; 7 san mipe aét mo lán doirín do éiríó, san
rgeim, san neart, san mótuagadh, san céill, san
tuisre, san cumair, san treóir, san riúbal, san
raóair, san éirteact, no sup céanglaó tura díom,
aghaó dá bfuig rin sup tura ir cionntaó 7 ní mipe.”

“A piaró éraoirig colnuíó do-ceannraigte** ní
ríor a n-abair tú, óir do bíor mo rrioparó glan
glóiráir,” ar an t-anam, “san maectanar agha le
biaó no éadaó, no níó ar bit eile o’á bfuil ar a’
talam, aét doibneair na beacta naoimta, no sup
ceanglaó díot-ra mé, 7 ir uime do ceanglaó díot
mé, cum tú éairteam lúct do cor, raóair do lán,
raóair do rúl, éirteact do éluar, labhairt do
béil, rinuainíó do éiríó, 7 gac tabairtur eile
tús Dia dúit, le rógham, le h-úmlaéct [aghaó]

*“leir in compán,” MS.

†“uabóair,” MS. ; “fa haibéil neart 7 cumair 7 uabair,” A.

comforting him at all ; but I see that it is ill he spent the gifts that God gave him, and that on account of that he has damned me for ever."

The body spake, and said : " If it were not for thee these devilish furious hosts would not come to claim me now. For this is how thou wast when thou wast bound to me ; thou wast an active, most powerful spirit, full of understanding and of feeling, and of clear intellect, of nobility and of honour ; thou didst recognize between evil and good ; whilst I was nothing but a fistful of clay, without beauty, or strength, or feeling, or sense, or understanding, or power, or guidance, or movement,¹ or sight, or hearing, until thou wast bound to me, and for that reason it is thou who art guilty and not I."

" Thou greedy, carnal, unsubduable worm, all thou sayest is not true, for I was a clean, glorious spirit," said the soul, " who had no necessity for food or clothing or for anything at all, of all that is on the earth, but the joy of holy life until I was bound to thee. And this is why I was bound to thee, for thee to spend the activity of thy feet, the labour of thy hands, the sight of thy eyes, the hearing of thy ears, the speech of thy mouth, the thoughts of thy heart, and every other gift that God gave thee, so as to do ministering, to make submission, and to perform every other service to glorious God throughout thy period on this world, so that

‡ "muna a mbeč," MS.

§ "éilim-ja," MS.

|| "εαυαη οτε ιη," MS.

¶ "močurò," MS. ; "močuž," A ; mučužadò," B.

** "ceannrìò," MS.

¹ Literally "Walk."

le gac reirbír eile a déanamh do Dia glóimhar ar feadh do rae ar an ríogal-ra; agus 'na díalís rin go bfuigfinn-re 7 tura toirad na ndeig-ghíom rin i scaiteam na glóire ríomhíde i gcómluadair Dé, na h-óig' beannaighe* Mhuir, agus na cúirte aingliúde neamhda uile, mar [a] bfuil gac dá ndearna na deig-ghíom, mar atá triorad, déirce, uirnaighe, carctanacht le cómharrann, [beir] ag éirteacht le briathraib Dé go fonnmar, 7 déanamh dá réir, 7 nac noidltaigheadh† coris maectanair na mbocht, 7c. Agus ní h-iaó rin do pinne tura, aet na tíoblaicte tús Dia, a caiteam le cpaor, le póit, le haóaltianur, le uadair, le díomair, le raint, le milleadh cora na gcómharrann, le bréaga, le cailior, le fearis, le h-athrann (?), le cúl-gearradh, le mi-éall, le neam-éruaig, le h-éagcór, le díbfeirig, le leirig, le formad, le díúir, le creic† na mbocht, 7 le gac cineál eile peacaróig ba ráim leir a' scollainn óaonna. Agus féad! goó é an toirad atá agat ar ion na mi-ghíom|| rin? Ir marb las do buill do bí lúthmar láirir, ir díunta an beul le labhairteá an cómhád mi-dlírtiníig, ir las an teangá le a scanfá na briathra gmaoróa barbaróa, a' tabairt mi-éll, tapcuirne, dímeas, náire, táire, mi-taitneam, a' r gac cineál eile dar bfeirir le do rmuaínió 7 le do inntleacht tabairt id dúinne. Ir boóar an éluar d'éirteadh le monbair, le rgannall, le cúl-gearram na gcómharran go fonnmar. Ir dall toilita an trúil do|| féadcam [sic] go rannatac claon

* "beanníó," MS.

† "noidil tuig, MS. , "nac coingnam alaim ona boicéib," A.

after that I and thou might get the fruit of those good deeds in the enjoyment of eternal glory in the company of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the angelic heavenly court, where cometh¹ everyone who has done good deeds, such as fasting, alms giving, prayers, acts of friendship to a neighbour, listening willingly to the words of God, and acting accordingly; and who used not to refuse to relieve the necessity of the poor, and the like. But those are not the things that thou didst, but spending the gifts God gave with gluttony, drunkenness, adultery, pride, arrogance, greed; with the ruin of thy neighbour's portion; with lies, noisiness (?) anger, satire (?) back-biting, folly, pitilessness, injustice, wrath, sloth, envy, lechery, with the spoil of the poor, and with every other sort of sin that the human body thought pleasant; and lo! what fruit hast thou for those misdeeds. Dead and feeble are thy limbs which were once active and strong; closed is the mouth wherewith thou didst use to hold unlawful discourse; weak is the tongue wherewith thou wast wont to utter obscene barbarous words, giving ill-fame, reproach, disrespect, shame, contempt, displeasure, and other sort [of evil] that thy thoughts and intellect could bring to mind. Deaf is the ear that used to listen with pleasure to murmurings, to scandal, to the back-biting of neighbours. Blind and hollow is the eye that used to look with greed, partiality, and malice. There is no fairness nor beauty in the hand on whose fingers the gems used to be. I see them not on thee now. And, moreover, I see

‡ "cpeč," MS, not in A or B.

§ "pectiōe," MS.

|| "Δι̅ ρον ι̅ρ μι̅ς̅νονι ρ̅ιν," MS.

¶ "ι̅σ̅," MS.

¹ Literally "is"

maillíopaí. Ní'l gnaoi ná maire ar a' láim ar [a] mbíod na feóirí ar na méaraib, ní feicim iad oir anoir, agus fós ní feicim an t-óir ná an t-airgead no gac iolmaítear eile do meall tu,* do plad tu, 7 do énuaraig tu ó an bpann, ó an tilleadta, agus ó'n deapóil, le cealga [agus] le mí-rún. Táir anoir ar feilb daoine eile, 7 gan don m'ó díóbtá,† déanam mair ar bíc duit, áit gac oic dar buí feoirí áiream. Agus, mar rin, a collann éraoirig ainmianais 7 a piaró ir do-éannraigíte da'r cum Dia, ir tura ir cionntaige ‡ 7 ní mire," ar a' t-anam.

Tar eir na briatara rin a ráó do'n anam go triuaig-béil tuirread,§ do labair ainrríora do'n triuaig damnuigíte || rin do bí feiteam leir an anam fágaíl ar a feilb féin, agus adubairt, "Ir ionghaó¶ an raó tá an b'ar gan an t-anam damanta ro a puasáó éugainn ar an scollainn amac."

D'fheadair diabail eile é agus adubairt, "Ní feoirí d'uir a feilb no [a] glacaó no go tucgaíó íora Críost breic air, ar tóir, do réir a gníoma oic a'r mair, gídeáó ir linn go ríorruide a feilb—go ríorruide, do b'us gur d'uir do punne reirb'ir a'r fósnam an raó do bí in a beata, agus ir linn feilb a anam agus a cuirp ó lá na breicte déigeannaisge amac go ríorruide."

Tar eir na briatara ro a ráó dona diablaib,** do írlig pluas roillread roilbir do ainglib neime go canntannaím (sic) ceóil aca timéioil†† a' cuirp, agus óglaoó buí glóimairé 'ná an spian in a gceart-láir.

* "meall tu," MS.

† "óípa," MS.

‡ "cionntiú," MS. "cionntac," A. and B.

not the gold nor the silver nor the various other goods which thou didst get-by-defrauding, which thou didst rob, which thou gottest from the weak, from the orphan, and from the miserable, with deceptions and ill-will. They are now in the possession of other people, and not one thing of them doing good to thee, but [doing] every evil that is possible to reckon. And, therefore, O greedy lustful body most unsubduable worm that God over created, it is thou art most guilty and not I," said the soul.

After the soul uttering those words miserably and wearily, an evil spirit of that damned host that was waiting to get the soul into its own possession spake, and said: "It is a wonder how long Death is without routing this damned soul to us forth out of the body."

Another devil answered him and spake, "It is not possible for us to possess it or to take it until Jesus Christ pass judgment upon it first, according to its actions, bad and good. However, its possession for ever is ours; for ever, because it was to us it did service and ministry whilst it was living, and ours is the possession of his soul and body from the day of the last judgment for ever."

After the devils speaking these words, a shining, happy host of the angels of heaven lowered themselves, with singing of music round about the body, and in their midst a Youth more glorious than the sun. Many awful, wide-opened wounds in His skin, and they dripping blood. The Youth

§ "τρυαγθευλ τυρραδ," MS.

|| "ὁαμνιό," MS.; "οαμαντα πο," B; "οαμαντα," A.

¶ "δοσηνα," MS.; "ιονσηνα," A; "ιονσηναο," B.

** "οιαδδλα," MS.

†† "τιμπιολλ," MS

spake to the dead, and asked him how he had spent the life that he got, or the gifts that God gave him. The body answered and said, "O Jesus Christ, O Lamb, Son of God, I am not able to deny it, that it was ill I spent my time and the gifts that I got; that Thou didst suffer passion-pains and death on my behalf, and that I paid no regard to that, and therefore I am myself admitting that Thou hast no power (from the true right of Thy divinity, and from the plentifulness of my evil deeds, since I did not make repentance of them either early or late) not to pass judgment damning me now. And alas ! now I see the wrong, the loss, and the harm of the neglect I was guilty of, in putting off repentance, until Thy messenger, the Death, came to me, and, my grief ! I was not prepared for him, and, moreover, I got no respite when he came, until he destroyed me—and that is my account of my life, and indeed it is more evil than it is good."

"Well then," said the Youth on whom were the wounds, "all that thou hast committed of faults and of evil deeds throughout thy life, if thou wert to make true repentance from thy heart of them, I would make thee as clean as the sun, and I would place thee in the company of the angels and of the saints, enjoying everlasting glory, and the devilish host which is waiting for thee would have no power nor might over thee. But since thou hast not done that, it is necessary to pass judgment upon thee according to thy deeds, bad and good."

Then there came each one of the demon host that was waiting for the poor soul, and a roll of dark black parchment in the hand of each of them, in which was written all

ḡac a nḡearna an marb do feiribir an diaḡail. Ar faicirín rín do'n Slánuḡteóir* Íora Críort, 'ré dubairt, "Beirib lib an t-anam ḡamanta ro ḡo h-irpionn o'd pianaḡ ḡo lá na bpeite ḡenerálda, 7 ó rín amaḡ beirib an cöllann mar don leir an anam aḡuib, i ḡcaiteam na brian ríorruirib."

Ann rín cáimiret† an rluas diaḡlaibib rín bí 'peiteam leir an anam, do cārpainḡret le camóḡaib† tinnirib an t-anam boḡt, 7 do rinnret meallḡ teinirib óé, 7 do bíret o'd ruasḡḡ pompa ḡo h-irpionn, 7 é aḡ ḡáirca 7 aḡ éimib ḡo fann uatḡárac.

Do bí ról earball a' peiteam ḡac nio óioḡca rín, do bpuḡḡur ab é Dia do cúir a teacḡaire cúige, ionnur ḡo bpuḡ' ré amáirc ar an duine aḡ [a] mbeir ḡroḡ [beacḡa] i bpuine a báir, do réir an ḡuirib do rinne. Ar imteacḡt do'n tḡluas mallaiḡte|| 7 do'n anam a raḡáirc ann rín, o' éim¶ ról, aḡ ḡol aḡur aḡ éaḡcaoin, amáirc fáḡail ar an ḡcric bí o'd cāḡairt ar an anam. Ann rín o'fíarpuḡḡ an teacḡaire do ról, ar mian leir amáirc fáḡail ar pian an anam' úo 7 na n-anamann** eile ḡamanta. "Duḡ mian liom," ar ról, "oā mbuib†† toil le Dia é." "Maireaḡ," ar an teacḡaire, "do beárraib mire amáirc duir orra, óir ní duine raḡḡalta mé, aḡt aingcal do cúir Dia cúḡaḡ-ra, do cāirbeánaḡ na neite reo duir, aḡur ir mire Miceál Airc-Aingcal," ar ré.

Tar éir na mbriacra ro do ruḡ an t-aingcal ḡo

*"rlannuḡóil," MS.; "don tḡluḡ anaiḡtoir," A.

†fearn-fóirim i reo=cānḡaḡar ir airtac "bíret"=bíḡaḡar.

that the dead man had done in the service of the devil. On the Saviour Jesus Christ perceiving that, it was what He said, "Take with you this damned soul to hell, to pain it till the day of the general judgment, and, from that out, ye shall have the body as well as the soul, enduring eternal pains."

Then came the devilish host that was waiting for the soul. They drew the poor soul with fiery crooks, and they made of it a lump of fire, and they were hunting it before them to hell, and it calling and crying out faintly and fearfully.

Paul the Apostle was observing each thing of those, because it was God who had sent His messenger to him, so that he might get a view of the person who led a bad life, at the point of death, according to the prayer he had made. Then, upon the departure of the accursed host and of the soul out of sight, Paul cried aloud, weeping and lamenting, to get a sight of the end that was being brought upon the soul. Then the messenger asked Paul did he desire to get a sight of the pains of that soul and of the other damned souls. "I should so desire," said Paul, "if it were God's will." "Well, then," said the messenger, "I will give thee a sight of them, for I am not a man of this earth, but an angel that God hath sent to thee to show thee these things, and I am Michael the Arch-Angel," said he.

After these words the angel brought him to the brink of

‡ "clipib," A "cipucab," B. § "mett," MS.

|| "maillib," MS. ¶ "ro éim," MS. A and B omit

** na hannmann, MS. †† "va ma," MS.

bpuac̃ gleanna do b'at̃puač̃m̃ar* ar uir̃oe ašur ar
uač̃b̃ar.† Do cōnnairc̃ p̃ol, do na c̃eao-neit̃ib̃ ann
rin, ab̃ann m̃or̃ õor̃ca šr̃ānnam̃ail. Dũõ ũuib̃e 'nā
an sual a šñe, [bũõ c̃iar-ũuib̃] an t-uir̃ge aet̃ar̃ca
at̃puač̃mar do b̃i iñti, so m̃uir̃b̃reaõ ‡ r̃ir̃ a' r̃ m̃nā
na c̃ruinne aen t̃r̃ẽoeaõ § am̃āin do'n šaoit̃ ñime
t̃igeaõ air̃ti—mar̃ m̃beit̃ Sp̃ior̃aõ Oē oā b̃p̃uic̃ač̃t
so r̃š̃p̃ior̃fa[ō] cloč̃a 7 c̃rainn,—ašur an iomão do
p̃iar̃oaĩb̃ šr̃ānna, 7 do ait̃reaõa ñime, 7 do õiãblaĩb̃
do õeil̃b̃c̃ib̃|| éaš̃rãm̃la iñti, a' gleõ, a' leaõrãõ, a'
c̃riam̃uĩš̃ (?) 7 a' c̃nāin-š̃ear̃rãõ a c̃eile, a' m̃allũš̃aõ¶
an lae in ar š̃ẽineaõ no in ar c̃ruic̃uĩš̃[eão] iaõ. Do'n
leit̃** eile t̃all do'n ab̃ainn do b̃i uaĩñ õor̃ca, in a
p̃aĩb̃ iomão do anm̃annaĩb̃ õam̃anta, a' r̃š̃p̃eic̃ĩš̃ (?), iaõ
oā š̃ciab̃r̃uĩš̃ (?) 7 oā lãr̃š̃aõ, ašur ir̃ am̃laĩo do b̃i
õp̃ong̃ õiõb̃ca na r̃uib̃oe ar̃ t̃eal̃lač̃ t̃inñtĩoe na b̃rian,
an iomão do õiãblaĩb̃ õuib̃a õeil̃b̃-š̃r̃ānna a' r̃p̃ear̃oal̃
7 a p̃p̃õt̃õlãõ†† na b̃rian do-p̃ulaiñš̃ õr̃ra, mar̃
t̃āiõ t̃einte 7 lãrãpač̃a š̃eup̃' š̃p̃eac̃ĩš̃ (?) 7 na õiãb̃ail
oā n-iom̃p̃uaš̃aõ‡‡ 7 oā n-iom̃lũãõail̃ le beãp̃aĩb̃§§
p̃inn-š̃éãpa iñp̃na lãrãpač̃aĩb̃ rin. Ašur do b̃i p̃or̃-
loč̃(?) ||† ãõp̃uar̃ õĩš̃p̃eata l̃ān do nim in ¶¶ a l̃é̃m̃ĩõir̃

* õob̃uač̃p̃uač̃m̃ar, MS.—“so b̃puac̃ gleanna aib̃r̃ige ãõuãc̃m̃ũp̃e
ũp̃air̃oe 7 r̃ir̃ an õomain uile so m̃õ leor̃ õãõb̃ũr̃ b̃air̃ 7 b̃iteaš̃a
p̃f̃ aon am̃ar̃c̃ am̃āin l̃l ar̃ an ñgleann rin ar̃ p̃uair̃e 7 ãp̃air̃oe 7 ar̃
uač̃b̃are, A. † “uač̃b̃ar̃õ,” MS. ‡ Thus B. “mar̃b̃uĩš̃,” MS.
§ “t̃p̃aoit̃,” B. || õeal̃b̃uib̃, B. ¶ “m̃allũš̃,” MS.

** leo, MS.—“leit̃ t̃all,” B. †† This whole passage is quite
different in A, “a h-aile na m̃b̃p̃eic̃p̃e rin do š̃l̃uip̃aõar̃ 7 ñĩ p̃aõa
do b̃i an t̃an do p̃añš̃aõar̃ cač̃ar̃ p̃l̃uto 7 p̃āite ū̃p̃aõib̃inn a
t̃tiom̃cioll̃ na cãtãp̃ač̃ õon t̃aõb̃ am̃uĩš̃. p̃a iomão m̃aš̃a m̃iñail,
leac̃ l̃ān do l̃uib̃iom̃ib̃ 7 do b̃l̃ac̃aĩb̃ 7 do t̃õip̃aĩb̃ t̃ait̃neaõa 7 do

a valley that was stupendous for depth¹ and fearfulness. Paul beheld, amongst the first things there, a great, dark, frightful river. Blacker than coal was its appearance, and jet black the bubbling terrible water that was in it, so that one puff alone of the venomous wind that used to come out of it would kill all the men and women of the world—were it not for the Spirit of God succouring them it would split stones and trees—and he beheld many loathly worms and snakes, and devils of divers shapes in it, raging, beating, gnawing (?), and bone-cutting one another; cursing the day in which they were born or were created. And on the other opposite side of the river there was a dark cave in which were many damned souls screaming (?); being bound (?) and lashed. And some of them were in this wise, sitting on the fiery hearth of pains; many black, ugly-shaped devils serving and administering the insufferable pains to them, such as fire—flames, sharp and hurting (?), and the devils tossing them and turning them (?) with sharp-pointed spits in those flames. And there was a resting-lake (?) of very cold ice, full of venom, into which the damned souls used to leap, seeking cooling and comfort from the sharp goading of the fire. However, no sooner would they go to

ἡ δὲ νῆς εἰς τὸ τοιοῦτον τὸ πῦρ οὐκ ὄφεικεν ἀλλ' ἐκείθεν ἀπεστέφανον πάλιν τὴν ἀπὸ πύλου τοῦ αἵματος ἀπὸ τοῦ πύλου τοῦ αἵματος, etc. It then proceeds to describe the punishment of the wicked inside the palace.

†† "μοιρῶν" in MS., which is probably a false expansion of a continued *τοιοῦτον*.

§§ "ὄψιν," MS.

||| Thus B "ἀπὸ τοῦ αἵματος," MS.

¶¶ "ὕψος καὶ ὕψος," MS.

¹ Literally, "height."

na h-anmanna damanta as iarraid pionnruaid 7 fup-
taét ó gheir-gheaduaid na teine. Sídcaó, ní túirge
do céirí* do'n loc 'ná léimíoir ar airt† ran teine,
le méad an fuaét 7 an geir-nim do bí ran uirge,
asur as ro na bhuatna déaraid cuir díobta: “A
Dia uile-cúmaétai 7 an† bfuil ruarulaó no fup-
taét i noán [túinn], no' mbéidmíó go brát inna pianaib
reo, no cá h-ait a bfuil báir naé taitis éugainn dáir
geuir ar neim-níó, ionnur go bfuigmíó ruan le beir
marb túinn?” Do § fneadair rpioraid eile díobta
asur adubairt, “A rpioraid málluigte díablaide
damanta,” ar ré, “ní'l fup-
taét no ruarulaó i noán
daib le raogal na raogal, dá bhuir gur ab é rin
cúic do túill buir mi-gníoma an fead do bí ríó in
buir mbeata, le h-uabair, le díomuir, le craor, le
h-antoil, 7 le gac cineál eile peacaid. Do cáit ríó
na díoblaide túis Dia díó, mar atá, meabair, rgeim,
neair, aeóir, doibneair, raóiric ríó, éirteat cluar,
labairtá beil, gluaat bail, 7 iad uile cum reirbír
Dé do déanam, Sídcaó ir é rin ríó-re a [g]caiteam
le reirbír an díabail, 7 ir é déarair luac|| raóiric
daib i bpiantair gan fup-
taét gan fóirigin le raogal
na raogal.”

“An ríor túit,” ar an t-aingeal, “a ríóil, cia
h-iaó a pianaí mar ríó.”?

“Ní ríor dam,” ar ríó, “at ir oíra tá an doóir
naé féirí [a] airam ná fairneir.”

“Súó í,” ar an t-aingeal, “luét an díomuir asur
an uabair, do díó as com-bhuaid** na mbeir, túis

* “céirí,” MS.

† airt, MS.

the lake than they would leap out of it again into the fire, by reason of its cold, and of the sharp venom that was in the water, and here are the words some of them would say :—
 “ O, all-powerful God, is there any redemption or help in store for us, or shall we be for ever in these pains, or in what place is death that he cometh not unto us to put us into nothingness, so that we might find a sleep, on our being dead ? ” Another spirit of them answered and said, “ O, accursed, devilish, damned spirits,” said he, “ there is no help nor redemption laid out for you for ever and ever, because this is the end your misdeeds deserved whilst ye were in life, with pride, with haughtiness, with gluttony, with inordinate-desire, and with every other sort of sin. Ye have spent the gifts that God gave you, namely, feeling, beauty, strength, airiness (?), happiness ; the sight of the eyes ; the hearing of the ears ; the speaking of the mouth ; the movement of the limbs, and all those [given] to do the service of God. However, what ye have done was to spend them in the service of the devil, and it is he who shall give you your wages in pains, without help or relief, for ever and ever.”

“ Knowest thou, O Paul,” said the angel, “ who they are who are pained like this ? ”

“ I know not,” said Paul, “ but it is on them are the hardships impossible to count-up or to show-forth.”

“ There,” said the angel, “ are the people of haughtiness and pride, who used to be bruising-to-pieces the poor, who

‡ Thus B, “ uina,” MS. All this is omitted in A.

§ “ ις φρεσας,” MS

|| “ tuac,” MS. “ tuact,” A. ¶ “ ce,” MS.

** “ comδρουτ,” MS. and A.

iað fēin ōól 7 ōo ainmianaið an traoḡail. Táið na diaðail ūð ōa* ḡcomēuarḡant, 7 a' ppiotōlañ na bpian ríorpuirðe orpa, 7 béio [mar rin] re raoḡal na raoḡal, i n-éipic na ḡcionnta rin."

Ōo ðonnaipe pól ōponḡ eile ap teallac tinnitðe na bpian, an iomað ōo ōaoil-péirtib ḡrānamail 7 ōo aiṡpe nime aḡ cpeim 7 aḡ cnām-ḡearpað ḡac baili ōiobða, cuir ōo na péirtib ōul irṡeac in a mbeólaib,† 7 in a mbráḡitib, aḡur a' tiḡeacṡ amac ap a ḡcluaraið‡ [aḡur] na rpioraið fēin a' tacap(?) 7 a tarrpains na ōiaðal 7 na n-ilpéirt ḡrānnamail rin cuca fēin.

"An bpuil pior aḡað, a pól," ap an t-ainḡeal,§
"ca ōream a piantap mar rúð?"

"Ni'l pior," ap pól.

"Súð," ap an t-ainḡeal,§ "luṡt an aðaltpanuir 7 na ōrúire ḡrāineamla, 7 i n-éipic na n-éaṡaiḡ || ōac áluinn ōacāmla ōo cuirpóir orpa, eioip mná 7 pīp, a' meallāð a céile¶, táið na diaðail ūð ōáḡcpeim 7 ōá ḡcorḡairṡ 7 ōá ḡcnām-ḡearpað ḡo ríorpuirðe."

Ōo ðonnaipe pól ōponḡ eile ap teallac tinnitðe na bpian; pléibṡe mór' teine ap ḡac taob ōiobða,** an iomað ōo ōiaðlaib ōeib-ḡrānna a cliginn†† na pléibṡe rin ran ḡceart-mullac orpa ōá ḡcom-bpuirṡ 7 ōá nḡear-ḡneadoð ḡo bpaṡ. ‡‡

"An pior ōuit, a pól," ap an t-ainḡeal, "ca ōponḡ a piantap mar rúð?"

* "aḡ comēuarḡant," MS., but comēuarḡaim ap sounds so odd that I have changed it. A reads as I edit.

† "mbeólla," MS. "ana mbéal," A.

gave themselves up to drinking and the evil desires of the world. Yon devils are beating them, and ministering to them eternal pains, and they shall be so for ever and ever, in eric for their misdeeds."

Paul beheld another band upon the fiery hearth of pains, many loathsome beetle-worms and serpents gnawing and bone-cutting each member of them ; some of the worms going into their mouths and their necks and coming out on their ears, and the spirits themselves collecting and drawing those devils and those loathsome reptiles to themselves.

“Knowest thou, O Paul,” said the angel, “what people are pained like this?”

"I know not," said Paul.

“Those,” said the angel, “are the people of adultery and disgusting lust; and in eric for the fair-coloured, gaudy clothes that they used to put upon themselves, both men and women, deceiving one another, those devils are for ever gnawing, overthrowing, and bone-cutting them.”

Paul beheld another lot upon the fiery hearth of hell. Great mountains of fire on every side of them, many ill-shaped devils throwing down those mountains upon the very top of them, bruising them together and bitter-urging them for ever.

“Knowest thou, O Paul,” said the angel, “what people are pained like this?”

‡ "α ccluará na ppioiuv péin atacari 7 a tapang," MS. αρ α
gcluaraid 7 na pppioiuge vamanca péin ag tacari 7 ag tapgaim, A.

§ "(Am. A)," MS.

|| "névov," MS. na neavouze, A.

Τὰς μελλαν na brear 7 na mban nean-pórta, A and B.

*** "vifa," MS. ††ie, reitgean. ††buač, MS. *passim*.

“Ní fíor,” ar bóil.

“Súo,” ar an t-aingeal, “luét na rainte, tpeam do bíod a’ tacaí 7 a’ tiompuḡaḡ cuí na ḡcómairrann ḡo neimhíoliríoinníḡ, naḡ nḡéanaḡ tpuaiḡe, ḡéirice, ná ḡaonaḡt ḡo na boḡtaib, [7] ḡo ḡéanaḡ leaḡíom ar an ḡrann.”

Do ḡonnaic bóil tpeam eile ar ḡeallac tinnḡíḡe na brian, ḡiaḡla biḡ-ḡráanna, a rúile ar meapḡaḡ* in a ḡceann, ḡá brianḡaḡ 7 ḡá nḡéar-ḡráḡ, ḡá ḡceannḡaḡ le rlaḡraib tinnḡíḡe.

“An ḡfuil† fíor aḡaḡ, a bóil,” ar an t-aingeal, “ca tpeam a pianḡar mar rúo. ?”

“Ní’l,” ar bóil.

“Súo luét na tḡúḡa, tpeam do bíod ḡá ḡcraḡ 7 ḡá lorgaḡ le tḡú, 7 le h-éaḡ, an uair ḡo ḡíḡíḡ maíḡ ná maoin aḡ a ḡcómairrainn, naḡ mbeíḡ rárḡa leir na tíḡḡlactib ḡo ḡéarḡaḡ ḡia ḡḡíḡ féin, 7 i n-éiric rin beíḡ ḡa ḡcraḡ amlaíḡ rúo ḡo ríorḡuíḡe.”

Do ḡonnaic bóil tpeam eile ar ḡeallac na brian tinnḡíḡe, ḡo nuíḡe a rḡuḡe in uirḡe aḡ-ḡuaí ríocaiḡ-ḡe† ar ḡaḡ a’ ḡuaí. ḡa ḡréine ḡ an t-uirḡe rin ná conaḡlac maíḡ tar éir moirḡaíḡ. An íomaḡ ḡe rḡéirḡib a’ rḡáí in a ḡriaḡnuirḡ ran uirḡe, íaḡ ḡá ḡcraḡ ḡo ḡorḡa 7 ḡo ḡarḡ, a mbeḡil orḡailḡe, a’ ḡárḡa ar biaḡ 7 ar ḡiḡ—é or a ḡcómair, aḡur ḡan ar a ḡeumar a ḡlar. Óir ḡaḡ minice ḡeirḡaḡ amur air, ḡo n-imḡiḡeaḡ || níor fairḡe uaḡa.

* “meirḡaḡ,” MS. † “un a ḡfuil,” MS. “an ḡreanaí tupa,” B.

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those," said the angel, "are the people of greed, the lot who store and gather their neighbours' portion unlawfully, who used not to show mercy or give alms or act with humanity to the poor, and who used to oppress the feeble."

Paul saw another lot of people on the fiery hearth of pains, ever-hideous devils, their eyes straying in their heads, being pained and bitter-tortured, and being tightened with fiery chains.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of envy, the lot who used to be tortured and burnt with envy and with jealousy when they used to see their neighbours' goods or possessions, and who would not be satisfied with the gifts that God would give themselves—and in retri- bution for that they shall be tortured in this way for ever."

Paul beheld another band upon the hearth of fiery pains, up to their chins in cold frosty water of the colour of coal. More stinking was that water than a dead carcase after corruption. Many reptiles, swimming before them, in that water, they being tortured with famine and with thirst, their mouths opened, crying for food and drink, it set before them, without its being in their power to taste it, for as often as they would make an attempt it used to remove farther from them.

‡ "τιοτι," MS. "οὐμεατα," A. § "ζομι βιμεινε," MS.
 || "νιμεετα," MS. A omits all this.

“An fíor túit, a pól,” ar an t-ainseal, “cá tpeam a piantar mar rúo?”

“Ní fíor,” ar pól.

“Súo iao luét an éraoir, tpeam nac nteanna tporḡaḡ na tpeirdeanur, déirce ná urnaigḡe, bíoḡ aḡ ite 7 aḡ ól an bío 7 na oiḡe* toirmeaḡḡuigḡe, do bēarraḡ† a ráraḡ féin do’n cōllainn le póite a’r craor [a’r] le h-an-toil 7 nár corḡ maḡtanur na mboḡt.”

Do cōnnairc pól tponḡ eile ar ḡeallac na bpian tinnitḡe, aḡur ip amlaio do bí an-tpeam rin aḡur lapaḡaḡa teine ar a mbeoil 7 ar a mbraigḡuib;‡ tpoḡ-bolaḡ ḡrānaḡail do-fulaing ar a’ lapaip rin; a rúile ar maḡḡbairḡa, ar reaḡrān, 7 ar meaḡḡaḡ in a ḡceann; iao a’ tarrainḡ a céile, a’ leaḡḡaḡaḡ a céile, mar beit leḡḡain lān-ḡorḡaḡ[a].

“An fíor túit, a pól,” ar an t-ainseal, “cá tponḡ a piantar mar rúo?”

“Ní fíor tam,” ar pól.

“Súo luét na feirḡe, na h-eapúmla, 7 an mibóḡuir, bío amlaio raḡḡal na raḡḡal.”

Do cōnnairc pól tponḡ eile aḡ-fuap, cōm-tōrca ar ḡeallac na bpian, ceangailte le plaḡra[ib], ar leaḡḡaḡaḡ caol cúḡainḡ, do mbuic 7 do nḡreaḡaḡ 7 do nḡaor-ḡeannaḡ aḡ na plaḡra[ib] rin, lān do bḡeantar 7 do tpoḡbolaḡ ḡrānaḡail 7 ḡaḡ pian nac feioip aḡ ḡmuadineḡ.

* “an oiḡ,” MS

† “beirraḡ,” MS. do beip a toil 7 ráraḡ féin, A.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like this?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of gluttony, the people who never fasted nor abstained nor gave alms nor said prayers, who used to be eating and drinking forbidden food and drink, who used to give to the body its own satisfaction, with drunkenness, gluttony and lust, and never checked the want of the poor."

Paul beheld another band upon the hearth of fiery pains, and this is how that lot were, with fiery flames out of their mouths and gullets. An evil, disgusting, insufferable smell upon that flame. Their eyes ghastly wandering, straying in their heads; they pulling one another and beating one another like fully famished lions.

"Knowest thou, O Paul," said the angel, "what people are pained like that?"

"I know not," said Paul.

"Those are the people of anger, of disobedience and of despair. They shall be thus for ever and ever."

Paul beheld another lot very cold and dark, upon the hearth of pains, bound with chains upon their narrow beds, bruised¹ and tortured and tightened in bondage by those chains, full of foulness and of evil disgusting smell, and every pain that it possible to think of.

‡ "μβραιζοῶ, MS. μβραιζοαῖν," A.

§ "no," MS, the word ἀπειρά probably being left out by the scribe; not in A.

¹ I take βραῖν, which means to "boil," for βρούς, to bruise, throughout this piece,

“Cá tpeam iad rú? ” ar pól.

“Súo,” ar an t-aingeal, “luét na leirge, o’fanao* ó Aiphiann, ó feanmóir,† 7 ó feirbír Dé. Le leirge do gmoir faillige 7 neamh-fuim do na deas-ghníoma, 7 ir mais a bíor as triall don rigeaét úo,” ar an t-aingeal, “ó’ré rúo áitpeam na brian cinntiúe [asur] an dóláir, loc an fuaét, príorún an domluir, uaimé an dorcaduir, coimtionól na mallaét, teallaé na feirge, áé an tpeaéta, daoróruio na leirge, áruir an amháir, carcar an nini, cúirt an impearáin, cozaó na noiaóal damanta, loc a’r fairrige cá lionta do oibfeirge, do bit, do énú, do formaó, do éao 7 do’n uile oic. Ué ón ué! ir mais bíor triall éuige.”

Áét éana do cairbeán an t-aingeal go fóirleatan do pól panta ipinn go h-iomlán. Asur ar na faicint do pól rin uile, le grápa Dé 7 le congnam an aingil, do éus buideácar do Dia fo an cairbeánaó rin fágaíl, 7 do élaio zeurzort (?)‡ a rmuaíneam liáét duine ar an raogal do bí triall éum na brian úo. Ann rin do éreóruig an t-aingeal pól ó múrtaib§ ipinn go otuz amárc do ar glóir flaitir Dé. Ar faicrin an amáirc rin do, níor éuir doilgióir dá méao o’á bfuair ’na raogal [air]. Do éonnaire glóir uile an ruz-éig neamha, do éonnaire ar Slánuigteóir íora Cúioir i meaoon na n-aingeal ar a ruz-éátaoir, 7 do éuir an Tigearna fáilte míoóair muinntiríoea noim pól, 7 dubairt leir zur gearr go

* “ofannioz,” MS. *passim*.

† “fenamoir,” MS

‡ b’éoir, “do élaon go zort zéar”? “do bí féin as rileaó deóir go zur,” A.

§ “múirrib,” MS, “múiruib,” A

"What people are those?" said Paul.

"Those," said the angel, "are the people of sloth who used to remain away from Mass, from sermons, and from the service of God. Through sloth they used to neglect and disregard good deeds, and alas for him who is journeying towards that kingdom," said the angel, "for that is the habitation of the fiery pains and of the misery, the lake of cold, the prison of gall, the cave of darkness, the congregation of curses, the hearth of anger, the ford of snow, the captivity of sloth, the abode of misery, the dungeon of venom, the court of dispute, the war of the damned devils, the lake and sea that is filled with wrath, with want, with envy, with covetous desire, with jealousy, and with all evil. *Uch hone, uch !* Alas for him who is journeying to it."

Howsoever, the angel showed Paul, at full length and completely, the pains of hell. And, on Paul's beholding all that, with the grace of God, and with the help of the angel, he gave thanks to God for receiving that vision, and he fell to thinking bitterly about the numbers of people on the world who were journeying to those pains. Then the angel led Paul from the clouds¹ of hell until he gave him a sight of the glory of the heaven of God. And, on Paul's beholding that sight, no sorrow of all he had had in his life oppressed him. He beheld the entire glory of the heavenly palace. He beheld our Saviour Jesus Christ in the midst of the angels, on His throne, and the Lord gave Paul a gentle, friendly welcome, and told him that it was a short

¹ or "ramparts."

“*sciucrað ré cum [n]a glóire ríorruíðe. Ann rin do
ruis an t-aingeal póil leir ó amáire na glóire 7
o’ráis é ran áit a bfuair é ó túr, o’ráis beannaíct
aige, agus o’ imtíis go flaitir.*”

“*Do bí póil ar feadh a beata as teasars 7 as rean-
móir dona puiblí, 7 do na cinnídeachaib,* ar glóir
flaitear 7 ar riantaib i ríinn.*”

Glóir do Dia beó.

* * * * *

“*As ro siota do fuair mé óm’ éirí do Doctúir
Maguirí 1 gCondae Muiis Eó, 7 ó daoine eile ar
an gCondae céanna. Duibairt ré liom go n-abruis-
eadó rean-feair éigin, an céad cuí, .i. an Sólár no an
tSubáilce, 7 go bpreasraigeadó na daoine uile do bíod
i táir leir an ríann “Molamairt tu a íora,” 7c.*”

seacht súbáilce na maiúine.

“*molamairt tu a íora 7 molamairt tu coiríde, 7 molamairt
bairríogain na glóire. An glóir ríorruíðe go bpráirí an rean
agus an t-ús, a sciucrað 7 a t-áiní, faoi éirí do na maiúine.
O a t-áiní na nac doibinn róláir, agus beannuigadó Dé ’nár
t-áiní! míle beannaíct Dé go bpráirí aon neac beó ar an
t-áiní rí a t-áiní “Seacht súbáilce na maiúine”*”

“*An céad rúbáilce fuair an maiúine beannuigí, go bfuair
a h-aon mair naomta an cúmáir rin go bfuair rí é le n’iomáir.*”

rann.

“*molamairt tu a íora agus molamairt tu coiríde, 7 molamairt
bairríogain na glóire, agus beannaíct Dé do neac aibí fa’n
raeíal, a t-áiní reacht rúbáilce na maiúine*”

* “cinnídeacha,” MS.

† “molamairt” veiri ríad 1 gConnacáir.

time until he should come to eternal glory. Then the angel took Paul with him from the sight of the glory [of heaven], and left him in the place where he found him at first, bade him farewell, and departed to heaven.

Paul was throughout his life teaching and preaching to the congregations and to the Gentiles about the glory of the heavens and the pains of hell.

Glory be to the living God.

* * * * *

Here is a piece that I got from my friend Dr. Maguire of the County Mayo, and from other people in the same county. He told me that one old man used to repeat the first portion, that is the "Satisfaction" or "Comfort," and that all the people present used to answer with the Rann, "We praise Thee, O Jesus," etc.

THE SEVEN COMFORTS OF THE VIRGIN.

We praise Thee, O Jesus, and we shall praise Thee for ever, and we praise the Queen of Glory. Eternal Glory may they find, both the old and the young, all who shall come and all who have come beneath the garb of the Virgin. O Lord, is it not delightful and comforting with the blessing of God around us. A thousand blessings of God may each one get who is alive in this world who shall say the "Seven Comforts of the Virgin."

The FIRST comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that her Only Holy Son got that power that she found Him to bear Him.

RANN.

We praise Thee, O Jesus, and we praise Thee for ever, and we praise the Queen of Glory, and the blessing of God to anyone in the world who shall say The Seven Comforts of the Virgin.

‡ Oeip cuio de na oaoimib "rólar" i leabair "rudáilce."

An DARA rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go bfuair a h-aon mac naomhta an cúmácta rin go nveacairó Sé a5 viúil na cfe.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

An TRÍOMAD rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go bfuair a h-aon mac naomhta an cúmácta rin gur bogad é in ran sclabán.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

An CEATRAIMAD rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go bfuair a h-aon mac naomhta an cúmácta rin go nveacairó Sé a5 rúbal an uirláir.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

An CÚIGEAD rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go bfuair a h-aon mac naomhta an cúmácta rin go nveacairó Sé a5 léigead an bíobla.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

An SÉAIMAD rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go bfuair a h-aon mac naomhta an cúmácta rin go nveacairó Sé fion ve'n uirge.

Rann,

molamaoio, 7c.

An SEACTMAD rúbáilce fuair an máighean Beannuighe go nveacairó Sé go cúirt na ngrápa.

Rann.

molamaoio, 7c.

Ní ar don bealaí amáin do bí na Seact Súbáilceíde a5 na daoinib. a5 ro eagar eile oppa, mar do éualar ó duine eile é.

1. Nuair fuair Sé an cúmáct gur éiriling Sé in a bpoinn.

2. Nuair fuair Sé an cúmáct go rugad é ran rtábla i mberletem.

The **SECOND** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He went drawing her breast.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **THIRD** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He was rocked in the cradle.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **FOURTH** comfort that the blessed Virgin got was that her Only Holy Son got that power that He went walking the floor.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **FIFTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He went reading the Bible.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **SIXTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that Her Only Holy Son got that power that He made wine of the water.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

The **SEVENTH** comfort that the Blessed Virgin got was that He went to the Court of the Graces.

RANN.

We praise Thee, etc.

It is not in one way only that the people have the Seven Comforts. Here is another arrangement of them that I also heard :—

1. When He found such power that He descended into her womb.
2. When He found such power that He was born in the stable at Bethlehem.

3. So nveacáiré sé aς uíúil na cíce.
4. So nveacáiré sé aς riubal an uirláir.
5. So nveacáiré sé aς léigeadó an díobla.
6. So nveacáiré sé so sarróda an párréair.
7. So nveacáiré sé so flaitéar dé na ngráta.

Aς ro urnnuige beas le piáó i nvidiaς an páirirín páirtis, do rgríob mo cara an Doctúir Maguióir ó beal Miceáil Uí Éasartais ar Teacín i sCondae míuís Eó, 7 tug pé dam-ra é.

urnnuige i nvidiaς an páirirín páirtis.

A tigeanna véan trócaire orrainn,
 A érioirt véan trócaire orrainn,
 A bairríogan na soilleire síle,
 Véan trócaire orrainn.
 So scuzaíó rib trócaire úúinn aςur gráta,
 Maitéamhar 7 trócaire d'ár n-anmannais.
 Náir éuirió rib nio ár bit in ár gcroíóitib
 A bairfear ár gcion*
 De glóir fíorruíde na bflaitéar óinn.
 So rabálaró rib ár bit an anacáin
 aςur ár aicíuib na bliathna rínn.
 So sconzdaíó rib ár gcuir 7 ár nuaoinne
 ár raozal 7 ár pláinte,
 i ngráó dé aςur na gcómaran. Amén.

Aς ro cóip eile de páiriríon na leaptan do cualaró mé i sCondae míuís Eó. Tá cuir móir dé seo naó pailé aςam ceana 7 ir piú a cur píos so h-iomlán.

páiriríon na leaptan (cóip eile).

So luiróimio le Dia 7 do luiróio Dia linn,
 pearra o Dia linn, óa láim dé linn,
 na tri míuie linn,
 Dia 'ςur Colum-cille linn.

* in pró éoitíonnn i sConnacáiré an focal "cion" = "cuir."

3. That He went upon her breast.
4. That He went walking the floor.
5. That He went reading the Bible.
6. That He went to the Garden of Paradise.
7. That He went to the Heaven of God of the Graces.

Here is a little prayer to be said after the Paidirín Páirteach. My friend, Dr. Maguire, wrote it down from the mouth of Michael O'Hegarty, from Teachín, in the county Mayo, and gave it to me :—

PRAYER AFTER THE PAIDIRÍN PÁIRTEACH.

O Lord, have mercy upon us,
 O Christ, have mercy upon us,
 O Queen of the Bright Light,
 Have mercy upon us.
 May ye show mercy upon us and grace.
 Forgiveness and mercy to our souls.
 May ye put nothing in our hearts
 That may take our share
 Of the eternal glory of the heavens from us.
 May ye save us from the showers of calamity,
 And from the diseases of the year.
 May ye keep our portion and our people
 In life and in health,
 In the love of God and of the neighbours. Amen.

Here is another version of the "Bed Confession" that I heard in the county Mayo. There is a good deal of this that I had not got before, and it is worth while putting it down entirely.

THE BED CONFESSION (Another Version).

May we lie down with God, and may God lie with us.
 A Person from God with us. The two hands of God with us.
 The Three Marys with us.
 God and Columcille with us.

Πάρε θαίγγεαν αν ούν α θρουίμιο ανη
 ιοιη μιυρε αζυρ α μαε,
 βηιζιου αζυρ α βηαε,
 μιθεάλ αζυρ α ρζιαε,
 οια 'ζυρ α λάμ οεαρ,
 ουλ ιοιη ρινη η ζαε ολε.
 ηάρ λυιόμιο τε η-ολε.
 ηάρ λυιόιο ολε λινη.
 ευμηιζ να οεπι ζερμην,
 ερμην να ερποίε,
 ερμην να ερμό,
 ερμην αρι αρι ερποεαο ερφορε,
 'ζυρ [ό] αρι έριυζ σε αριρ θεό.
 ο α μιζ να εαεμαε αρι νεαη
 κοιηεαο ρριομαο m' ανμα
 αρι έριοι-εαεαίζεο αν αιοθεαηρρόμα.

Ας πο υρηνυζε αδεμιαο παομαις ο τυαεαιλ, ρεαρ
 ι ζελιαρα, ι ζεονταε μιυζ εο, ροιη αν βραιοιρην
 παρτεαε ραν οιοεε. ρυαιρ μιρε ε οm' εαραιο
 ηορμα βορτυιε το εαιε ταμλλι αρι αν οιεάη ρη,
 αζυρ το ρζριοθ ε.

υμνιυζμιο.

υμνιυζμιο αζυρ ρλέαεταμιο ι η-ανημ ιορα ερφορε, ας
 ιαημαιο μαίτεαναιρ* αζυρ παρνούηη ηη αρι βρεααο.

ευοιυζαο η εονζηαη αεάμιο ας ιαημαιο οηε
 λεαρ άρι η-ανημ α ευη ρόημηνη,
 τε ζαν ηυο αρι βιε α εαβαηε
 ηηρ αν τραοζαλ πο ούηνη
 το θαηρεαο άρι ζευο
 οε ζλόηη ριοημιοε ηα βρλαίεαρ οίνη—
 αεε ζαε υιλε ηιο
 ιη μό ραεαρ ι ροιηθε
 αζυρ ι λεαρ άρι η-ανημ.

* i.e., "μαίτεαναιρ."

Is it not strong the fortress in which we are !
 Between Mary and her Son,
 Brigit and her mantle,
 Michael and his shield,
 God and His right hand,
 Going between us and every evil.
 May we not lie down with evil,
 May evil not lie down with us.
 The protection of the Three Trees,
 The tree of the Cross,
 The tree of the blood,¹
 The tree on which Christ was hanged
 And from which He arose again alive.
 O King of the *cathair* in heaven,
 Keep the spirit of my soul
 From the real-temptations of the adversary.

Here is a prayer that Patrick O'Toole, a man in Clare Island, in the County Mayo, used to say before the Paidirín Páirteach at night. I got it from my friend Miss Norma Borthwick, who spent some time in the island, and wrote it down.

WE DO OBEISANCE.

We do obeisance and bow down in the name of Jesus Christ, asking forgiveness and pardon for our sins.

.
 We are asking help and assistance of Thee
 To put before us the good of our souls,
 By Thy not giving anything at all
 In this world to us
 That might take our share
 Of the eternal glory of the heavens from us—
 But rather each and every thing
 That shall most make for the prosperity
 And good of our souls.

¹ *cú* is an old and obsolete word meaning blood.

Le beic níos (P) reach fearm bliathain o 'nóid
 i gcuid agus i n-aoimh,
 i ngrád síleas Dé,
 agus i ngrád na cómharian.
 Le bair chríostaidhe,
 oia uadanta agus aithrise,
 tadhairt ar ár n-anam,
 agus leaba chríostaidhe i bpláiteas.

As ro pláinte aitheas ar Condae Muig Eo do
 fuair mé óm' éarais Philip O Uallaráin ó 'Drom Bán
 timcioll trí míle ó Béal-áit-tamhnair.

sláinte.

Seo é faoi tuairim pláinte a bfuil i láthair,
 agus Rí na nGráda go gcómhnuigíó liom;
 Ólramas an gloine seo mar uóilrath pádrais,
 lán de na grádaib' a' é sol go trom.
 San muigis san thairis san fearis san náire—
 San fíor amárac go raibamar ann.

Seo paidirín eile a bfuil tréas ar pádrais ann.

rae dé agus bail pádrais.

Rae dé agus bail pádrais ar a bfeicir mé 'r ar a nglacraib'
 mé, ó éirigíó mé ar maidin go gcómlaigíó mé ran oirde.

As ro paidirín beas eile ó Philip O Uallaráin.

a mair beannuigíte.

a mair beannuigíte, inr an bpláiteas,
 atá as aghairt ar Rí na nGrá,
 iarmair * oir m'anam 'beic taitneamhac in do láthair,
 anoir agus ar uair mo báir.

* "iarmair agus atcuingim," aithreir pé.

¹ Literally, the "Oil of the Will, or testament."

² Literally. This is the health of all who are present, and the King of Graces may He reside with us. We will drink this glass as Patrick would drink it, full of graces and he weeping heavily. Without "woe" or "alas," without anger, without shame, without

To be seven times better a year from to-day,
 In property and in people,
 In the dear love of God,
 And in the love of the neighbour.
 A Christian death
 The last oil¹ and Penance,
 To give to our soul,
 And a Christian bed in heaven.

Here is a curious health from the County Mayo which I got from my friend Philip Waldron of Drombaun, about three miles from Ballyhauris :—

A HEALTH.

A health let us drink. Our glass we olink it,
 May the King of the Graces to us be near.
 We will drink this glass as Patrick would drink it,
 With a grace made salt by a mingled tear,
 Without sadness or sorrow or passion or pain,
 —None knowing to-morrow that we were here.²

Here is another little prayer in which Patrick is mentioned :—

THE LUCK OF GOD AND PROSPERITY OF PATRICK.

The luck of God and the prosperity of Patrick on all I shall see,
 and on all I shall touch, from the time I rise at morning until I
 sleep at night.

Here is another little prayer from the same man :—

O BLESSED MARY.

O Blessed Mary, most high in heaven,
 Who art near to the King, as the Scripture saith,
 May my soul be acceptable in thy presence,
 Both now and at the hour of death.³

knowledge to-morrow that we were in it. [i.e., To-morrow it will be forgotten that we ever existed.]

³ *Literally* O Blessed Mother in the heaven who art beseeching the King of the Graces, I ask of thee that my soul may be acceptable in thy presence, now and at the hour of my death.

Δε πο ceann beas eile ó'n bpeap céadna.

céad fáilte rómao.

Céad fáilte rómao, a colann beannuizte,
Céad fáilte poim do corp do céadao,
Céad fáilte poim do corp, a tigeapna.

A don-mhic Dé, 'Sé do beata,

Ir tú géas* sac maeta,

A chaimn náir éirion bláta.

mar rghíob marcur agus maeta,

O, a díá, má'r fua leat muiro† a glacaó,

So mbaó raozalta plán muiro ó do lámab.

Tá mipe as iarrmaio trócaire agus ghárta,

Dam féin a'r do raozal éada a'r ádaím,

D'ar órdaiz díá 'r an eaglaip dúinn iarrmaio dóib‡

Amén.

Δε πο rgeal airteac do fuaip mé óm' ápaio
Doctúir Concubair Maguiróir ó'n gClár. Cpeidim
so bfuair reirean é ó Éamon Mac Shuibín, an rean-
peap céadna a bfuair mipe an dán áluinn rin
"Aitriuge an tSeógaiz" uaió. Míniげann an rgeal
po dúinn mar cruicigeao an céad cat agus an céad
luóc. Cuaiaó mé a lán de rgealtaió de'n tróit
po ó na n-Inoianaóaió puaoa i gCanaoa, as cur i
gceitl mar do cruicigeao é reo no é rúo, ar dtúir,
aet ní paoib don tráct aca ar don puo do bain leir an
gcpetoeam Cpiortuioe. Ní péioir a pao cia 'n aoir
é an rgeal po, aet ir dóiz so paoib rgealta de'n tróit
céadna coitcéionn i n-aimpíir na bPááanaó paó ó, mar
atá pao coitcéann anoir ainearg na n'Daoine Ruao,

* "tú géasac," suðairt ré.

† muiro=rinn.

‡ "daoóta" no "daoópa," suðairt ré.

Here is another from the same man :—

A HUNDRED WELCOMES.

A hundred welcomes to Thee, O blessed Body,
 A hundred welcomes to Thy Body that was crucified,
 A hundred welcomes to Thy Body, O Lord.
 O Son of God to Thee all hail,
 O Tree whose blossoms never fail,
 Thy Boughs of luck perfume the gale.¹
 As Mark and Mathew both have told us,
 If thou art willing to accept us
 And hold us in Thy hand as precious,
 Mercy I ask of Thee and graces
 For me and for each who of Adam's race is,
 Whom God and the Church have bade us pray for. Amen.

Here is a curious story that I got from my friend Dr. Connor Maguire, of Claremorris. I believe he got it from Ned Gibbons, the same old man from whom I got that fine poem, "The Joyce's Repentance." This story explains how the first cat and the first mouse were created. I heard many of such stories from the Red Indians in Canada, giving us to understand how this thing or the other thing was first made, but none of them had anything to say to Christianity! It is impossible to tell what is the age of this story, but it is certain that stories of this kind were common in early Pagan times, even as they are common now amongst the Red men, and other wild tribes; and it may be that the story is older than the Christian

¹ *Literally.* O one Son of God all hail, thou art the bough of every luck, O Tree whose blossoms have not withered.

aḡur a meapḡ ḡaoine ríadain eile naḡ iad, aḡur
 b'éiríur go bfuil an rḡéal níor ríne 'ná an Ćríorṡuig-
 eaḡt r'éin, aḡur ḡur cuiread' naom' i leabaid' ḡraoiḡ-
 eadóra, ann, nuair b'í na ḡaoine aḡ teadḡ arṡeaḡ ar
 an ḡceirṡean Ćríorṡuibe. Ir í mo bapamail náir
 bain an rḡéal ro ó túr adḡ amáin leir an bplúr—biaḡ
 an tuine—aḡur leir an luḡóig—námair an plúr—
 aḡur leir an ḡcat—námair na luḡóige; aḡur naḡ
 bfuil inran ḡcáin inuice aḡur a h-ál adḡ aḡuirín
 ḡan céill ḡan r'éarún ro táinig arṡeaḡ ann go ḡéig-
 eannaḡ. Níl ann ro adḡ buille-rá-tuairm, aḡur
 cuirpíḡ mé ríor an rḡéal ann ro ḡan don ruḡ eile ro
 ríad' ḡ'a táoiḡ, aḡur ḡan don ruḡ ḡ'atruḡad' ann.

mar ro cruṡuigead' an céad' cat.

Lá amáin, bí Muire aḡur a Mac aḡ ríubal an
 bótar, aḡur iad trom tuirreac, aḡur tárla go
 nṡeaḡadair tar ḡorap tige ann a ríad' ḡlac cruic-
 neadḡta ḡ'a catad. Cuair an Máigṡean Beannuigṡe
 arṡeaḡ, aḡur ḡ'iar' ḡéirce ḡe'n cruicneadḡ, aḡur
 ḡ'eitig bean an tige í.

“ḡad arṡeaḡ air' cuici,” ar ran Mac, “aḡur iar'p
 uir'p é i n-ainm ḡé.”

Cuair, aḡur ḡ'eitig rí air' í.

“ḡad arṡeaḡ air' cuici,” ar Seiréan, “aḡur iar'p
 uir'p cead ro tábairṡe uir'p ro lám' ro cur ran bréal*
 uirḡe, aḡur a ráḡad ríor ran ḡcapmán cruicneadḡta,
 aḡur ḡad 'a nḡreainḡóad' ro ro lám' a tábairṡe leat.”

Cuair, aḡur tuḡ an bean cead rí é reo ro ḡéanam.

* páil no roitead. Labair seiréan mar “pél” é.

religion itself, and that a saint was first put in the place of an enchanter when people began to become Christians. I think it certain that this story originally concerned only the flour—the food of man—and the mice—the enemy of the flour—and the cat—the enemy of the mice; and the mention of the sow and her litter is a late and stupid introduction. This is only a supposition, and I shall set down the story here without saying any more and without altering anything in it.

HOW THE FIRST CAT WAS CREATED.

One day Mary and her Son were travelling the road, and they heavy and tired, and it chanced that they went past the door of a house in which there was a lock¹ of wheat being winnowed.² The Blessed Virgin went in, and she asked an alms of wheat, and the woman of the house refused her.

“Go in again to her,” said the Son, “and ask her for it in the name of God.”

She went, and the woman refused her again.

“Go into her again,” said He, “and ask her to give you leave to put your hand into the pail of water, and to thrust it down into the heap of wheat, and to take away with you all that shall cling to your hand.”

She went, and the woman gave her leave to do that.

¹ A small quantity.

² In Connacht the past participle of this verb is often “wun !”

Nuair táinig sí amach chuig ár Slánuigheoiri toubairt Sé léi, “Ná leis don sháinne de rin amuigh, mar is fiú go leór leór é.”

Nuair d’imtheachtar ríadao ó’n tigh d’fheuchadar riad, agus connaic ríad ríada deamán as teacht chuig an tigh, agus ríannuighead an mhaighean [ar easla] go ndeanfadh ríad dochar ar an bean [sic]. “Ná bíod imníde oir,” arsa íora léi; “ó tárla go dtug sí an méad rin deirce duit-re ní bfuighid ríad don buaid-eacht uirri.”

Siubalaodar leó, ann rin, gur fhoiceadar comi fada le áit a raib muileann as feari a raib Mártain air. “Gad arthead,” arsa ár Slánuigheoiri le n-a mátair, “ó tárla go bfuil an muileann as obair, agus iarr orra an sháinnin rin do mheilt duit.”

Cuaird. “O mairead! ní fiú dam,” ar’ an buac-aill do bí as fheartal ar na bpróintib, “an méidín rin do cup d’a mheilt duit.” Cuaird Mártain iad as caint, agus toubairt ré leis an ngearr-boda, “O mairead! déan do’n créatúir é, b’éirir go dtearcuigheann ré uairi go géar,” ar reirean. Rinne, agus tug ré oi an méad plúir do táinig uaird.

D’imtheachtar leó ann rin, agus ní rabadar don ácar imtheagte, nuair bí an muileann lán le [sic] plúir, com geal le rneacta. Nuair tug Mártain fa deara an míorbuilt mór ro, cuimnis ré go maic gur ab é Mac Dé agus a mátair do car an beala. Rit ré amach agus lean ré iad ar a d’itcioll, agus pinne ré thar na ngorr go dtáinig ré ruar leó, áit bí an oiread rin deirir’ air, as dul trí ríonnra ríeitis, a’r gur

¹ Literally. “Remembered.”

When she came out to our Saviour He said to her, "Do not let one grain of that go astray, for it is worth much and much."

When they had gone a bit from the house they looked back, and saw a flock of demons coming towards the house, and the Virgin Mary was frightened lest they might do harm to the woman. "Let there be no anxiety on you," said Jesus to her; "since it has chanced that she has given you all that of alms, they shall get no victory over her."

They travelled on, then, until they reached as far as a place where a man named Martin had a mill. "Go in," said our Saviour to his mother, "since it has chanced that the mill is working, and ask them to grind that little grain-*een* for you."

She went. "O musha, it's not worth while for me," said the boy who was attending the querns, "to put that little *lockeen* a-grinding for you." Martin heard them talking and said to the lout "Oh, then, do it for the creature, perhaps she wants it badly," said he. He did it, and he gave her all the flour that came from it.

They travelled on then, and they were not gone any distance until the mill was full of flour as white as snow. When Martin perceived this great miracle he understood¹ well that it was the Son of God and His Mother, who chanced that way. He ran out and followed them, at his best, and he made across the fields until he came up with them, and there was that much haste on him in going through a scunce² of hawthorns that a spike of the hawthorn met his breast and wounded him greatly. There was

²Thick-set double ditch.

teangbuis¹ rteac de'n rgeatac le n-a brollac agus loit ré go móir é. Bí an oipead de díotóir[?] air, a'r nár airis ré an pian, aót buail ré a lámh air, agus níor rtao ré go dtáinig ré ruar leo. Nuair connaic ár Slánuigteoir an loit ar Mártain boct, leas ré a lámh air, agus cneapuiġead é ar an bpuinte. Dubairt Sé le Mártain ann rin, go mbuó fear foileamnac i láthair Dé é, "agus gab a-baile anoir," ar Seirean, "agus cuir laðar [lán do glaise] de'n plúr faoi bhar [méir] agus na copuis é go mairtin."

Nuair éuaib Mártain a-baile pinne ré rin, agus cuir ré an bhar [míar] ar a béal-faoi. agus an laðar plúr faoi.

Bí an cailín aimpire as fairte air, agus ceap sí go m'féidir go mbuó maic an ruo é dá gcuirfead sí bhar dí féin ar an mbealach céadna, agus bí a puot uirri, cuir.

Ar mairtin, lá 'r na márac, tós Mártain a bhar féin agus cread do ritfead amac ar aót cráin breáġ muice, agus ál móir banó aici. Tós an cailín a bhar féin, agus rit luc móir amac ar, agus ál lucán ós aici. Rit ríad anonn 'r anall, agus ceap Mártain ar an bpuinte nár maic iad, 7 tarrainġ ré miotós móir o'á lámh, agus caic ré leir na lucán í, agus com luat agus buail sí an talamh o' iompuiġ sí in a cat, agus torais an cat as marbhad na lucán. Sin é túr na geat. Buó naomh Mártain ó'n am rin, aót ní'l fíor cia de na naomhaib ar a dtuġad Mártain é.

¹ = teagmuis.

that much zeal in him that he did not feel the pain, but clapt his hand over it, and never stopped until he came up with them. When our Saviour beheld the wound upon poor Martin He laid His hand upon it, and it was closed, and healed upon the spot. He said to Martin then that he was a fitting man in the presence of God, "and go home now," said He, "and place a fistful of the flour under a dish, and do not stir it until morning."

When Martin went home he did that, and he put the dish, mouth under, and the fistful of flour beneath it.

The servant girl was watching him, and thought that maybe it would be a good thing if she were to set a dish for herself in the same way, and signs on her, she set it.

On the morning of the next day Martin lifted his dish, and what should run out from under it but a fine sow and a big litter of bonhams with her. The girl lifted her own dish, and there ran out a big mouse and a clutch of young mouselets with her. They ran here and there, and Martin at once thought that they were not good, and he plucked a big mitten off his hand and flung it at the young mice, but as soon as it touched the ground it changed into a cat, and the cat began to kill the young mice. That was the beginning of cats. Martin was a saint from that time forward, but it is not known which of the saints he was of all who were called Martin.

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Δὺς πο παῖσι θεὸς ὁ Ὀρθοὶς Μῦς Εὐ.

Α ἸΩΣΑ.

Α ἰορὰ ἀ μῦς ἀ ἡσὸν ἰόρεθ
Ορμῶνιμ μ' ἀνὰ μ' ἡ μο ἐμοῦε γο θεὸ ὁσὸ
ἀνοῖρ ἀγυρ ἀρ υαῖρ μο θάιρ. Ἀμέν.

Δὺς πο γιότα θεὸς το ἐυαλαρ ὁμ' ἐπαῖο παῖσι
Ὁ Ὀρθοὶς ὁ Ὀρθοὶς υἱ ἰαῖοθῶν ἡ γῶντο ἀ μῦς Εὐ.

Α ὈΛΑΝΝ.

Α ὈΛΑΝΝ εὐμῶνις ἀρ το ἐμῶνις
νά κοῦαῖ ἡ ὀρῶνις νά ἡ ὀρῶνις,
ἡρ πυρ ἀν ὀρῶνις το-ἡσὸνις ἡρ γῶνις
ἀγυρ βέιρ το ἐμοῦε ἡρ ἀν γῶνις ὀρῶνις.
ἡρ μῦς το ὀρῶνις-ἡρ τοῦ ἀνοῖρ
ἀττ νί βυαν-εὐλῶνις μέ ἀνν.*
ἀττ ἡρ μῦς το ἡρ τῶνις νά ὀρῶνις,
ἀρ ἡρ μῦς το νά τῶνις το ἐμῶνις†

Δὺς πο ἡρνν θεὸς βῖνν εἰλε ἀρ ἀν γῶντο ἀ ἐλῶνις.
Εὐαλαρ ὁ Ὀρθοὶς ὁ Ὀρθοὶς εἰ.

ΑΝ ΤΡΙΝΝ ΙΣ ΣΙΝΕ.

Αν τῶνις ἡρ ἡρ, ἀν τῶνις ἡρ ὀρῶνις
Αν τῶνις ἡρ τῶνις ἡ ὀρῶνις νά γῶνις,
Αν τ-ἀτῶνις ἀν ἡρ ἀν ὀρῶνις ἡρ
Το μ' ἡρῶνις ἡρ το μ' ἡρῶνις ὁ ὀρῶνις γο το βῖννις.
——ἀγυρ ἀνοῖρ ἡρ

* "νί βυαν εὐλῶνις ἀνν μέ" ὀρῶνις ἡρ.

† "τῶνις ἀρ ἡρῶνις" ὀρῶνις ἡρ, ἀττ ἐυαλαρ μέ "τῶνις το ἐμῶνις" ὁ ὀρῶνις εἰλε. "ὀρῶνις" ἀτῶνις ἡρ

¹ *Literally.* O Jesus, O Mary, O holy Joseph, I offer my soul and my heart for ever to you, now and at the hour of my death.

² *Literally.* O body remember thy end, and do not sleep in debts or in anger. Cold is the mantle thou shalt get in the churchyard,

Here is a short prayer from the County Mayo :—

TO JESUS AND MARY.

To Jesus and Mary and Joseph for ever
I offer my heart and my soul's endeavour,¹
Now and at the hour of my death. Amen.

Here is a little piece that I got from my friend Patrick O'Donnell of Baile Ui Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the County Mayo :—

O BODY REMEMBER.

O body remember thy end and weep,
And I bid thee to sleep not in wrath or in debt,
For thy sheet shall be cold in the churchyard mould,
And the damp red clay must cloak thee yet.
Over there 'tis I would go,
But the way I do not know,
Hopeless here the barren spring,
For there I do my ploughing.²

Here is another melodious little rann from the same county. I heard it from Phillip Waldron :—

MAY THE THREE WHO ARE OLDEST.

May the three who are oldest, the three who are youngest,
In the glory of heaven, the three who are strongest,
May the Father, the Son and the Spirit in one
Keep me and guard till the year be done,
—And to-night itself also !³

and thy side [*literally "belt"*] shall be with the red clay. It is time for me to go over-there; but I have no lasting knowledgo [how to get] to it, but I would rather be over there than on this side. Alas, that it was not [for] over-there I ploughed.

³ *Literally.* The three who are oldest, the three who are youngest, the three who are strongest in the heaven of glory, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, may they save me and guard me from to-night for a year—and to-night itself.

As ro paróir le m'ad as toul a corladó duit. Is
ionnann í, no beas-naó, le ceann do tug mé moime
reo. .

Luisim leat-sa.

Luisim leat-ra, a íora,
'S go luidió tú liom,
Go maid ola éiríora ar m' anam boét,
Asur éirí na n-earbal or mo éionn.
A dtair do éiríuig mé,
A m'ic do éannuig mé,
A spioraid naoim do éannuig mé.
[Go maid ríó liom].

Fuair mé an t-adhán dia-da ro leannar óm' éaraid
an t-adair Seágan Mac Diarmada atá 'ran gCair-
lean-Riadaó i gConradé Rorcomáin. Sgríob peirean
é ó beal pean-mná dar b' ainm Rock ó Cúirt an éro-
náin in ran gConradé éadna. Cuir mé ríor éana
an dá pann toraig ó mnaoi i n-aice le gort-linnre-
suairí i gConradé na gailíne. Ní bfuair mé an éuro
eile dé an uair rin.

Go b'óiríó dia.

Go b'óiríó dia ar an bpeacáó boét
bionnr* go ríorruide toul ar-rtíae,
nuair éirígeann ré ar mairin
ní ar a tígearna éirínnígeann ré.
ní éirígeann ré éiríce cum airínn
ná as éiríeáóó b'réiríe dé,
áóó nuair fágar ré an ríoráil ro
mo leun! cé† maóaró ré?

* = bíor.

† = cá.

¹ *Literally.* God help the poor sinner who be's always going astray, when he rises in the morning it is not of his Lord he thinks.

Here is a prayer to be said on going to sleep. It is very nearly the same as one I gave already :—

I LAY ME DOWN.

I lay me down with Thee, O Jesus,
 And mayest Thou be about my bed,
 The oil of Christ be upon my soul,
 The Apostle's Creed be above my head,
 O Father who wrought me,
 O Son who bought me,
 O Spirit who sought me,
 Let me be Thine.

I got the following hymn from my friend, Father John MacDermot, of Castlereagh, County Roscommon. He wrote it from the mouth of an old woman named Rock from the Court of Cronnawn, in the same county. I gave already the first two verses of it, taken from a woman near Gort, in the county Galway. I did not get the rest of it at that time.

GOD HELP THE FOOLISH SINNER.

God help the foolish sinner
 Who strays, with none to guard.
 He rises up in the morning's light
 But thinks not on his Lord.¹

Mass and the blessed word of God
 He never hears them read,
 And when he leaves this world at last,
 Ah, where shall be his bed ?

He never goes to Mass nor listening to God's word, and when he shall leave this world, alas ! where shall he go.

Do ye hear me ye Christians, think upon the death, he comes, and it is all one to him, the night or the day.

An gcluin ríð nuire a Chríostaithe ?

Smaoinníte ar an mbár.

Tigeanann ré * 'Sur i' cuma leir

An oíche aige ná an la.

'S an té na'c nuéanrao an aiteirge

nuair bí ré beó ar an traozal, †

I' amuis a b'ear a leabair

Faoi ríoc a' r faoi fua'c na hoíche.

.

nuair ma'air an t-anam go geata na b'laitear

na'c nuéanrao a ríotcáin le mac Dé,

Su'oirí na h-aingle a' r r'p'earaí na naoim

na'c ma'it náir éimníte ‡ go tuicprá ann ro

nuair bí tu beó ar an traozal. §

Ann rin ma'air an m'aignean ar a glúnaib.

[An uair rin] i b'ia'nuire mic Dé,

"Cá b'uil an geallao vo euz tú voim-ra

nuair bí tú beó ar an traozal ?"

"Geall nuire rin vuit [go ríon, a má'air],

asur ní uéanrao mé leat [aon] b'ead,

An rean a' r an t-ós a éaitear vo b'eat

b'eo leat i b'á'p'ear Dé."

'Nuair ma'ar an t-anam go geata na b'laitear,

Tuicprá naoim Símon ra n-a uéin,

"An ve t'ead na m'aigne beannúite [tu'ra]

no ar éa'it tú a l'ibé."

* "Tigeanann ré go tobann," vubairt rípe.

† La'air mar "raoizil" é ann ro, le coim-fuaim vo uéanaim le "h-oíche."

‡ "náir éimníte tu" vubairt rípe.

§ La'air mar "traé's'l" ann ro é, le coim-fuaim vo uéanaim le "Dé."

And he who shall not make repentance when he was alive on the world, it is outside shall be his bed under the frost and cold of night.

When the soul shall go to the gate of the heavens which never made its peace with the Son of God, the angels shall pray and the

Ye Christians, do ye hear me?
 Be thinking of the Death
 The night to it is as the day
 To sweep away your breath.

And he who mocked at penitence
 When he was on the world,
 To frost and cold outside the fold
 Too soon shall he be hurled.

When the soul shall go up to the gate of heaven
 That has made not its peace with the Son of God,
 The angels shall cry and the saints shall say
 Thou didst not, O soul, foresee this day,
 When alive upon earth's green sod.

Then the Virgin shall go on her bended knee
 In the presence of God's dear Son,
 "Oh, where is the promise Thou madest me
 Ere Thy course upon earth was run?"

"I promised thee, Mother, when I was there
 —The promise was not a lie—
 That the young and the old thy garb who wear
 Shall be with thee on high."

When the soul shall mount to the gates of heaven
 St Simon shall come to it presently,
 "Art thou of the flock of the Blessed Virgin,
 Or dost thou wear her livery?"

saints shall cry out: "How well thou didst not remember that thou shouldst come here when thou wast alive on the world."

Then the Virgin shall go upon her knees in the presence of the Son of God "Where is the promise that Thou gavest me when Thou wast alive upon the world?"

"Truly, Mother, I promised that to thee, and I shall tell thee not a falsehood, both the old and the young who shall wear thy mantle they shall be with thee in God's Paradise."

When the soul shall go to the gate of the heavens St. Simon shall come to meet it. "Art thou of the flock of the Blessed Virgin or hast thou worn her livery?"

"Ir oe éireas na maiseoine beannuigte mire,
 agus éad mé a liðré."

"Déir tú léi i bpráiríear,
 'Dá molaó amearg na naoim."

As ro paitoir eile do fuair mé óm' éaraid Norm
 Dorcuic do rghíob i ó páirais O Tuatail i gClair
 i gconradé muis Eó.

an son na marb.

Trí paitreacá, trí adé máire, agus cré,
 - le h-anam na marb,
 le h-anam gac uile tuine ó'ar baluigeamari [sic]
 a beagán ná a móran,
 i nghan-fíor ná* i ngo-bfíor,
 ná i g-or-áiríe;
 má éirí Dia fuigeal paitreoine
 ná breiteamhair-aíreuge ar a n-anam
 [guitimio é]
 méavugad ar a nglóimí
 agus lagrugad ar a briancaib.
 agus mairteanur† a eadairt uóib in a breacaid
 agus [guité] le h-anam gac créatúir boict
 nac bfuil don tuine aige féin
 le guíre ar a fon.

As ro rean-dán ar lá an breiteamhair do cuir
 tuine artead cum na feire i gCathair-na-marb. Ir
 uóig gur i meavaraict dána do ceapad é ar uúr, aict
 ní' i gcuir móir de aict pór anoir. Cualaid mé é
 i bpaó níor fearr ná mar tá ré ann ro agam, ó rean-

* Ir minic meargtar "ná" agus "no" le céile, mar mearg-
 tar iad ann ro. níor cualar "i ngo bfiar" ariam go uci reo.

† =mairteanair.

"I am of the flock of the Blessed Virgin,
 And wore her livery all my days."
 "In Paradise then go dwell with her,
 And sing with saints her praise."

Here is another prayer which I got from my friend Miss Borthwick, who wrote it from the mouth of Patrick O'Toole of Clare Island, in the County of Mayo.

FOR THE DEAD.

Three Paters, three Ave Marias and a creed,
 For the Souls of the Dead,
 For the soul of every person from whom we have gained
 Either little or much,
 [Father] with our knowledge or without our knowledge,
 Or, openly-and-publicly
 If God see a remainder of Confession [unsaid],
 Or, of penance [unfulfilled] on their souls
 [We pray him]
 To increase their glories,
 And to diminish their pains;
 And to grant them forgiveness of their sins,
 And [a prayer] for the soul of every poor creature
 Who has, himself, no one
 To pray on his behalf.

Here is an old dán on the Day of Judgment which some one gave at the feis of Cathair-na-Mart or Westport. No doubt it was all composed originally in metre, but now the most of it is only prose. I heard it much better than I

"I am of the flock of the Blessed Virgin and I have worn her livery," "Thou shalt be with her in Paradise praising her amongst the saints."

feair ar Uarán-Mór i gconrad na Gaillimhe, ádt níor
rghrúid mé ríor uairé-rian é.

LÁ AN bhreiteamhais.

An céad-buile de'n ríoc binn
[Chrístíó an ríerí or áir gconn.]

Gadraíó gac anam truaig [láz]
ásur gac ruar-éolann d'á utáinig.

An darra buile de'n ríoc binn
Críonnedáirí ádám-éolann ar don-rian.*

An tríoimé buile de'n ríoc binn
Go Sliab Síon gluaifear linn.†

Ann rin tuicraíó Chrístí [a-leit]
Go utugairí Sé réin a breit.

Tuicraíó na naoi rghrúra áz ar rghrúráláó é.
Tuicraíó an dá éairnge oo éuairí ann a gac-éoir.
Tuicraíó na cóiréirí caola enáibe
Oo éeangair é i mbairle an áru-rig.
Tuicraíó fíor deó an dáir‡
Oo ruairí Mac Muire ann a páir.§

Ann rin Labródáirí Chrístí leó:

"Cá brúil a utugar uairí aríam?
éugar buir gíall ásur búir réarún,
Ráóarc buir rúil, ásur éirteádt buir gcluar.
Go ríigll an ríbe ir lúga ann buir ngruaig
íocraíó ríó liom-ra a bruaireadair."

Ann rin béirí oríeam ann
ir gile 'ná an rneádtá,
béirí oríeam ann ir buibe
'ná an gual gairneádt.

* "Ádám uilig a clann ar don tráon," buairte ré.

† "Gluaifear linn go Sliab o Siadóin," buairte ré.

‡ "Deó an minn dáir" (=ombldair?) buairte ré.

§ "Ásur é ruairte na páir" buairte ré.

have it here from a man near Oranmore, County Galway, but I did not write it down from him.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

At the first sound of the trumpet's blast
The heavens shall be overcast.

Each poor feeble soul must rise,
And each cold body likewise.

At the second sound of the trumpet's blast
Adam's race shall gather fast.

When the third trumpet blast shall blow,
Unto Mount Sion all must go.

Then Christ shall stand, when all are sent,
Delivering His Judgment.

Shall come the nine scourges wherewith He was scourged.
Shall come the two nails that went into His white
palms.

Shall come the narrow hempen cord
That in their city bound our Lord.
Shall come the drink of Death they gave
To Mary's Son Who died to save.

Then to them shall Christ speak :

" Where is all that I ever gave unto you ?
I gave [you] your sense and your reason,
The sight of your eyes, and the hearing of your ears
Unto the smallest hair that is in your head ¹
Ye shall pay unto me what ye have received."

Then some shall be whiter
Than the snow of December,
And some shall be blacker
Than the smith's burnt ember.

|| = "go rinne" uibairt ré. So rinne = go rinne.

¹ Literally: "The smallest *ribe* that is in your hair." The word *rib* [Irish *ribe*, pronounced *ribba*] for a single hair is quite common with English speakers all over Ireland.

Ann rin béiró uíream ann
 Dá loísgaó i uceintib,
 O ír truaḡ
 An éoir do rinneadair.

Ann rin laḡrócaíó Críorṫa [ḡo ráimh]
 "An ḡcluín ríḃ mé a luét na mbeannaét,
 ḡaḃaíó a-leiṫ ar mo uear-láimh
 ḡo ucuḡaíó mé ríḃ ḡo Ríóḡaét m'áṫair."

[laḡrócaíó Críorṫa arís]
 "Aḡur ríḃ-re a luét na maillaét
 inéiḡiḡo inḃ [anoir]
 leiṫ na diaḃlaib uḃḃa ralaḃ."

Annrin cuirríó ríau rḡreao na caointe arṫa, aḡur oḃón ! ní
 h-é rin uair na h-aiṫriḡe.

Annrin laḡrócaíó muirḡe, "naḃ truaḡ rin, a don-mic, naḃ
 ḃreiceann tú mo mḡac-ra buailṫe ar a ṫaoib uear?"

"Ír ríorí ḃuit rin, a mḡaṫair, ír tú ruair mé ó m'áṫair, ír tú
 ruair a ḃeíṫ do ḃainríóḡain ar ríóḡaét na ḃflaiṫear, aḡur ḃeiri,
 ṫura, leaṫ ar toil leaṫ féin de'n méio rin."

Ann rin uearraíó rí leó: "An ḡcluín ríḃ mé, a éine ṫaonna?
 ḡaḃaíó ar air, aḡur tá ḃur ḃreacaíó maiṫṫe * méiri tola an
 áro-ríḡ, aḡur bíḡrḃe, ríḃ-re, folamḡ a ṫiaḃla uḃḃa ralaḃa.
 reaḃaḃ ríl éaḃa aḡur áṫaim, bíóḃ an méio rin ar don uaine
 amáin."†

An té rin do ṫócuḡiḡ† ar muirḡe ír ríorí ḡo ḃruḡríó rí ḃó
 tríoairḡe.

Aḡ ro cóip eile de'n páiríriḡn beaḡ rin, "Sínim ar

* "maiṫeaḃ léiri tolaḃ," uḃḃairṫe ré.

† "amáin cuirḡaḃ," uḃḃairṫe ré

And some in to the midst
 Of the flames shall be hurled,
 For the crimes of themselves
 When alive in the world.

Then Christ shall speak unto all assembled—
 “Hearken to Me ye Good and Blest,
 Come hither and stand upon My right hand
 Till I bring ye to My Father's rest.”

Then Christ shall speak unto all again,
 “Depart from Me, ye Bad and Curst,
 Ye are given to yonder foul black devils
 To work henceforth on you their worst.”

Then they shall put the screech of lamentation out of them, but
 ochone! that is not the hour for repentance.

Then Mary shall speak, “Is that not a pity, O my One-Son, that
 thou beholdest not my One-Son smitten upon his right side?”¹

“That is true for thee, O Mother, it was thou who didst receive
 Me from My Father, it was thou who didst get to be Queen over the
 Kingdom of Heaven, and take thou with thee all that thou thyself
 hast a will to take of that number.”

Then shall she speak unto them: “Do ye hear me, O human race?
 Go back, and your sins are forgiven according to the will of the High
 King, and be ye empty ye black foul devils. The sin of the race of
 Eve and Adam, let all that be upon one person only.”

He who trusted in Mary, it is true that for him she shall gain
 mercy.

Here is another version of that little prayer, “I stretch

† níon cuatar an focal ro niam. is dóig gur ionnann agur
 “a maib dócar aise” é.

¹ There seems something wrong in this sentence,

an leabaid' reo," mar fuaidhear ó duine eile é, aótt n'í
cúimnísim ciar'bé ó'r' r'ghríoib'ar é.

sínim-se.

Sínim-re ar an leabaid' reo
mar rín Cníóir ar an gcnoic,
San coir, san cáin, san peacaó.
Aibí na maidúine glóimáire
So maib' or'm mar bhrat
A maidúean mílir, a mátair Dé,
mo céad ašur mo míle gráó tú,
So mbuó tú mo doctúir léigir,
[mo doctúir léigir] tinn ašur rlan [tu]
So mbuó tú mo bean-teašairš
I n-aimeir mo báir,
So mbuó tú mo bean veirgriéveac *
aš feiceam na ngráir. ašur Amén !

aš ro "or'ca" na "airio" do cuaid' mé óm'
éaraid' Doctúir Concuib'ar Maguirí, air a vtuš ré
"Airio an bhráoinín." Má téirdeann ruo faoi do rúil
cuirtear rior, airta an Doctúir, ar fean-fean no
ar fean-bean a bfuil an "airio" aca. Cuirtear
cupán uirge glain ar an mboró. Béaraid' an duine
a bfuil an trúil tinn aige ar an bpoip'ad uadair, 7
carrónšaid' ré amac de'n trúil é. Congbóid'ar ré
gríem air, mar rín, šó vtiucraid' deóir ar an trúil
ašur šó vtiutrid' ré ran šcupán. Béir an bean aš
ráó na paitre ar fead' na h-aimeiríe rín, ašur ma tá

* "Veirgriéveac," dubairt ré.

¹ *Literally.* O sweet Virgin Mother of God, my hundred and
thousand loves art thou, mayest thou be my doctor of healing, my
doctor of healing sick and sound art thou.

Mayest thou be my woman-instructor at the time of my death,
mayest thou be my discreet woman overseeing the graces And
Amen

upon this bed," as I got it from another man, but I do not remember now from whom I wrote it:—

I STRETCH.

I stretch upon this bed
 As Christ stretched upon the Cross,
 Without a crime, a tribute, a sin,
 The habit of the Glorious Virgin,
 May it be on me for a cloak.
 O thou sweet Virgin, Mother of God,
 To thee my thousand loves are bound,
 My Master of-healing in every road,
 Who healest whether sick or sound.¹
 My mistress of instruction thou,
 And when the death shall cloud my face,
 To thee, discreet one, let me bow,
 O sweet administress of grace. And Amen.

Here is an *ortha*,² or *airid* or charm, which I heard from my friend Dr. Conor Maguire, who called it the charm of the little drop, *i.e.*, festering pimple.³ If anything goes into the eye, word is sent, says Dr. Maguire, for an old man or old woman who has this charm. A cup of clear water is placed upon the table. The person who has a sore eye will lay hold of the upper eyelid and draw it out from the eye. He will keep a hold of it in this way until a drop comes out of the eye and falls into the cup. The woman will be saying the prayer all this time, and if there is any dirt in the eye, or if a hurt has struck it, or if there is anything under it, it will fall, with the drop, down into the cup and be there visible.

² I take these to be the same word. In many parts of Connacht, *o* becomes *a*, as *potam* or *palam*, *cloigeann* or *claiḡeann*, etc. This would make *ortá* into *arṫá*, which if declined like *Capá* by analogy would give *arṫao* and *arṫair* in the oblique cases, whence the corrupt *airio* (really *arṫair*) used as a nominative.

³ This is the small swelling or festering caused by pricks of such things as this spell is intended against, the fin of a fish, a splinter of wood, a thorn, a beard of barley, or a speck of dirt in the eye.

don tralaácar ran trúil no má buail gortuádh í no
má tá don pìoc fúicé, tuitfiré pé leir an deór anuair
ran gcupán 7 béiré pé le feiceál.

DIRIO AN bhRADAINÍN.

Oréa do éuz muipe o'á mac,
ar fúil bhaváin,
ar flir 1 gcrann,
ar déilz, ar éalz, ar leó,
San rat san fionn san ceó.

As ro mar éualar é óm' éarairé pílir O Ualoráin
ó Órom bân.

cóip eile.

Oréa do cuir muipe o'á mac
ar fúil bhaváin 1 líon,
ar móó, ar déilz, ar éolz,
ar fliréóiz 1 gcrann,
ar flairéóiz 1 scoill,
San rmál san fionn san ceó
1 n-ainm an ácar an míc asur an Spiorairé naoinn.

Amén.

As ro oréa do éualar ó'n bfeair ceutna, oréa atá
le corz do éur ar fúil.

ORÉA COSGÉA FOLA.

Tairé * a ácar le do ábair,
Tairé a míc asur fóir,
Tairé a bhríú a ban-naoinn
asur an dá abrtol véas,
asur cuir corz [ar] an fúil
atá teact zo tréan.

* =car

¹Old Ned Gibbons explained these curious words; rat, he said, is a dust particle or mote; fionn is the white speck sometimes seen on the corner of the eye; ceó is the cloudy fog which appears to come

THE LITTLE DROP CHARM.

A charm which Mary gave her Son
 Against the eye of a salmon,
 Against a chip in a tree.
 Against a thorn, against a beard of grain,
 against a * * * * (?)
 Without a speck-of-dirt, without a white-spot,
 without a cloud-on the eye.¹

Here is how I heard the same from my friend, Philip
 Waldion, of Drom Bán.

ANOTHER VERSION.

A charm which Mary sent her Son
 Against the eye of a salmon in a net,
 Against * * * * (?) against a thorn,
 Against a beard-of-grain.²
 Against a chiplet in a tree,
 Against a rodlet in a wood,
 Without spot, without white-speck, without
 cloud-mist.
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the
 Holy Ghost. Amen.

Here is a charm I heard from the same, a charm to stop blood.

CHARM FOR STOPPING BLOOD.

Come, O Father, with Thy help
 Come, O Son, and relieve,
 Come, O Brigid, female saint,
 And the twelve apostles,
 And put a stop to the blood
 That is coming powerfully.

over the sight of a person with an inflamed eye, I do not know
 what *leó* is, O. R. gives it as "limb," "strength," etc.

² *Colg* or *catg* also usually means the "shoves" or coarse outside
 husks of flax. cf. the well-known story of *bean mín ag fear gairb*,
mac Dé na luibe ran gcatg. It may mean "shoves," not beards
 of barley, here.

Ag ro orda eile le fuil do corp, cualar óm' éaraid
an Ualoránac í.

cóip eile.

"Alíneap" * ainm an fíir
Do rgoile cpoide an cuim gíl,
Agur níor éainis amac de t
Act fuil píon 'r píon-uirge,

1 n-ainm an átar an mhic agur an spioraid naom
Coirg an fuil atá tréan.

Ag ro orda eile do cualar ó'n Ualoránac 1 n-agaid
tinnir na bñiacal. Do tug mé, ceana, trí no ceatar
o'ordannaid eile, 1 n-agaid an tinnir reo, áct tá an
orda rpeirialta ro le ráð ar bfeicrint na Sealaige
nuaidé duir ar otúr.

orda eile 1 n-agaid tinnis na bñiacal.

Seáct bpaimeaca, áde muiré, 'sur Cné,
Do naom-bainríogain na Sealaige 'ran rpeir.

Ag ro paitir no orda le ráð ag duine, nuair bíonn
ré ag bleaḡan bó. Ir cormúil sur an-dorta rub-
rtaint na paitre reo, ó ghaodann rí ar an nSealaig
agur ar an nSpéin. Ní tuigim cad ir ciall do'n
"feap roir" agur do'n "feap riap."

paitir le ráð ag bleaḡan bó.

So mbeannuigíó muiré a'r so mbeannuigíó dia éú,
So mbeannuigíó an Sealaic 'r so mbeannuigíó an Spian éú,
So mbeannuigíó an feap roir, 'r so mbeannuigíó an feap
riap éú,

'S so mbeannuigim féin ar deireadó fíoir (?) éú. Amén

* Ag ro truailléad ar an ainm ceart "Longinus" mar atá ré
ran "Leabhar Breac."

† "níor éainis ar a éaoib óear amac" budairet reirean.

¹This is a corruption for Longinus. The story is told in the
Leabhar Breac, at p. 181, col. 2., l. 46. Nothing, if I remember

Here is another charm to staunch blood, which I heard from my friend Philip Waldron:—

ANOTHER VERSION,

Alíneas¹ his name was who did smite
The heart in His breast so bright,
And out there poured, in a flood,
Water and wine and clear blood :
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
Stop the blood that is coming powerfully.

Here is another charm that I heard from Philip Waldron against toothache. I have already given three or four other charms against this complaint, but this particular charm is to be said on one's first seeing the New Moon.

ANOTHER CHARM AGAINST TOOTHACHE.

Seven Paters, an Ave, a creed and a prayer,
To the holy bright Queen of the Moon in the air.

Here is a prayer or charm to be said by a person when he is milking a cow. It is probable that the substance, at least, of this prayer is very ancient, since it calls upon the Moon and upon the Sun. I do not know who the Man in the East and the Man in the West are.

THE PRAYER ON MILKING A COW.

The blessing of Mary, and the blessing of God,
The blessing of the Sun, and the Moon in her road,
Of the Man in the East, and the Man in the West,
And my blessing be with thee, and be thou blest²

rightly, is there said of Longinus having been blind, but afterwards the persecutor of Longinus was struck with blindness. Longinus lived for many years afterwards.

² *Literally*. May Mary bless and may God bless thee | May the Moon bless thee, and may the Sun bless | May the Man East bless, and may the Man West bless thee | And sure I bless thee myself to the end truly.

Δὲ πο γὰρ θεὸς το γυαλὶν μέ ὁ'ν ὕδατορῶναδ, ἀπ
 α τοῦς πέ “Ὑμνονγλῶτο πόλ,” le γὰρ ἀπ πούρεαδ
 οὔτ ἀπ το ὄτολαδ, τὰρ εἶρ ὑμνονγλῶτοε no ἀπλινγε.

ὕμνονγλῶτο πόλ.

ἀπλινγ* το δι ἀγ πόλ .
 ἀγυρ ἐ ἀγ οὐλ γο κῶμ in α με.
 Ὁ'αἰετῆρ ἐ† το ὀρίορτ.
 Ὑδαίρτ ὀρίορτ γο μβυδῶ μαίτ.
 Ὑρεῖταμῆαρ μῆυρε ἀγυρ α mic ἀπ m' ἀπλινγ.

Δὲ πο πατοῖρ le γὰρ ἀγ μῆαοι νυαῖρ ὅιονν πῖ ἀγ
 τῶαναμ ἀράιν no ἀγ ὕμνιτ κάκα. γυαίρεαρ ὁ'ν ὕρεαρ
 κῆατοα ἐ.

πατοῖρ le γὰρ ἀγ τῶαναμ ἀράιν.

Καὶ τὸ ἀγυρ βαίλ πάσμαις ἀπ α ὕρεαρεαρ μέ ἀγυρ ἀπ α
 ὕλαρεαρ μέ. ἀπ πατ το ἐμῖρ Ὑα ἀπ na κύγ ἀράιν ἀγυρ ἀπ an
 τὰ ιαρς γο γκυμῶ σέ ἀπ an θεατα πο ἐ.

Δὲ πο line le γὰρ ἀγυρ leανδ, ἀγ κυρ εαλαῖς ἀμαδ
 τὰρ ἐεῖρ.

πατοῖρ na ceise.

Ceῖρ μῆυρε παοι το ceῖρε coραῖδ.

Δὲ πο οῖτα το γυαλὶν μέ ὁ'ν ἐαπαρὸ Ὀοτῶν Mac
 Coirteala ὁ ἔυαμ, ἀναγὰρ na h-Ἀεμα. Σγρίοδ α
 ῥεαν-αταῖρ μὸρ πέιν, ὁ πάραρτε Ὀύνμοῖρ [1753-1838],
 ῥίορ i. Ὑα ῥεαρ το na Caománaiς ἐ. Νί'λ don ὕαιντ
 αca πο leῖρ na Caománaiς i γCúige laῖgean, ἀδτ τὰ
 ῥιαδ γαολαδ ἀγ Clainn Ceallaiς. Ὑῖ α lán το ῥεαν-
 ῥγρίβῖννῖδ αἰγε. Ὁ'ιαρρ ῥαγαρτ εἰγῖν ἀπ ιαδ. Ὑῖ

* “Ὀαπλινγ” οὔδαίρτ ῥε.

† Recte, “i.”

Here is a little saying which I got from Philip Waldron which he called Paul's Dream.

PAUL'S DREAM.

A vision that Paul had,
And he going to Rome in a run,
He told it to Christ,
Christ said that it was well :
The Judgment of Mary and her Son on my vision

Here is a prayer for a woman to say when she is making bread or baking a cake. I got it from the same.

A PRAYER ON MAKING BREAD.

The luck of God and the prosperity of Patrick on all that I shall see, and on all that I shall take. The luck that God put upon the five loaves and upon the two fishes, may He put it upon this food.

Here is a line to be said when a child is driving cattle over a kesh.¹

THE KESH PRAYER.

Mary's kesh be beneath thy four feet.

Here is a charm that I got from my friend Dr. Costello of Tuam, against farcy. His own great-grandfather, who was from the parish of Dunmore [b. 1753, d. 1838] wrote it down. He was a man of the Caomhánaigh, i.e., Cavanaghs, or, as they are called in Connacht, Kevenys. These are in no way belonging to the Cavanaghs of Leinster, but are a branch of the O'Kellys. He had a great number of old MSS. A priest asked him for the loan of them. The man who brought them to the priest had a full back-load

¹ A bridge over a bog drain, or dyke, or stream.

LÁN Δ ὁποῖα τοῖοδ Δρ Δν ὕφαν το εὔς εὔμ Δν
τραγαίρε ιαο. ὁ'εἰςιν το ὁά ῥύζαν το εεανζαλ
ορρα. Cά ὕφιλ ριαο Δνοιρ? Οὐόν!

ορτα ἀναζαῖο na h-αῆμα.*

μαρδαῖμ ἀρριῖοεαν (P) αῆμα ὕρ,

μαρδαῖμ εἰνῖ† Δν ῥέιρ,

μαρδαῖμ Δν ῥέιρε ὕρ,

Cuirim ορτα-νῖμε νῖμνεαδ

Δν Δν ζοναδ μαρδαδ.

Ορτα το cuir ρεαοαρ αζυρ πόλ

ῖμαρδαρ na εἰνῖ ι ὕρεδῖλ

μαρδαρ εἰνῖ ι νοέιο αζυρ ι η-έαοαῖς.‡

* * * * *

ῖαοι η-αιρεαῖν δε'ν ὕφανῖάν ρῖμῖονη, αζυρ Δ ὕαιντ οἰῶε
ὁόμῖναις, Δ ὕρῖζαο§ Δρ εῖοῖδ ῖόῖρ, ραδαρ|| κορριζεαο αῖαμ,
αζυρ ραδ ζορῖόεαρ, μά ῥέοῖρ Δ ῥάζαῖλ, αζυρ τῖαν ραλαῖν το
εὔμαρς τῖο Δν λυῖδ ὕρῖζτε¶ [αζυρ] Δ εεανζαῖτε ι ζελευαῖρ Δν
βεῖτιῖοῖς οἰῶε ὁόμῖναις αζυρ εεαν-δεῖρεανναο δε'ν Διαρταοῖν.

Οεῖρ νότα ι ῖνῖεαῖρα ζυρ le η-αζαῖο Δν Ἐρῖορταῖοε
Δν εῖαο εὔο γ le η-αζαῖο Δν βεῖτιῖοῖς Δν ταῖα εὔο
δε'ν ορτα ρο.

* no "εαῆμα," β'έοῖρ, ὁ εαδ=capall

† "Cuir" το ρζῖοδ ῥέ.

‡ "neavuo" ρζῖοδ ῥέ

§ "αδρῖο" ρζῖοδ ῥέ, β'έοῖρ ζυρ βέ "Δ ὕρῖτε" é.

¶ Sean-foirm=náir. Ir αῖρεαδ é Δ ῥάζαῖλ Δν ρο

¶ "ὕρῖτε" ρζῖοδ ῥέ, β'έοῖρ, "ὕρῖτε."

1 Perhaps "boil."

2 Perhaps "boiled." The word as written may stand for either.

3 The note runs thus:—

"The upper direction for a Christian, the last for the horse Beast, but the Oration" (note this highly interesting translation of ορτα) "is to be used as directed for each. A Pater, Ave and Creed, and to repeat the Oration three times over the sick person, and also over a bit of butter to rub the sores therewith." The translation of ορτα by "Oration" is highly instructive, and would appear to show that the philological derivation of the word from the latin "oratio" was assumed. I have occasionally come across other charms in a farrago

of them. He had to squeeze them together with two straw ropes. Where are they now? Alas!

CHARM AGAINST FARCY.

I slay (?) fresh Farcy.
 I slay the maggot of the grass,
 I slay the fresh worm,
 I put a poisonous poison-charm
 On the poisonous *conach* [murrain?] .
 A charm which Peter and Paul sent,
 Which kills the maggots in flesh,
 Which kills the maggots in teeth and in clothing.

* * * * *

Nine members of the male Ferbaun [*i.e.*, the herb crowfoot], and to cut it on a Sunday night, and to bruise¹ it on a great stone which was never stirred, and that never shall be stirred, if it be possible to get it, and to mix a third part of salt through the bruised² herb, and to bind it in the beast's ear on a Sunday night, and on the latter end of a Thursday.

A note in English says that the first part of the charm is for the Christian, and the second part for the animal.³

of Latin and something else wholly unintelligible. Here is one jotted down by a man called Hessian, in County Galway, about 60 or 70 years ago. I got his old book full of charms ("owree" he calls them) poems, receipts and curiosities of all kinds in phonetic Irish and in English, from my friend Mr. Glynn of Tuam. He had a great many charms, but the Irish being phonetically written, and the ink bad, I could make but little of them. He undoubtedly wrote them down as he heard them, or perhaps used them himself. His semi-Latin one runs—"Snaruls rebus Tabedius lapedit snarulp Jesus reinet Adiclum qui dolias marmoriam Petre surge Petre out secundam marbram amem, et futuras, Amen." This seems to be the corrupted Latin of that toothache charm given above *i.e.*, Peter sitting on a flag suffering toothache, and Christ bidding him rise. It is not called a toothache charm by Hessian, but a charm for worms, however, the common belief was that toothache was caused by a worm in the tooth, and this was the belief in the Highlands of Scotland also, as the following toothache charm shows:—"A chnoidh a rinn domh déistinn | Air deudach mo chinn | Ifrinn teann da m'-dheud | deud ifrinn da mo theinn," which Alexander Car-

As ro or̃ta eile i n-aḡaiō na h-aḡma do r̃ḡriōb
an fear céadna.

or̃ta na h-aḡma [cóiṛ eile]

Or̃ta fáim féim *
Or̃ta d'olmuis† C̃ríort
Or̃ta ṽeasair aḡur ṽóil,
Or̃ta r̃ḡar̃ar ḡaḡ ṽeanaio ar ṽeóil,
Or̃ta C̃ríort ar neam,
Or̃ta m̃ar̃bar enuim aḡur aḡma.

Deir nōta i m̃b̃earla ḡur ceart ṽaioir, aḡé 7 C̃r̃é
do r̃aḡ moime aḡur 'na d̃iaio.

* As ro or̃ta eile do r̃ḡriōb an fear céadna.

or̃ta tinnis an troma ‡

ḡo uḡḡaiō ṽeasair, ḡo uḡḡaiō ṽóil,
ḡo uḡḡaiō m̃iceál, ḡo uḡḡaiō eóim,
ḡo uḡḡaiō m̃olaoire, ḡo uḡḡaiō m̃aollinn (?)
an d̃oir̃b-ṽian ro ar mo d̃uim

Deir nōta i m̃b̃earla ḡur ceart do'n tuine tinn
an or̃ta ro do c̃ur i ḡcoir̃ d̃eir̃ d̃eir̃iō ḡeir̃ṽiaḡ aḡur
a iom̃c̃ar̃ leir̃.

michael translates, "The worm that tortured me | In the teeth of
my head | Hell, hard by my teeth | The teeth of hell distressing
me " See *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. II., p. 10. A curious charm in
English which Hessian wrote down is as follows:—

+ + *In nomine Patris et filii (sic) et sanctus spiritus (sic) I*
+ + *order and command you in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, who*
+ + *sent Paul to preach to his disciples at Jerusalem, to catch all*
the charms, malady's, witchcraft, Blanking, or any other injury done
to James Pasmore's cow, and that the malady may return to themselves
+ + *again. Amen.* Some of Hessian's recipes for curing diseases
+ + in cattle are a curious mixture of medicine and superstition,
and written in a strange mixture of English and Irish Here is one
of them as he wrote it:—"The blood water cure cram two frogs

Here is another charm against farcy which the same man wrote :—

ANOTHER CHARM AGAINST FARCY.

A mild soft charm,
A charm which Christ prepared,
A charm of Peter and Paul
A charm which separates every pain
from the flesh,
A charm of Christ in heaven,
A charm which kills worms and farcy.

A note in English adds that it were right to say a Pater, Ave, and Creed before and after this.

Here is another charm which the same man wrote :—

CHARM AGAINST BACK ACHE.

May Peter take it, and take it Paul,
May Michael take it, and take it John,
May Moleesha take it, may Mweelin[?] take,
This pain from my back, this savage ache.¹

A note written in English bids the patient to put this charm into the right hind leg of a hare, and carry it about with him.²

alive down the cow's throat with two limbs cut off it, with about 6 quarts of water before and 3 after, and if it does not cure her give her another dose of the herb called youth or Bla na hoga with a lb of butter. Tart Ballaghane generally follows blood water "

* "fáim riem," rígníod ré.

† "uollad" uo rígníod ré.

‡ "Oipea timor an uama," uo rígníod peirean.

¹ Literally. May Peter take it, may Paul take it, may Michael take it, may John take it, may Molaoise take it, may Maoillinn [?] take it, this savage pain out of my back.

² "The above Oration is to be put in the hinder right leg of a hare, and the person so grieved to carry the same always about him."

Δς ρο ορτα το ρηριόβ αν ρεαρ céadna i n-Δγαιό
tinnir na bpiacal.

ORTA na bpiacal (Cóip eile).

Orta éuir Colum-cille re piacail ui fíoinn,
ar énuim an véioin Δγur ar tinnear cinn.
Ar ρεapταιβ pápαις ár n-ápo eapbal zrinne
So noibiuó an énuim éruaió érapta o leac mo éinn.

Do ρηριόβ ρé mar an zcéadna an orta coitcionn
to tuz mé céana, mar ρo, m átpuigim an liruigad
ná don ruo eile ann. “Do fuid pεadair air leic adópa,
éanic Cpiort op a éion. Zou é rin ort i pεadair?
O éiaapna ri mpiacail tá tin. Eirgib, a páirir, Δγur
bi rlan Δγur zac neac cui[r]pior oirta an veao
zill[?]a meadair;” Δγur veir Doctúir Mac Corceala
liom zur cuiread bεapla ar an orta ρo, Δγur zo paib
rí i n-úpaio i mbεapla cúis bliadna véaz ó roin. Ir é
an t-aon orta amáin a zcualar o’á éaoib zur cuiread
bεapla air. Veir an Coirtealac liom nac amearz.
na nzaeóeal amáin to bí an orta ρo, áct zur
cleactad i mbεapla i zCúise Ulaó mar an zcéadna,
mar to éualaió ρé ó éapao to bí ‘na doctúir in
ran zcúise rin. Ir vóis zo paib an orta ρo con-
coitcionn to na zaeóealair Δγur to na h-Δnglo-
Sacpanair, Δγur b’éirir to éineaduib eile, áct ní
féirir liom a páo cá’ib’ ar éainis ri ar vúr.

Δς ρο παριρίν binn to éualaió mé óm’ éapao
Pilip Ua Uatopáin ó Úpom Bán i zConoae Illuis Eó,
‘trí míle ó bεal-át-éamhair.

¹ A charm which Columcille sent to O’Flynn’s tooth; against the worm of the toothlet, and against pain of head; by the miracles of

Here is a charm which the same man wrote against tooth ache.

ANOTHER TOOTH ACHE CHARM.

To the tooth of O'Flynn, Columcille sent a charm,
To the worm in the tooth, to the headache and harm,
By Patrick, our holy Apostle's right arm,
To banish the jaw-worm, and the pain to disarm.¹

He wrote down also that very common charm which I have given before. I give it again here to show the orthography and the way he wrote it. "Peter sat on a flag of ice,² Christ came above him. What is that on you, Peter? O Lord, my tooth that is sick. Rise up, Peter, and be sound, and every one who shall commit to heart the charm of the white tooth," and Dr. Costello tells me that this charm was translated into English, and was in use in English fifteen years ago. It is the only charm of which I have heard that it was translated into English. Dr. Costello tells me that it was not amongst the Gaels alone that this charm was used, but that it was used in English in the North of Ulster also, as he heard from a friend who was a doctor in that province. It is probable that this charm was common to the Gaels and the Anglo-Saxons, and, perhaps, to other nations, but I cannot say whence it first came.

Here is a melodious little *paidir* from the county Mayo. I heard it from my friend Philip Waldron, of Drombaun, in the county Mayo, three miles from Ballyhaunis.

Patrick, our clear-sceing high apostle; may he banish the hard twisted worm from the flag [jaw] of my head."

²Perhaps "grey flag" *oḡar not orōre*.

ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΕἸΡΡ ΕἸΡΙΟῤῥΑ.

ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΕἸΡΡ ΕἸΡΙΟῤῥΑ,
 ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΡΙῤῥ ΝΑ ὙῤΕΑἸῤῥ,
 ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΕἸΡΡΙΟΝΟἸΟ ΝΑΟἸῤῥΑ
 ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΕἸΑἸῤῥ* ΝΑ ῤῤΕΑἸῤῥ.

ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ΡΙῤῥ ΝΑ ΝῤῥΑἸῤῥ
 ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ, Δ ῤῤἸΛ ῤῤ Δ ῤῤΟἸΛ †
 Δ ΕἸΡΡΙΟΝΟἸΟ ΝΑΟἸῤῥΑ ῤΑΝ ὙΕἸΡΕΑἸ ῤΑΝ ΕἸῤῥ
 ΝΑ ΒΙ ἰ ὙῤΕἸΡῤῥ ‡ ΛΙΟΜ ΝΙΟῤῥ ΜΟ.

[ΝΑ ΒΙ ἰ ὙῤΕἸΡῤῥ ΛΙΟΜ ΝΙΟῤῥ ΜΟ]
 ὙΑἸῤῥ Μῤ ἈΝΑΜ ἰ ὙῤἸΛ ὩΟ ῤῤΑἸῤῥ,
 Δ ὩΑ-ὩῤῤἸΕ ΕἸΑἸ ῤΑἸῤῥΕ ῤΟἸΑἸΟ,
 ΔΝΟἸῤ Δῤῤῤ ΔἸ ὙΑἸῤ ΔἸ ΜΒΑἸῤ.

Δῤ ῤΟ ΕἸΑΝΝ ῤΕΑἸῤ ΕἸΛΕ ΕΟῤῤἸΛ ΛΕἸῤ ῤἸΝ.

ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ.

ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ
 Δ ΜῤῤἸΕ ΝΑ ΝῤῥΑἸῤῥΑ,
 Δῤῤῤ ὩΑ ὩΟ ὙΕΑἸΑ
 Δ ὙΑἸΡῤΙΟῤῤΑἸΝ ῤῤΑἸΟἸΑἸῤ,
 Ἰῤ ὙΕΑΝΝῤῤῤῤῤΕ ΕἸ
 ΕἸΑἸ ΝΑ ΜΝΑἸὙ, Δῤῤ
 Ἰῤ ὙΕΑΝΝῤῤῤῤῤΕ ἸΟῤΑ
 ὩΟ ΝΑΟἸῤ-ῤΑἸῤῥΕ.

* "Recte.—'Δ ΕἸΡῤῥ.'"

† ΕἸΡῤῥ ῤῤ ἈΝ ΛἸΝΕ ῤῤΟ ῤΟἸἸ ἈΝ ῤῤΕΑΝΝ ΕἸΛΕ ΑἸῤ ὙἸῤῤῤῤ ῤἸῤΕ
 1ΔὙ.

‡ "ἰ ὙῤΕΑἸῤῥ," ὙὙΒΑἸῤῥ ῤῤῤΕΑΝ. ὩἸῤῤῤῤῤ ῤἸῤΕ Ε

¹ Literally. All hail, O Body of Christ; all hail, O King of the miracles; all hail, O Holy Trinity; all hail, O Right of Rights.

All hail, O King of the graces; all hail, O blood and flesh; O Holy

ALL HAIL!

All hail to Thee, O Body of Christ,
 All hail, O King of Heaven's lights,
 All hail, O Holy Trinity,
 All hail to Thee thou Right of Rights.¹

All hail to Thee, O flesh and blood,
 All hail to Thee, O king of good,
 No more be angry with my soul,
 But wash it in Thy precious blood.

No more be angry with my soul,
 But cleanse it by Thy gracious might,
 A hundred welcomes, God and man,
 Both now and when the Death shall smite.

Here is another short one like it:—

ALL HAIL TO THEE, MARY.

All hail to thee, Mary,
 With grace from above.
 And all hail to thee, Queen,
 Who comest in love,
 And blessed thou art
 Amongst women, and blest
 Is thy holy child, Jesus,
 Who lay on thy breast.²

Trinity without end and without beginning, do not be in anger with me any more.

Do not be in anger with me any more ; drown my soul in the Blood of Thy graces ; O God-man, a hundred welcomes to Thee now and at the hour of our death.

² *Literally.* God thy life, O Mary of the graces, and God thy life, O loving Queen. Blessed art thou amongst the women, and blessed is Jesus, the holy child.

As ro ceann an-gearr ó'n bpearr céadna.

A naomh mhúire.

A naomh mhúire a mátaim dé

Suíodh oirpáinn ar feadh an lae

Asur ar uair ár mbáir. Amén!

As ro paitir áluinn do fuair mé óm' capaid
pátrais O Dómnall ó Baile uí Fiaitháin. Tus
reirean "faoiridin na leaptan," air, aet ní'l ré
cormúil leir na faoiridinib eile de'n tréirt rin do
tus mé go dtí reo. Cuir mé ríor pann ceana atá
cormúil leir an gcuid deiridh dé.

A aingil uasail.

A aingil uasail

Glúair liom mar gáirde,

[Cum] an rís éas ruar mé

An uair rin go láirir.*

Conghais uaim an rluas

[na] veamain atá ar mo éad,

Taobair uata mé in do cuiseaet† féin

Go párréar na naomh.

A rís na gcéad†

Do céarav ar báir an éirinn

Taob do éleide

Suir réabao§ le láim an daill,

Fuil do éad

Suir téaet ar lár mar linn

Asur ar do ríat

Taobair féin go párréar rinn,||

* "Go lá mo éiré" duhairt ré, nuair nac dtuigim.

† "Cumlóar" duhairt reirean.

‡ "na céadta" duhairt reirean, aet ir uóig nac ceart rin.

§ "Suir réab ré" duhairt reirean.

|| "mé" duhairt reirean.

¹ Literally. O holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us throughout the day and at the hour of our death.

Here is another very short one from the same man :—

O MARY, MOTHER.

O Mary, Mother of God, I pray,
Pray thou for me throughout the day,
And at the hour of our death. Amen.¹

Here is a pretty prayer which I got from my friend, Patrick O'Donnell, of Baile Ui Fhiadhcháin, or Newport, in the County of Mayo. He called it a "Bed Confession," but it is not like the other "Confessions" of the same sort that I gave before. I have already printed a stanza that nearly resembled the latter half of this piece :—

O ANGEL HIGH-BORN.

O Angel high-born
Come me forlorn to guard,
To the King who once bought me
And sought me through perils hard.
Hold from me the demons
Whose schemings my way have barred,
And in thy safe-keeping
Bring me to God's home bright starred.²

O King of the Wounds
Who wast crucified on the tree,
Thy breast and Thy side
The Blind One so pierced on Thee,
That the blood from Thy side
Was a curdling tide to see.
— Oh, under Thy wing
To paradise bring thou me ³

² *Literally.* O noble-born angel, proceed with me as a guard to the king who lifted me up at that time with strength. Keep from me the host, the demons, that are at my side, take me from them in thy own company to Paradise of the Saints.

³ O King of the Wounds who was crucified on the top of the tree, the side of Thy breast sure it was rent by the hand of the Blind One. The blood of Thy side sure it congealed on the ground like a pool, and under Thy Shadow do thou Thyself take me to Paradise

Δὲ πο γανν πῖορ-ḃinn πῖορ-ḃluinn το ḃualar ó'n
Ualoríanac ar Conoacé muiḡ Eó.

τρι φίλτε.

Τρί φίλτε ι νέσραε, 'r γαν ann ac̃c don éσραε amáin,
Τρί αιλτ ι μέαρ 'r γαν ann ac̃c don mésar amáin,
Τρί ουilleabair ι reamprós 'r γαν ann ac̃c don treamprós amáin.
Sioc, rneac̃ta, leac-oiríe, ní' l inr na trí nio rin ac̃c uirge,
mar rin tá trí pearra ι nDia, á'r γαν ann ac̃c don Dia amáin ι

Δὲ πο πῖορα το φυαιρ μέ ο ῤαορμαῖς Ο Ὀμόναιλλ
α οτυς ρέ ορτα an Sgabail air.

ορτα an Sgabail.

Suríom-re rib-re * α luiēt an Sgabail
ná glacair fáillíge in bui gcár
ir tmuas̃ rin pear γαν capair
Δsur é 'na luiōe ar leabair α báir.

α uine óona γαν céill
ná déan bréas̃ le muipe,
ná h-it reóil céadom,
Δsur ná h-éascaoín tinnear. †
úmlaḡ do'n éléir
'S do na cúḡ féilteac̃air muipe,
Déan u'raoiríoin le mac Dé
Δsur béir tú ar féarta Δs na h-ainḡlīb.

Crior muipe paí mo crior
Crior na sceit̃re crior í
Crior ann ar geineac̃ Criorc
Crioroaiōe do geineac̃ ar. ‡

* "mipe" ουδαιρτ ρέ.

† "Do'n tinnear" ουδαιρτ ρέ.

‡ Δs rin mar ḃualair μέ Δs uine eile é, ac̃c ουδαιρτ an
Óómnallac̃, "Δsur geineac̃ Criorc α ḃadair ar air," ruo
nac ucuigm.

Here is a truly-melodious well-formed rann from the County Mayo :—

THREE FOLDS IN MY GARMENT.

Three folds in my garment, yet only one garment I bear,
 Three joints in a finger, yet only one finger is there,
 Three leaves in a shamrock, yet only one shamrock I wear.
 Frost, ice, and snow, these three are nothing but water,
 Three Persons in God, yet only one God is there.¹

Here is a poem which I got from Patrick O'Donnell, which he called the "Ortha of the Scapular."

THE ORTHA OF THE SCAPULAR.

Ye people who prize the Scapular
 Go haste, for the warning saith
 "Alas, for the man who has found no friend,
 When he falls at the end on the bed of death."

Lie not to Mary, foolish man,
 Her graces scan with meekness,
 And eat not meat on Wednesdays,
 And lament not in your sickness.

Bow to the clergy,
 And to the five festivals of Mary,
 Make your confession to the Son of God,
 And thou shalt be feasting with the angels.

The girdle of Mary beneath my girdle,
 The girdle of the Four Crosses,
 The girdle in which Christ was conceived,
 The girdle out of which Christ was born (?)

¹ *Literally.* Three folds in a cloth, and without there being in it but one cloth alone. Three joints in a finger and without there being in it but one finger only. Three leaves in a shamrock and without there being in it but one shamrock only. Frost, snow, ice, there is nothing in these three things but water. Thus there are three persons in God and without there being in it but one God only.

Óí muipe ar an bbráite' *

Agur éonnaic rí bean i nGáó,
fórgail do'n mnáoi a muipe.

fórgáil féin uici† a míc

ir tu fórgailear gac gáó
leis an leand cum bairte
Agur tabair an bean plán.

ní'l don neac riri no mná

D'á nóearraio é gac trát
nac bfuil plaitear le fágail aise
San maóarc ar iphuonn go bhrát.

Aliter.

ní'l don neac riri no mná

a déarrar é rin gac don trát
nac breiciró ré an maighean beannuigte
Trí uairie roim a bár.

Ag ro rann beag eile ar an traoḡal bréagac do
éualar óm' éarair párraig O Dómnail i gconuae
níluis Eó.

sé pocram pocram

Sé pocram pocram (?)

An traoḡail bréagais

Do beir oirrainn

San an aicrúge do déanam, ‡

ir dona an rgeal

Ag fágáil in traoḡail reo,

San griárta Dé

ná an glóir do fadótrugab.

* Ag rin mar bí ré ag an bpeir eile, acé tuðairt an Dómnailac
"ar an maic" no "mbac."

† *Aliter*, mar éualar é óm' éarair Doctúir Concubair maḡuiróir
"feuc ar an mnáoi atá i bpein | a míc feuc féin 7 róir | tabair
bean agur leand plán

‡ "Beir uíinn do na aicrúge déanam" tuðairt reirean.
mire u'átruis é.

Mary was upon the lawn,
And she saw a woman in distress.
Relieve the woman, O Mary.

Relieve her Thysself, my Son,
Thou relievest every pain,
And bring the child to baptism,
And make the woman sound again.

Neither woman nor man, so I tell,
Who shall say this and say it well,
But shall have at the last a home in Heaven,
And never see a sight of hell.

Aliter.

Woman or man there is not one
Who shall say this prayer ere set of sun,
But shall see before them the Blessed Virgin,
Three times ere their race be run.

Here is another little rann on the "lying world" that I
got from my friend Patrick O'Donnell, of the Co. Mayo—

'TIS THE HACKING AND RACKING.

'Tis this hacking and racking
Of this world that is lying,
Which ruins our repentance
And which leaves us to sighing
We must part from this world,
But how sad is the story
If our lives have not earned
Either pardon or glory.¹

¹ *Literally.* It is the pocnam pocnam [words I do not understand, but suppose to mean hurry or confusion] of the lying world that brings upon us not to make repentance. Poor is the story on leaving this world, not to earn the grace of God or the glory.

Δὲ πο πᾶνν ἀρτεὰς εἰλε υἱοῦ.

παῖοις ἰσιόλλ παῖοις ἀπο.

παῖοις ἰσιόλλ, παῖοις ἀπο,
ἀ'ρ ἃ μείοτεὰς πῖν οἶτ, ἃ ῥις na ηἰμάρ.

Δὲ πο ἀλκυζαὺ ἀλυνν ἰ νῶϊαὺ na Cumaoine, το
φυαίρεαρ ὅ'η Ὀμόνλλαδ μαρ an ἡεάονα. ἱρ πολλυρὰς
ἡυρ an-τρεαν an ἡιοτα ἐ ρεο, ἱρ ὀόις ἡυρ cumαὺ ἐ na
ceυῶτα ἀἡυρ na ceυῶτα βλιαῶαν ὁ ροιν, ἡ ἱρ ionἡan-
ταδ ἐ το βεῖτ ἰ mbéal na νῶαοιne ρόρ. Τά cuῖο ve
naδ βῑυῖλ πο-ἡυςρεannaδ.

ἀλκυζαὺ ἰ νῶϊαὺ na comaoine.

ἡαδ mo coimῑc ἃ ἡυρρ ἱορἃ,
ἃ ἀβλann naomῑta ἱρ [τύ] mo ῑαοῖn,
ἡαορ mo ἡλι ὁ ἡιτ na βρεααο,
ῑῶ ρan mbῑτ το ὀεαῃαὺ ὀαοῖb,
ἃ ἡῑἡεαρῑna τά ραοῖ mo βῑμῑnnῑb
βeannῑῑς ῑῑρε ἃ ἡῑυαο μαρ ἡῑῑρ,
ἡἡαρ ῑ'anam ῑe ῑ' ἡλι ἡan cῑonῑta
ῑῑ ἃρ naδ ῑaῃam * ionῑta ἃῑῑρ.

ταῃαῑῑ ἃῑ mo ὀán (ρ) ἃ ὀύῑῑῑm †
ἃ ὀé neime, ἃ ἡῑῑῑρ μαρ ἡῑῑῑn,
ἡυρ mo ῑeannῑna ἱοταοῖb τοῖle,
ἃ ἡαοῑῑ neamῑῶa ὁ ταοῖ‡ τῑῑῑan.
bῑ τῑόαῑρεαδ ὀam ἃ ὀύῑῑῑm †
ἃ ὀé neime ἃ ἡῑῑῑρ μαρ ἡῑῑῑn,
μαρ bῑῑῑρ-ῑe το ἡαδ ῑῶ εἰle ;
ἡαοῑ an ἡῑ-ῑe ἃ βῑυῖῑῑ ρῑῑn.

* b'ῑῑῑῑ = "ἃῑ ῑῶο naδ ρaαο"

† "ὀύῑῑῑn," οὐδαιρε ρεῑρεan

‡ Τά an ρῑοῑῑ ρεῶ caῑῑῑte anοῑρ aετ amεαρς na ῑuῑῑῑneαδ
=τά tu

Here is another curious verse from him:—

A LOW PRAYER, A HIGH PRAYER,

A low prayer, a high prayer, I send through space,
Arrange them Thyself, O Thou King of Graces¹

Here is a beautiful Thanksgiving after Communion which I also got from Mr. O'Donnell. It is evident that this is a very ancient piece. It was, I am sure, composed hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and it is wonderful that it should be in the mouths of the people still. Some of it is not very intelligible.

THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

May His Body make me safer,
Holy Wafer, deep my sigh,
Cleanse me from the stains that stain me,
Nor disdain me when I die.
Lord who enterest my members
Like the embers Thou dost shine,
Take my soul from out my bosom,
Cleanse from stain and make it Thine.

Great Creator, Lord of Graces,
Thou whose face is as the sun,
Grand artificer of heaven,
Make my will and Thine be one.
O Creator, show me mercy,
Thou whose face is as the sun,
And the body where thou lodgest
Take to Thee when all is done.

¹ *Literally.* A low prayer, a high prayer, and the arrangement [or solution] of them upon Thyself, O King of the Graces

An corp fúair go a bfuil an Tríonóir
 O tá neam-ghlan, a chúil ear.
 Ó'r truaill éalaon í [rin] do m'anam,
 Díbhrí a Rí g m'fala, ar.
 A mhíleil a d'ingil uapail
 An t-úil díreac véan dam,
 Tú mo éireire 'r mo tor viona,
 Míre ar ron mo gníoma gab.

As go hann beag binn eile ó'n bpeari céatna.

A Rí na cruinne.

A Rí na cruinne
 Do beir loinnir rin nshéin go moé,
 Dílte tróma
 Agus torad na diaíó go ghuo,
 Sghíobaim éugao mo éulpa,
 Agus feudaim oir,
 Agus ná leis tuicim,
 Níor fúire dam féin ran oic.

As go dá hann do éualar go minic ar torac agus
 ar éiread na neite luaitéar ionnta.

COSAĆ.

Torac loinge—clár,
 Torac áite—cloca,
 Torac fleadta—páilte,
 Torac pláinte—coulao.

¹ Accept my protection O Body of Jesus, O holy wafer, Thou art my treasure. Free my breast from the shower of the sins, nothing whatever has ever escaped Thee. O Lord, who art beneath my bosom Bless me, O countenance like the ember. Part my soul from my breast without crimes, so that I may never walk in them again (?)

Give to my poem (?) O Creator, O God of heaven, O countenance like the sun, place my spirit [right] concerning will (?) O heavenly artificer since it is thou who art powerful, be merciful to me, O creator, O God of heaven, O countenance like the sun, as Thou hast

See ! the Trinity is hidden
 In the flesh, we know not how,
 Foul the sheath the soul is sheathed in,
 Cleanse, Oh cleanse its foulness Thou.
 Michael, angel high of angels,
 Hear the prayer we make thee now,
 Be our strength and bush of shelter,
 When our hands forsake the plough¹

Here is another little melodious rann from the same :—

O KING OF THE WORLD.

O King of the world,
 Who lightest the sun's bright ray,
 Who movest the rains that ripen
 The fruit on the spray.
 I look unto thee ; my transgressions
 Before Thee I lay,
 O keep me from falling deeper
 And deeper away.²

Here is a rann that I have often heard—about the beginning and the end of the things mentioned in it :—

THE FIRST OF A SHIP.

The first of a ship—wood-sheeting,
 The first of a kiln—stone-heaping,
 The first of a feast—good greeting,
 The first of good health—sound sleeping.

been to every other thing : save this breast [of mine] in which Thou art Thyself.

This cold body in which is the Trinity, since it is unclean, O thou curled cut, since it is a perverse sheath for my soul, do Thou, O King, banish my enmity out of it. O Michael, high-born angel, show me the direct course, thou art my power and my bush of shelter. Me for the sake of my deed accept.

² *Literally* O King of the universe, who bringest brightness early into the sun [who bringest] heavy floods, and fruit after them quickly. I write unto Thee my "culpa," and I look unto Thee, and do not allow me myself to fall further into evil.

Deireadh loinge—bátao,
 Deireadh áite—lorḡao,
 Deireadh fleadóta—cáineadh,
 Deireadh pláinte—orna.

An deireadh ! an deireadh ! níor dearmuid na
 ḡaeóil rin Respice finem, is é rin focail do bíos
 go minic ann a mbéal. Imteódair ḡac níos tairt.
 Imteódair raḡal na nḡaoine aḡt mairpí a
 ḡclú ar fearḡ tamail 'na nḡiaí, imteódair
 cuimne na nḡaoine aḡt b'éirí go mairpí
 rḡrībinn, imteódair rḡrībinn, aḡt b'éirí go mairpí
 leabair.

is buaine.

is buaine bláḡ [=clú] 'na raḡal,
 is buaine 'na nḡaoine meabair,
 is buaine 'na meabair rḡrībinn
 is buaine na rḡrībinn leabair.*

Aḡt imteódair an leabair féin, imteódair clú aḡur
 cáil, aḡur ní b'éirí fíor aḡ éinne go raḡamar ariam
 ann.

imteódair an fionnóigín,

imteódair an fionnóigín dearmíḡa liaḡ,
 imteódair an fúireós is áille† ar rliab,
 imteódair an reanóir 'ra cáil na oiaí,
 imteódair a bfuil beó aḡur a oḡáinig miam.

* Ní't mé cinnte an bfuil an mian ro i ḡceart aḡam. is fada
 ó cuair é.

† Recte "áilne"

¹ Literally The beginning of a ship—a board. The beginning of
 a lime-kiln—stones. The beginning of a banquet—a welcome. The
 beginning of health—sleep. The end of a ship—drowning. The end
 of a kiln—burning The end of a banquet—reviling. The end of
 health—a groan

The end of a ship—deep drowning,
 The end of a kiln—red burning,
 The end of a feast—black frowning,
 The end of good health—white mourning.¹

The end! the end! The Gaels never forget it. *Respice finem*, "Look to the end." This is a word which used constantly to be in their mouths. Everything shall go by. Man's life shall go, but his fame may live after him for a time. Memory of him shall go, but, perchance a writing may survive. The writing may go, but perchance a book may live.

MORE LASTING.

More lasting is Fame than the life of men
 For tradition then may keep it young,
 But more lasting still is the poet's pen,
 And the book that speaks with undying tongue.²

But the book itself shall go, fame and name shall go, and at last, nobody shall know that we have ever been in it.

THE LITTLE GREY SCALDCROW.

The little grey scaldcrow of bald head
 And the lark whose bed is the heaven's height,
 Must go where the fame of a man must go,
 Where himself has gone—to the long, long night.³

¹ *Literally.* More lasting is fame than life, more lasting than people is remembrance, more lasting than remembrance is a writing, more lasting than a writing is a book. [I am not sure that I have this verse quite correctly here, but if not correct it is nearly so.]

² *Literally.* The little shaven gray scaldcrow shall go, the lark most beautiful upon a mountain shall go, the old man and his fame after him shall go, all who are alive and who ever came shall go. [I often heard this rann in Connacht.]

Imteócaíó ríad, imteócaíó ríad go léir, na daoine
 agus a sclú, na h-úgthair, agus na leabhair, cáil na
 n-daoine do táinig, glóir na n-daoine a tiuagar, ní
 áit don ruo amáin, áoir an Connácta, a béar buan
 ar an traogal ro—ghárta 'Dé.

imteócaíó a dtiagar.

Imteócaíó a dtiagar 'r a dtáinig riam
 ní imteócaíó na ghárta go b'áit ó 'Dia

Fáigim anoir buair agus beannaíct ag mo luí-
 léigte, agus cuirim deiread ann ro leir an reáct-
 maí caibidil o'Abhánaíó Cúige Connáct.

Críoch.

They shall go, they shall all go, men and their glory, the writers and the books, the fame of those who have gone, the renown of those who shall come, there is only one thing, says the Connachtman, that shall be lasting in this world—the grace of God.

WHO CAME HAVE GONE.

Who have come have gone, who shall come must go,
But the graces of God shall forever flow.¹

I leave now a blessing and a victory with my readers, and I here put an end to the seventh chapter of the Songs of Connacht.

¹ They shall go, all who shall come or who have ever come, but the graces shall never go from God. [A common Connacht ram.]

THE END.

n Ó T A í.



- P. 20.—I since got a small portion of this prayer from Father Flanagan, of Sligo College who heard it from a woman in Co Roscommon
- P. 39.—Compare with these Irish Bed-blessings the "Coisrig Cadail" or "Sleep-blessing" in Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, which shows that the Scotch Highlanders had a body of prayer of this sort, very like our own, the offspring probably of the very early Church among the Gael. Here is how he gives it :—

Lughim síos an nochd
Le Muire mín 's le mac,
Le Micheal finn-gheal
'S le Bride fo brat.

Luighim síos le Dia
Us lugheadh Dia hum,
Cha luigh mí síos le Briain
'S cha luigh Briain hum.

Carmichael translates Briain by Satan. I have never heard or seen this very curious expression elsewhere.

Literally. I lie down to-night | with mild Mary and her Son |
with Michael tho bright-white | and with Bride beneath her
mantle | I lie down with God | and may God lie with me | I
shall not lie down with Briain (Satan ?) | and Briain shall not lie
down with me. |

- P. 32.—The Scotch Gaels have this prayer also :—*Laighim an leabaidh | mar a laighinn san uaigh* | *i e.*, "I lie in my bed | as I would lie in the grave," etc. See *Carmina Gadelica*, Vól I.,

p. 94. Carmichael also gives us part of the Innismaan prayer which I gave on p. 26, with scarcely the change of a word:—

Guidheam Peadail, guidheam Pol,
 Guidhim Moir' Oigh, guidheam am mac,
 Guidhim an da ostal deug
 Mo ghleidheadh bho bheud 's bho lochd
 Gun mi a dhol eug a-nochd.—Vol. I., p. 88.

"Ostal" is *abrtal* or *earbat*. "Gléidh" is "keep," "bend" is "hurt."

P. 43.—*Edward's Testament* This appears to be the *Anima Christi* of Saint Ignatius.

P. 47, ll. 18-19.—Mary and Bride are associated in the Highlands also with the raking or saving of the hearth-fire. Carmichael gives the following version in his *Carmina Gadulica*, Vol. I., p. 238:—*Cairidh mi an tula | mar a chaireadh Muire | Caim Bhrìde 's Muire | Car an tula 's car an lair | Co iad ar lian amuigh ? | Micheal grian-ghèal mo luin | Co iad air meadhon lair ? | Eoin, Peadair agus Pàil | Co iad re bial (béat) mo stoc ? | Muire ghrian-ghèal 's a mac. I.e., I will build the hearth | as Mary would build it | the encompassment of Bride and of Mary | Guarding the hearth and guarding the floor. | Who are they on the lawn outside ? | Sun-bright Michael of my trust. | Who are they on the middle of the floor ? | John, Peter, and Paul. | Who are they in front of my bed ? | Sun-bright Mary and her Son.*

P. 53.—"*Seacht bráiorneacha*": There is a very curious piece given by Carmichael, Vol. II., p. 16, which shows that these "Seven Prayers" were well known through the Gaeldom. *Paidir Moire a h-aon | Paidir Moire a dhó | Paidir Moire a trí | Paidir Moire a ceithir | Paidir Moire a cuig | Paidir Moire a sia | Paidir Moire a seachd. |*

*Seachd Paidriche Moire gu brath,
 Eadar cradh agus ceart,
 Eadar bonn agus braigh,
 Eadar slán agus feart.*

I.e., Mary's pater one, Mary's pater two, Mary's pater three, etc. The seven paters of Mary for ever | between pain and ease | between sole and summit | between health and grave.

- P. 63 —“ Charm against trembling ” ; mention of Christ's crucifixion seems to have been used by the Anglo-Saxons also in repelling trembling or ague. Here is an example from Anglo-Saxon *Leechdoms*—“ In nomine domini crucifixi sub Pontio Pilato per signum crucis Xti, fugite febres sen frigora cotidiana sen tertiana vel nocturna [quartana ?] a servo Dei N,” etc.—Payne's *Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 127. W. Hone's *Everyday Book* (1878) contains the following English charm which the eldest female of the family had to speak up the chimney on the eve of St. Agnes.—

Tremble and go,
First day shiver and burn,
Tremble and quake,
Second day shiver and learn,
Tremble and die,
Third day never return.

- P. 63 —Tooth-charm. The Anglo-Saxons, too, attributed toothache to a worm. In the Anglo-Saxon *Leechdoms*, quoted by Dr Payne (*Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 120), we find the following curious charm for toothache.

Sing this for toothache after the sun hath gone down:—“ Caio laio quaque voaque ofer Saeloficia sleah manna wyrm.” Then name the man and his father, and say Lilumenne, it acheth beyond everything, and when it lieth low it cooleth, when on earth it burneth hottest. Finit. Amen.” The “wyrm” is the worm that caused the tooth to ache.

- P. 72 —“ Deannuḡaró an bío ” These first two lines are also often given in metre, and should run as follows :—

Cúig aráin agur dá iarḡ
Ar cúig míle do roinn Dia.

- P. 86.—“Joyce's Repentance” Domhnall O'Faherty of Connemara, also wrote down 11 verses of this poem from the recitation of an old woman, and printed them in the *Tuam News* in 1890. My friend, Philip Waldron of Drombán, also sent me a copy which he took down from recitation in the Co. Mayo, so that this beautiful poem appears to have been widely known. I have been told that Joyce was a hermit who lived in the Partry Mountains, probably many ages ago. Some wanderer passing

through these desolate mountains in West Mayo found him in his hut dying, but before he died he made the stranger, who was one of the class known as "poor scholars," write down this poem at his dictation. The few people I asked about him in the Partry Mountains, however, did not seem to remember anything about him. Some one else told me that he was not a hermit, but a sinner who made this repentance on his death-bed, and that a poor-scholar passing by wrote it down. This is more likely.

- P. 116, l. 3.—"Catarac" is "curly-headed," but the *a* is short in it.
- P. 153—"The Burial of Jesus"; this story of the cock is told rather badly in a Highland Gaelic poem of four verses. See *Carmina Gadelica* Vol. II, p. 176:—An coileach sin agad sa phoit | air a phronnadh cho broit ri cáil | cha teid an breugadair au sloc | go'n an goir é air an sparr—i.e., "That cock which you have in the pot, pounded as fine as cabbage; the har shall not leave the tomb until it crows upon the beam." I came across this poem in a M.S. made in phonetic Irish by one of the Hessians, early in the last century. He called it "An Assire," i.e., An *Assire*ige. It filled three pages, but was undecipherable.
- P. 163.—"Teig O Ruairc." I found in this same Hessian's old M.S. book a curious summons, apparently from this or another O Ruairc, to some one, that he was about to collect his tithes. I print it as a curiosity, just as I found it.—"Sir, take notice that I will on Monday, the 2d of Novr. Instan. and the snceceeding days, weather permitting, remove from the lands of Ballynacregge (?) in the parish of Corofin, and Union of Mylough, in the County of Galway, and Dioces of Tuam, the wheat and oats now cut and saved on said lands, my property, where and when you are required to attend to red [redeem?] your tithes or 10th part thereof, and you are also to take notice that should you or some persons on your behalf neglect or refuse to attend at the time and place and to the affect Aforesaid that I will, nevertheless, remove the said wheat and oats, and separate and sever your tithes or 10th sheaf thereof. Dated this 2d of Oct. To the Rev. Marques Armstrong, Rector or Vicar of Parish, and to the Revd. John O'Rorke, both of Moylough, in the parish of Moylough in the said County."

Somebody had written—strange juxtaposition—part of the Irish poem the “Baptism of Ossian” (of which I gave a version, Vol. I., p. 203), upon the back of this curious notice to pay tithes, and so saved it. There is also an allusion to this or another O’Ruairc in a very spirited Ribbon Song, in English called the “Brave Captain,” of which this is the first verse:—

We have an Irish champion called the brave Captain Leveller,
 Who will give us preference in states of the ground,
 He is entitled in Athleague a thunderbolt of heretics,
 Plucking the pin-feathers of Gunning and O’Rorko.
 Last New Year’s day he did arrange his regiments,
 He gave them the majority of the great renown,
 And I think it is near day with Presbyterians and Swadellera
 When he hoises up his pole going into Aughrim town.

The poet goes on to say, just as Raftery did (see Vol. I., p. 252), that the tithe-war would come to an end in ’35.

The year 35 we will define all this mystery,
 And its then the Tree of Liberty we will plant in Roscrea!

The refrain is:—

It’s then we will have conacre for each creature that’s in
 misery.
 And where is the man that dar betray a Ribbonman.

P 170—There is a song called *An Caṡarac Bán* at p. 121 of O’Flaherty’s “*Siampa an Ğeimhriú*,” but there is no mention of a friar in it, though some of the verses nearly resemble some of these.

P 212—“*as páḡḡáil réipéil.*” I shall never forget the effect of these words, sung in Irish in the Catholic Cathedral in London by hundreds of trained voices and before the largest congregation that ever filled that building, trained by my friend the late much-lamented Father Molešey, who got up that unique Irish service

P. 214, l. 19.—This verse is found in the Highlands also. See *Carmina Gadelica*, p. 112.

Iosa mhic Mhoire eighim air h-ainm
In air ainm Eoin ostail ghrádhaich,
In air ainm gach naomh san domhan dearg
Mo thearmad san chath nach táinig.

i.e., O Jesus, Son of Mary, I call upon Thy name,
And on the name of John, the loving Apostle,
And on the name of every saint in the red world
To protect me in the battle that has not [yet] come.

Miss Borthwick has since told me that the version she got in Derry was not from a Derry man, but from a Southern.

P 217, l. 18.—There are many forms of this pretty prayer still in use in England. The following, from *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, XI., 206, is very good and like the Irish. Unfortunately the locality is not given:—

Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Six angels lying spread,
Two at head and two at feet,
And two to guard me while I sleep.
If any danger come to me,
Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me.
Before I lay me down to sleep
I give my soul to Christ to keep.
And if I die before I wake,
I pray that Christ my soul may take.

P. 218 —“Dì a h-Aoine.” It is very remarkable that Friday should be looked upon as, in some ways, an auspicious day in the Highlands of Scotland. Here is a verse from Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. I, p. 244.

Dì Aoine lá na mbuadh
Thug dealt anuas a chur fáilt,
Air gach pór a bha n' an suam
Bho na thainig fuachd gan bháigh.

i.e., Friday, the day of the victories (or virtues),
 The dew will come down to welcome
 Every seed that lay asleep
 Since the coming of cold without mercy.

Carmichael's comments upon this are: "The moistening of the seed has the effect of hastening its growth when committed to the ground, which is generally begun on Friday, that day being auspicious for all operations not necessitating the use of iron."

P. 221, l. 21.—These lines remind me of one of the many fine poems ascribed to Richard Rolle, of Hampole:—

Twa & thyrty zere and mare
 I was for the in trauel sare,
 With hungryr thrist, hote & colde,
 For the life both boght and soldes,
 Pyned, nayled and done on tree,
 All man for the lufe of the, etc.

See *Library of Early English Writers. Richard Rolle, of Hampole. Horstman I., p. 71.*

P. 256.—"na hainamc." This verse, slightly altered, occurs in the "Airemige," already given, Vol. I., p. 374.

P. 271, Note 5.—In English folk-lore, Friday and Sunday are the unlucky days for cutting hair or nails. In the northern counties the rann runs:

Friday hair, Sunday horn,
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born.

See Henderson, *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*. On the other hand, Ray's *English Proverbs* (1670) bring Monday into it:

Friday's hair and Sunday's horn
 Goes to the D'ule on Monday morn.—P. 156.

P. 295, l. 21.—"Eels." But see story VI. in my *Syeuluidhe Gaelheal-ach* of the eels that used to tear up and eat the corpses, and that carried the three brothers under the lake, so that earzan, "eels," may be the right reading after all. In Eriskay in Scotland it is said to be dangerous to eat the head of an eel, as this fish is at times subject to madness which is contagious. See Forbes' *Gaelic Names of Beasts, Birds, and Fishes*, p. 359.

- P. 380, l. 8.—According to old Ned Gibbons, the word *leó* means “anything” like *pioc*, *blar*, etc., as: *bí ré lom, bán, glan gan leó*=“It was bare, empty, clean without a particle in it.”
- P. 380, l. 23.—In the *Leech Book of Bald* the Anglo-Saxon, which was written in the first half of the 10th century, but which was probably composed at an earlier date, we find the following charm for staunching blood, which is very remarkable on account of the Irish words contained in it, *struth fola* being evidently *rruē fola*, “a stream of blood:”—“To staunch blood some write this *aegryn, thon, struth, fola, aergrenn tart, struth on tria*, etc.” See the *Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 123.
- P. 382, l. 4.—This mention of *Longinus* is not peculiar to the Irish charms for staunching blood. Anglo-Saxon *Leechdom I*, 393, gives it thus “*Longinus miles lancea ponxit dominum et restitit sanguis et recessit dolor*.” “This charm,” says Dr. J F Payne (*Fitzpatrick Lectures* for 1903, p. 130), “is found in the *Compendium Medicinæ* of Gilbertus Anglicus, and I have seen it also in mediæval manuscripts. It seems to have been a very popular charm in the Middle Ages for healing wounds and staunching blood.” Northall in his *English Folk Rhymes*, gives several charms for stopping bleeding, but none of them refer to *Longinus*. One of the most curious may be seen—strangely enough—in *Pepy's Diary*, under Dec. 31, 1664 65.

Sanguis mane in te
Sicut Christus fuit in se,
Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ poenâ.
—
Sanguis mane fixus
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

- P. 387, Note p. 391 —This very charm is contained in the Anglo-Saxon *Leechdoms*, III, 64, in the charm *Contra dolorem dentium*, which runs thus:—*Christus super marmoreum sedebat, Petrus tristis ante eum stabat, manum ad maxillam tenebat, et interrogabat eum Dominus dicens quare tristis es Petre? Respondit Petrus et dixit, Domine, dentes mei dolent, et Dominus dixit; Adjuro te migranea vel gutta maligna per patrem et filium et spiritum sanctum et per cælum et terram, et per XX ordines angelorum, et per LX prophetas et per XII apostolos et per IV evangelistas,*

etc. . . . ut non possit diabolus nocere ei nec in dentes nec in aures nec in palato famulo dei," etc. Dr J. F. Payne says that he has come across this charm in almost the same words in an English MS. medicine book of the 14th century. This same charm seems to be well-known in many parts of England. In Somersetshire the following charm is to be written on paper :—

Peter sat on a marble stone
 When by here Jesus came aloan.
 Peter, what is it makes you for to quake?
 Lord Jesus it is the toothake.
 Rise, Peter, and be heled.

—*Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, VIII, 275

The rann used is nearly the same in Lancashire. In Cornwall the following is said :—

Christ passed by his brother's door,
 Saw his brother lying on the floor.
 What aileth thee, brother?
 Pain in the teeth.
 Thy teeth shall pain thee no more—
 In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—See W. G. Black, *Folk Medicine*, p. 77.

P. 397, l. 3.—Dr. Conor Maguire tells me he finds the substance of this beautiful verse in a manuscript catechism phonetically written.

K. Tore cohora seeltho gum go will 3 parsony so 3node agus
 gun anty ach ean nia awaun.

F. Mur ta 3 halt er veir & gan an ach ean veir awaine.
 3 filtee a mreadeen no an eadach & gan an ach ean eadach
 awaine. Sucke snachta & Lock Ira, & gun in so 3 nee shin
 ach iska. Is mur shin ata 3 chooachta eg an anam, Movir
 Tiskent & Tul, no 3 parsony sa 3node, & gun antu act ean
 nia.

What a misery that the Galway people of fifty years ago were driven into writing this jargon! As the National Schools refused to teach them how to write their own language, and yet were not able to teach them how to express themselves in English, the poor people tried to write according to the analogy

of the English letters and sounds, the only thing which they had been ever taught. Their letters home from America used to be written in this frightful hotch-potch, everyone spelling for himself. It ruined all literature in Mayo and Galway. But Munster never lost its Irish traditions.

P. 401, l. 11.—This beautiful poem was composed by Angus O'Daly Fionn, who according to Edward O'Reilly, was still alive in 1570, and was named the Divine. My friend, Rev. J. McErlean, S.J., sent me a complete copy of this poem from an old MS, and scarcely a word of it differs from this version, which is far the most remarkable instance in this book of a poem preserved on the lips of the people for some 350 years with scarcely the change of a word. Canon Burke in his Grammar gives 8 lines of this poem. O'Reilly mentions 15 poems of O'Daly Fionn, but, according to Canon Ulick Burke, the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., of Maynooth, had a volume containing 28 poems by this O'Daly. No tribe has given Ireland so many poets as the O'Daly's.

Vol I. p. 248. Note 1.—I have since found that the man who "put English" on Raftery's Cholera Morbus was called Keely, not Kelly. I was lucky enough to recover part of his English version, which will show the native idea of rhyming, even in English:—

O Jesus Christ and King most gracious
 Who created heaven, earth and nations,
 Who died on the cross to redeem and save us,
 Deliver us from evil death and danger.
 There are many priests, pope and bishop,
 Daily making their petitions,
 Perhaps an inferior would gain attention
 Who would shed tears with true repentance.
 It is my opinion, though I hate to mention,
 That there are times bound for vengeance.
 Let us pray to the Queen of Heaven,
 As the wrath of God by a scourge is given.
 Come all ye sinners and pay attention
 To the words I have to mention,
 As Christ doth say who is most gracious,
 That the converted will gain salvation.

How awful the intellectual state of that country must have been where the children were brought up to think that these barbarous lines were an improvement on Raftery's beautiful verses with their interlinear vowel rhymes! I submitted my own English version lately to an old Galway man, who was everything but pleased at it. He said it was no good, but that Keely's translation was magnificent!

Vol I., p. 362, etc.—The White Prayer, of which I gave several variants, Vol. I., p. 362-6-8, and 370, appears to have been once known in England also under the name of the White Paternoster. John White, Vicar of Eccles, Lancashire, 1609, in his work—*The Way to the True Church*, London, 1624 (preface dated October 29, 1608), makes some very interesting remarks about his parishioners. "They know not," he says, "how to pronounce their daily prayers, or so to [do ?] pray that all who hear them shall be filled with laughter. And while superstitiously they refuse to pray in their own language they speak that which their leaders [Roman Catholic priests] may blush to hear. These examples I have observed from the common people. . . . This that followeth they call The White Paternoster :—

White Paternoster Saint Peter's brother
 What hast i' th' one hand? White book leavia.
 What hast i' th' other hand? Heaven gate keys,
 Open heaven gates and steyk (shut) hell gates,
 And let every crysome child creep to its own mother.
 White Paternoster, Amen.

—*Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folk-lore, 1867*, pp. 114, 115, quoted by Northall. Chancer alludes to the White Paternoster in the Miller's Tale.—

Lord Jhesu Crist and Seynte Benedight
 Bless this hous from every wickede wight,
 Fro' nightes verray, the White Paternoster,
 When woneston now Seynte Petre's soster.

An imperfect copy of Wynkyn de Worde's *Horace*, published at London in 1502, and "now in the Gough Library at Oxford," and described in Vol. II., p. 107, of Dibdin's *Typographical*

Antiquities, and in Vol. I., pp. 11, 12, of the second day of his *Decameron* contained upon the margins thereof certain written rhymes in an ancient hand of a strange, mysterious nature—to wit, “The Little Credo” and the “White Paternoster,” and the following curious spell:—

Peter's brother, where lyest all night ?
 There as Christ yod.
 What hast in thy hande ? Heaven keyes.
 What hast in thy tother ?
 Broade booke leaves.
 Open heaven gates,
 Shut hell yeates.
 Eurie childe creep Christ over ;
 White Benedictus be in this house
 Eurye night.
 Within and without. This house round about.
 St. Peter att the one door,
 St. Paule att the other,
 St. Michael in the middle,
 Fyer in the flatt.
 Chancel op shott.
 Everie nangers bore
 An Angell before. Amen.

See Northall's *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 148. Quoting from the *Suffolk Garland*, 1818.

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